



Eighth and Hill Streets

Closed
Day Today
Friday

Great White
pauses to pay
age to the late
Hamburger,
member of A.
burger & Sons.
Store will be
all day today.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1913.

"POOLISH," SAYS TAFT*First of War With Japan.**End of the Philippine War Just Initiated by His Successor.**With the Japs Already on the Golden Rule," He Urges.**President Insists that This Has Lived Up to All Her Treaties.**A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES*

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Assuring that the Japanese government had faithfully lived up to its obligations by keeping its forces from American shores, President Taft in an address to the National Geographic Society tonight declared that the United States government must keep its word by refusing to do anything against its people.

He said, "no matter what just and unjust acts of our enemies in California or Oregon may be, they should be restrained by us."

A distinguished gathering of business and government officials, the President presiding, met at the Hotel Plaza, New York, last night, to discuss the situation between Japan and the United States. The Japanese desired to be in a position to "keep us in only danger of a war," he said, "but not to give us an incentive to go to war."

They saw things would not go well if we did not for conquest, but for the negotiation of territory, at least.

Last week we advertised

few hours in the factories

ready in operation in T

RANCE. Learn upon

a solid foundation of action

industry and real merit this

new Industrial City is

built.

Works, where hundreds of skilled workmen

and ingenious modern machinery in

steel into oil-well tools—the Torrance

Making pearls from the ridges of the

Coast—the Southern California

Shoe of all kinds—the W. C. Headie

the highest grade of automobile tires

Company, building powerful auto-trucks

Pacific Metal Products Company,

driven by machinery so powerful that it is

like much paper—all these places

can be visited.

Itself is one of the most thought-compelling

thinker. Think of an industrial city where

for a workingman to live in a modern house

and a beautiful park system, among shade trees

and sun and sun and sun.

CONTENTMENT must be the basis of

TORRANCE with all the industries that

are here.

of Contended Industry."

INDEX

WORLD'S NEWS

IN TODAY'S TIMES.

SEARCHED, CLASPED AND INDEXED.

The foremost Events of Yesterday:

(1) Mexico. (2)

South Pacific Strike.

(3) Taft's Speech to the Na-

tional Geographic Society.

(4) Train Robbery Near San

Francisco.

(5) Suffragettes Attack Mr. and Mrs. John

Johnston.

(6) American Academy of Arts and Letters Con-

ference.

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TELEGRAPH NEWS.

Wilson Ready to Raid Border.

Wilson Declares London Will Authorize to Raid.

Wilson Declares Mexico Will Authorize to Raid.</

ANNEXATION IS PREDICTED.

**Must Follow Wilson's Policy,
Says London Paper.**

**Declares American Troops
Will Stay in Mexico.**

**Intimates President Is in Un-
tenable Position.**

[BY CABLE AND A. P. TO THE TIMES]
LONDON, Nov. 15.—Discussing the Mexican situation, the Spectator says that even if President Wilson succeeds in inducing President Huerta and his government to retire it is impossible to believe that a reformed administration, such as Americans earnestly desire, can be established. A far more likely result of Mexico's humiliation, the paper says, would be the establishment of some sort of national party with the purpose of shaking off American domination, and which would be better prepared to fight.

"In one way or another, sooner or later," the Spectator continues, "the present American policy must lead, in our opinion, to armed intervention by America. There is no other way in which one state can permanently control another. If an invasion comes, all of President Wilson's well-meant resolve to make war on foreign nations that nothing will induce the United States to acquire territory by a result of intervention will come to naught. We made just the same kind of a declaration and in just as good faith when we went to Egypt, but we never have had the courage to carry it out and never shall be."

"If American troops once enter Mexico to put down opposition to their will by force they will never permanently leave Mexico. They may and do not will, go out imperiously in obedience to some vagary of public sentiment, but they will soon be back again in order to prevent the fruits of good American government being thrown away."

WARN EMPLOYEES TO QUIT CAPITAL.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES]
MEXICO CITY, Nov. 14.—The proprietors of business houses here are ordering their employees to leave the capital and proceed to Vera Cruz.

Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the American Consul at Alvaro Obregon, who was recently appointed to a post concerning the situation between the United States and Mexico.

REBEL ARMY TAKES CULIACAN.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES]
TUCSON (Ariz.) Nov. 14.—The Constitutional army captured Culiacan, capital of Sinaloa, at 5 o'clock this morning, according to a cable report received here. Fallin Riveros, Governor of Sinaloa, who was deposed by Huerta, was again installed as Governor. Masian is now the only city in Sinaloa remaining in the hands of the Federal.

CONFIRMED AT NOGALES.

[BY CABLE AND A. P. TO THE TIMES]
NOGALES (Ariz.) Nov. 14.—Culiacan, the capital of Sinaloa, state, was captured by the Constitutionalists late yesterday. This was announced today at military headquarters here in a telegram from Gen. Alvaro Obregon, who is commander of the insurgent forces. Details of the fighting were lacking.

AMERICANS SHUT IN TUXPAM.

Rear-Admiral Boush Hears Forces of Rebels Has Compelled Shutting Down of Work.

[BY CABLE AND A. P. TO THE TIMES]
VERA CRUZ, Nov. 14.—Rear-Admiral Boush, on board the battleship Louisiana, on Tuxpam, reports that he learns from the American Legation at Tuxpam that a large force of rebels operating between the town and Tamico has compelled the shutdown of all work in the oil fields in that region in which \$35 American camp are located.

The dispatch adds that sixty-five Americans and other foreigners, including twenty-five women and children, have been unable to leave Tuxpam since the British and American Consul at the port of the Mexican government to send 1000 Federal troops there to prevent the capture of the town by Constitutionalists.

DISMISSES EX-PAYMASTER.
VALLEJO, Nov. 14.—After serving two years of a seven-year sentence for the embezzlement of government funds, Arthur Pippin, a former paymaster of the navy attached to the Mare Island receiving ship, was brought from San Quentin prison to Vallejo, Calif., and dismissed from the service. An order remitting the remainder of Pippin's sentence was remitted from Washington several days ago.

A FEW FIGURES.

Which Demonstrate The Superiority of The Times As An Advertising Medium More Elegantly Than It Can Be Portrayed in Words.

The best criterion of the publicity value of a newspaper is the extent to which its columns are used. About this, there can be no doubt. It is indisputable.

Month after month, year in and year out, The Times prints more advertising than any other newspaper in the world, and leaves its struggling local rivals far in the rear.

The following is the record of each newspaper in Los Angeles for the month of October:

ADVERTISING RECORD FOR OCTOBER, 1918.

	Lines
THE TIMES	1,340,700
Second Morning Newspaper	1,122,200
Third Morning Newspaper (The Penny Piker)	881,100
First Evening Newspaper	802,800
Second Evening Newspaper	728,100
Third Evening Newspaper	295,300

During the month named, The Times printed more separate classified advertisements than the other two local morning newspapers combined, and 5000 more than it printed during the same month of last year.

In promoting the interest of its patrons, in the esteem in which it is held by its readers, and in its size, The Times leads the world.

"Foolish" Says Taft.

(Continued from First Page.)

to do to avoid other than business rivalry is to treat them as we would wish to be treated."

Critics who have spoken of the probability of an armed conflict between the two countries, and of the landing of a great Japanese force on the California coast, the speaker declared, proceeded on an assumption that never would be realized in fact.

"The Japanese, I am told, travel 8000 miles across the trackless waste of the Pacific, with all the chances of attack upon the troop ships that would have to carry them," he said. "It is inconceivable that Japanese would not deal in idle dreams if they coveted our country, as they do not."

Mr. Taft spoke of Japan as a great power, and said it was for the interest of the civilization of the world that America and its people keep on good terms.

"They do not insist on pushing themselves into our civilization, their numbers are diminishing, and those who are here ought to be treated without discrimination. That is all they ask."

Speaking of the Philippines problem, Mr. Taft declared that it would take at least two generations for the Filipinos to become fitted for self-government, and said that for the American government to promise within any definite time to give them independence was a very foolish thing.

"It would be a failure in judgment," he said.

ABANDON PROTEST.

German Architects Decide Not To Interfere with Kaiser's Ideas About Embassy Building.

[BY CABLE AND A. P. TO THE TIMES]
BERLIN, Nov. 14.—The Society of German Architects of Berlin abandoned its intention of making a general protest against the substitution of the plans of the court architect, Ernst von Ihne, for the new German Embassy building in Washington, in place of those of Prof. Bruno Möhring. Such a protest, it was decided, would be a violation of the principles of the German Embassy building in Washington.

Both the German and American Presidents acceptable to all parties, who would serve until a chief executive was chosen as a full and free election.

The only thing which we ask and which we are trying to obtain from the United States is the free importation of arms into Mexico."

This was the final sentence of the statement which was issued by Gen. Carranza's statement to the press, probably because it was the most important part of the speech.

It was understood that the Washington government had no intention to interfere with the internal relations of Mexico, such as the proffer of mediation.

TO STARVE CHIHUAHUA.

This is Gen. Villa's Latest Plan to Compel Surrender of the Federal Stronghold.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES]
EL PASO (Tex.) Nov. 14.—Bringing many American and other refugees from Chihuahua, a train has arrived in Juarez from the State capital.

Gen. Carranza's use of the word "interference" merely referred to any form of mediation between himself and Huerta.

LIKE A MOTION PICTURE.

To all but the principal and the members of Carranza's Cabinet, the conference today was like a picture with a secret to the purpose of the United States, removed during the conference there was a fallacy.

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VILLAS PLANS TO STARVE CHIHUAHUA.

The more reticent Mexican leaders would say no more in amplifications of his position, but several of his lieutenants, answering suppositions that it was a flat on the subject, said that he would be a man of words, but had the effect of finality with regard to any proposition which required it.

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RECOGNITION FOR HUERTA.

Portugal and Bulgaria Announce Friendliness to the Mexican Provisional President.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES]
MEXICO CITY (Mex.) Nov. 14.—Portugal and Bulgaria have been received by the Government of Gen. Huerta.

Both the Foreign Minister and the Ambassador to Portugal, Dr. Jose de Arruda, and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who was in Mexico, met Gen. Carranza at the Foreign Ministry.

"I have absolutely nothing to say."

"You will excuse me," said Carranza as he turned to dictate to quick, khaki-clad and fully-armed adjutants orders to his commanders in the field.

NOGALLES CENTER.

This zone would become the center of the Constitutional movement, as was Juarez in the Madero revolution, and Carranza would be the chief of the Constitutional army.

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TWENTY-TWO DEAD IN WRECK.

EUFUAULA (Ala.) Nov. 14.—[By A. P. Day Wire.] Twenty-two persons lost their lives up to today in the wreck of the Central of Georgia passenger train near Clayton, Ala., yesterday. Of the dead, half of whom were white and half negroes, twelve were killed outright, while ten succumbed later of their injuries.

Musicians Exonerated.

ROME, Nov. 14.—By Cable and A. P. to the Times] Calderoso, former musician on a United States battleship, was exonerated today of any charge of dishonesty in connection with his disappearance, and was ordered to remain on board the battleship. He was given a furlough until November 20.

The dispatch adds that sixty-five Americans and other foreigners, including twenty-five women and children, have been unable to leave Tuxpam since the British and American Consul at the port of the Mexican government to send 1000 Federal troops there to prevent the capture of the town by Constitutionalists.

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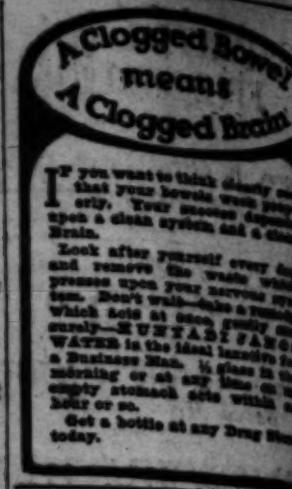
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[BY CABLE AND A. P. TO THE TIMES]
NOGALES (Ariz.) Nov.



ESTIMATE LOSS FIVE MILLIONS.

on Great Lakes Was
Worn in Many Years.

Two Hundred and Fifty
Lives Also Sacrificed.

Loss of Several Vessels Are
Saved Miraculously.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES;
DETROIT (Mich.) Nov. 14.—

Further reports of loss of life in

the Great Lakes were received

today. The steamer Major

Wheeler is the ideal example of

a ship which has been ad-

mirably managed in the

empty stomachs within an

hour or so.

Get a bottle at any Drug Store

today.

REPUBLICANS ORGANIZE.

Senator Hitchcock and the Repub-

licans hold that they were the only

side force to be organized.

Mr. Krutschmitt, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Southern Pacific,

announced this afternoon that the railroad company was willing to discuss with a representative committee

of four labor organizations now on

strike the question of inaugurating a

system of dealing with controversies

through a joint committee represent-

ing all four organizations.

REOPENING OF THE HUERTA.

The anxiety shown by those

close circles to Huerta's return was re-

peated as a favorable sign by high offi-

cials here who expected that definite

assurance would be forthcoming

upon compliance with the demands

of the American demand that the new

Government be convened and that Huerta

be eliminated.

The position of the Ameri-

can Government, it is thought, is

something like a promise by

Huerta officials that the negotiations

would be continued.

Efforts by counsellors of Huerta

to induce John Lind at Vera Cruz to

open the entire subject had not suc-

ceeded up to the time he was re-

ported here. Mr. Lind ran back

to Mexico City under some

promise that he was forthcoming from

Gen. Huerta.

STAND BY BACON.

Chairman Bacon of the Foreign Rela-

tions Committee, in discussing ap-

peals from Mexico City, stated

the Huerta's counsellors were seeking

to reopen the negotiations, which the

United States could do nothing about

but stand by him.

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TROPICAL SHRUBBRY PRICELESS ASSET of BEAUTIFUL LAUGHLIN PARK



When the art lover, the man who seeks the beautiful things in life, looks for a place to build his home he requires two things. First he must have a luxury of matured shrub, tree and plant life—next an imperishable, inspiring view. This is the absolute requisites to the ideal home.

Twelve or fifteen years ago the hill now known as Laughlin Park was practically bare of foliage. About that time, in accordance with an elaborately conceived plan of the late Ho-

mer Laughlin, hundreds of varieties of trees, shrubs and plants were set out, with the idea of making this hill the show place of Hollywood.

The rich luxuriance of Laughlin Park's tropical shrubbery is truly a revelation. Its growth is now matured. It has been set according to a careful design so that perfect harmony will prevail throughout. The tall grace and majesty of long lines of Italian cypress trees, is accented by clumps of rambling shrub. Intermingled with

this riot of green foliage, vivid dashes of colorful flowers and white touches of unique architecture stand out in marked relief.

Laughlin Park is truly the residential show place of the Pacific Coast. There is nothing else of a like nature that compares with it.

To reach Laughlin Park, go out Hollywood Boulevard and turn north at Harvard Boulevard, the main entrance of the grounds. The terminus of Kriegley Drive is at the en-

trance of one of the cascade vistas and the termination of Wilson Boulevard is at the entrance of the other. A beautiful descriptive booklet of Laughlin Park has been prepared and can be secured on application at the office of the agents; Harold J. Head, 225 Laughlin Bldg. Phone F7835, and John R. Powers, 228 Van Nuys Bldg. Phone A3836; Main 2148.

Unionist Violence.

(Continued from First Page.)

trains, one arriving and one leaving here today, traffic on the Southern Pacific Railway in Louisiana is tied up by the strike of engineers and trainmen. The road will not attempt to operate freight trains, and all passenger trains, except the two through trains, have been annulled indefinitely.

The train arriving here this morning was manned by the road's division officials from Lafayette, La., a division terminal, and the same crew took out the railroad and trainmen yesterday morning. No violence was attempted. Local union officials at a meeting today told the men that attempting to violence would mean expulsion of the perpetrators from the union. They stated that the strike will spread further to the west.

Assistant Commissioner Jianger has been dispatched to offer his services as mediator.

Cotton producers are in the midst of harvesting a large crop.

Local Southern Pacific officials say they examined today thirty-six engineers who applied for work. The officials said that the Southern Pacific's Union of North America was offering men in the company. Three switching crews are on duty in the Southern Pacific yards, but have little to do. The union men working on other roads refuse to accept freight handled by men not affiliated with their unions.

UNIONISTS HEAR OF MEDIATION.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES) HOUSTON (Tex.) Nov. 14.—No disorder has been reported early today among the 2500 skilled employees of the operating department of the Southern Pacific lines between El Paso and New Orleans, who went on strike last night. Aside from two transcon-

tinental trains said to be en route, reports indicate general suspension of traffic.

Just before the walk-out went into effect an offer of government mediation was made by union headquarters. The employees' leaders repeat that the only possible way to avoid a strike was for the railroad to meet the reduced committee of the four unions involved—the engineers, conductors, firemen and trainmen. Such a conference had been the main point of the railroad's objection during negotiations.

The employees' sixty-seven demands involve demands for reinstatement of many engineers and others declared to have been discharged in violation of contracts; alleged excessive hours and pay rates; many reports and other information are required outside of company time and ask regulations of lay-overs away from the railroads' objection during negotiations.

Conductors' agents, letters of a harsh and threatening character from subordinate officials.

Discontinuance of moving engines in trains under steam without engineers.

Request that men be allowed the opportunity for duty by telephone.

Protest against re-examination of engineers and engineers' re-examination of men on eyesight, hearing and color perception.

"Claim for \$2.75 rate for firemen."

Protect against the re-examination of engineers and engineers' re-examination of men on eyesight, hearing and color perception.

The question of wages is involved only in that it is claimed the contract of each engineer is controlled by the company curtailis the rights of the men.

President W. B. Scott of the railroad announced that besides two thousand men, three thousand more will be taken on the railroad to meet the strike. The men will be taken on the basis of what the railroad officials have consented. Union officials, however, would not say to whom they would sanction such an agreement.

Information that Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the Southern Pacific board, stated in New York that the road was willing to discuss with representatives of the different unions the question of dealing with representatives of a joint committee, was received at the strikers' headquarters without comment.

Hope was expressed in many quarters that the Federal Board of Mediation and Conciliation might effect a reconciliation of the two sides.

It is to be noted that the railroad officials have consented. Union officials, however, would not say to whom they would sanction such an agreement.

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TO UNIONIZE GOVERNMENT.

Gompers Thinks He Has Wilson's Permission.

Laborites Understand He Is at Least Passive.

Scheme Embraces All Men Under Civil Service.

INT'L. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES
SEATTLE (Wash.) Nov. 14.—Delegates to the American Federation of Labor held a meeting tonight in the Y.W.C.A. auditorium to consider the formation of a national union of Federal employees, taking in all employees of the post office, immigration and customs service and in general the clerks and employees under civil service rules who are not covered by the mechanical unions.

Among the speakers tonight were Frank H. McCarthy, International secretary of the Post Office Clerks; Henry Wagner, Immigration Inspector at Seattle; Fred R. Almoe, of the immigration service at San Francisco; T. J. Cullough of Omaha, delegate from the International Typographical Union, and Capt. Henry Smith of the bureau.

There is a general understanding that the national administration is opposed to the formation of the union.

VISIT NAVY YARD.

The delegates held a brief session this morning and spent the afternoon in the Y.W.C.A. The Puget Sound navy yard, at Bremerton, was thrown open to them. Here they saw the Pacific reserve fleet, ready for duty, for a few hours' notice. The naval parade through the Panama Canal, which took place on the day President James A. Garfield, who was granite cutter, took his right hand to the last dry stone wall of the world built of granite, shaped and placed by union men.

INDICT CHAUFFEUR'S OFFICERS.

Eighteen Unionists in New York charged with conspiracy to obstruct the mails.

INT'L. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES
NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The federal grand jury returned this afternoon eighteen indictments against officers and members of the local Chauffeurs' Union, charging conspiracy to obstruct the mails and violation of the United States mail act in the city. The indictments are the outgrowth of the recent strike by chauffeurs employed on mail routes. The maximum penalty for each offense is five years imprisonment and \$5,000 fine.

Most of the men indicted are now under arrest. For the others no apprehended bench warrants will be issued.

POWER COMPANY LOSSES.

Court Decides Improvement Not on Government Land Where Authority Do Not Give Title.

INT'L. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES
ST. PAUL (Minn.) Nov. 14.—A decision that is expected to have a far-reaching effect in determining title cases in which companies and individuals without obtaining title from the Secretary of Interior, was handed down by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

The court decides that the power and light company of Utah, has no rights to the land it occupies, which is a part of the forest in Cache county, Utah. The decision, in effect, places the power and light company of Utah, in a difficult position, as it will make possible confiscation by the government of the entire land which \$5,000,000 is said to be vested.

CATCH AMERICAN CRIMES.

German Authorities Arrest White-haired Thieves in Absence of Rob Bank Cashier.

INT'L. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES
NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Two young American crooks, white-haired but still active, are under arrest, police announced today, in Kiel, Germany. The Munich authorities wrote that these two, known as James Harrison Morton and John Bell, had caught in and out of rob bank cashiers on St. Paul's long criminal record in America.

The New York police say that Morton's real name is Rice and he is known as "Big Ed." He is 73 years old, 6 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 200 pounds, and is a native of Boston. He was born in Haven, 64 years ago, and is now in Chicago. The pair, who are now serving time in prison, were arrested for bank robbery and forgery in Boston, Cambridge, Mass., Providence, R. I., Detroit, Indianapolis, Ind., and Rochester, N. Y., and both served terms in prison.

ELECTROCUTED IN MIDNIGHT.

Fainter Climbs in Spite of the Tower in Chicago and Dies.

Wire. INT'L. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES
CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—A man, 27 years old, a passenger on a train, today climbed to the top of a dried and afterburned tree, carrying electric wires about him, and suspended his body, while clutching the stems, plumbum to the ground, the feet of his companion.

FROM YOUR DORMANT.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—Night Wirl—Thomas W. Whalen, the engineer of the Illinois Central, a salary of \$1,000, was president of that company, succeeded the late Edward Whalen.

It will be remembered that it was by this method of play that Pipel managed to defeat the giants from the University of Denver last year.

TIGER TACKLES.

The Tigers will also have a slight advantage in the game, because the beautiful young things that are playing the tackles, Shipkey and Wieman. These two weigh 394 pounds and it is going to take a lot of hammering to make any yards here. Both these men are strong, their feet and shoulders carry the ball well and should be able to carry the brunt of the battle in great shape, especially on the defense.

With these big horses in the line,

MOTOR CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

APPERSON JACKRABBIT — Leon T. Shetter Co., 151 West Pico St. Main 7034, Home 10167.

BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC — Beardsley Electric Co., 1250-1260 West Seventh St. Home Phone 58015, Pac. Wl. 722.

BUICK — HOWARD AUTO CO. Tenth and Olive Sts. Home 60009, Main 9046.

FORD — The Pacific Kisselkar Branch, limited agents for City of Los Angeles. 1001-09 South Olive Street. 10457, Broadway.

FRANKLIN AND R. & L. ELECTRICALS — R. C. Hamlin. 1040-1044 S. Flower. M. 7877, Home 60244.

HOWARD SIX — PAIGE — LIP-PARD — STEWART. Thomas Motor Car Co. of Cal., 1055-60 S. Flower.

HUDSON — Harold L. Arnold. 1118 to 1125 S. Olive St. Sunset Main 678; Home A4734.

HUPMOBILE — MITCHELL — Grier-Robins Co., Twelfth and Flower Sts. Edwy. 5410, A1187.

JACKSON — Chas. H. Thompson. 1142-44 S. Olive St. F6390, Edwy. 1947.

KISSELKAR — Pacific Kisselkar Branch, 1001 S. Olive St. Edwy. 2953; Home 10457.

LOZIER — Bokins-Spears Motor Co. Pico at Figueroa St. 50534; Edwy. 92.

NATIONAL — National Motor Car Co., 1355 S. Flower St. Main 5347, 5352.

OAKLAND CARS, STANDARD TRUCKS — Hawley, King & Co. 1027-33 S. Olive St. Home 50251; Edwy. 1022.

OLDSMOBILE — Oldsmobile Co., 1205 South Olive. Main 3130, F5047.

OVERLAND — J. W. Leavitt & Co. 1235 South Olive St. Main 4831; 6037.

PACKARD and R. & L. ELECTRICALS — California Motor Co., Tenth and Hope Sts. Main 6060; 60405.

PIERCE-ARROW — W. E. Bush. 1701-1711 S. Grand Ave. Home 60295, Main 2257.

POPE-HARTFORD — Wm. R. Russ, Corner Tenth and Olive Streets. Main 2778, Home 60173.

PREMIER — Premier Motor Car Co. 1127 South Olive St. Main 679, F2654.

REGAL — Big Four Automobile Co. 1047-49 S. Olive St. Home F2533, Sunset Edwy. 952.

SIMPLEX and MERCER — Simplex and Mercer Pacific Coast Agency. 1057 S. Olive St. A4547, M. 7563.

STUTZ — Walter M. Brown Co., 412-414 West Pico St. Home 25003, Main 7047.

UNIVERSAL TRUCK — Eastern Motor Co., 825-827 South Olive. F2043; Main 2965.

VELIE CARS & TRUCKS — Renton Motor Co., 1230 S. Main St. Main 1068, Home 10799.

WINTON — W. D. Howard Motor Car Co., 1234 South Flower Street. Edwy. 4180, Home F5609.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1913. — 4 PAGES.

CHAMPS

1000 DAY

PART II.



Before the Battle.

TIGERS FACE UNKNOWN FOE.

Utah and Oxy Appear Evenly Matched for Clash.

Both Teams Just Rounding Into Form for Season.

Conditions Seem to Favor Pipal's Men.

BY OWEN R. BIRD.

The Occidental Tigers are going into one of those battles, this afternoon, where the enemy is absolute unknown quantity. Utah comes from the realm of the Rocky Mountains with a reputation for speed, open play and quite some little heat. They have put up some game fights this season, when the fact is considered that the squad is made up of green men in almost every case. They have become famous for a wonderful driving finish. In fact, some are of the rare bunch that come from the hills.

How much the climate of the south will militate against their chances is the problem. The team comes from the high altitude and the fact that they will have to play on a level which will in all probability be flooded with sunshine, may slow up their style of attack and defense.

Taking the team as a whole, on a basis of its performance as of now, it shows a good mark for Occidental. Last year the Utah varsity captured the title of the mountain conference, but that was with a veteran team. This year all is different.

The team has been built out of raw material, and the first game of the season won the title of the State with a veteran organization, but the squad this fall has been made up of freshmen.

OPEN UP.

While the Mormons are not the strongest team in their section, they are a team and make a good mark, and it looks as though Pipal's men would at least have to show all they have to win. While not wishing the Tigers any bad luck, it will be a great thing to see them in violent action for once. The team has been so carefully kept under cover this season that nothing is known of its actual strength.

In the game with Whittier, the Tigers relied on strength and weight to win and got away with being forced to show anything than keeping Mormons in the dark. Mormons also turned the same trick a week later, but like Oxy, will be forced into showing their real stuff when Utah goes to Claremont for the game on Friday next Wednesday. So it will not be working any hardship on the Tigers if they are forced to the limit to win this game.

Under the existing climatic conditions it would seem that Utah would take the attack at once in the hope of rolling up a score during the first half and then being able to hold the Tigers safe. On the other hand, I think the Tigers can afford to wait during the first quarter and solve the Utah attack as the weight is slightly in their favor and the men are trained and conditioned in this climate and for this reason should be able to put up a stirring finish during the latter portion of the game.

It will be remembered that it was by this method of play that Pipel managed to defeat the giants from the University of Denver last year.

TIGER TACKLES.

Attell was the aggressor and had Eriksen holding to save himself from a knockout after the fifth round. Attell used a straight left to the head and a right uppercut to the body that weakened Eriksen. In the clinch Attell rocked Eriksen over several times with a fierce beating. Both of Eriksen's eyes were discolored and his lips badly swollen as he left the ring, while Attell did not have a mark.

BLOOD ALONE CAN ATONE FOR THIS.

In the intoxication produced by the wine of their first victory, some misguided Manual Arts partisans committed a frightful sacrifice last night. During the march of triumph, these wretched malcontents, obtained possession of a Los Angeles High School battle flag (a pennant valued at 25 cents). With terrible impatience and mock ritual they incinerated the unprotected emblem of the foe, causing weeping, wailing and gnashing of what teeth were left among the L. A. High students.

The L. A. H. boys demand that they be revenged in some fitting manner for the outrage, so fly at it, boys, and may the best of you win.

AMATEUR BOXING AT PORTLAND.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

PORTLAND (Or.) Nov. 14.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The summary of the amateur boxing at Portland.

The 105-pounds semi-final—William Arreola, 125 pounds.

The 105-pounds final—William Baird, Seattle. A. C. three rounds.

The 125-pounds semi-final—Moretti, Olympic Club, San Francisco, decision over William Maloney, Beaver Club.

The 125-pounds semi-final—Walter Knowlton, Multnomah Club, decision over William Rose, unattached.

The 125-pounds semi-final—Walter Knowlton, Multnomah Club, decision over C. Tomilson, Multnomah, one round.

The 135-pounds semi-final—Walter Knowlton, Multnomah Club, decision over William Rose, unattached, three rounds.

The 135-pounds semi-final—Walter Knowlton, Multnomah Club, decision over William Rose, unattached, three rounds.

The 135-pounds semi-final—Lester Clark, Beaver Club, decision over Ernest Maden, Beaver Club.

The 135-pounds semi-final—Tom Scherer, Multnomah Club, decision over William Rose, unattached.

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The

PRINCETON AND YALE COMPARED.

Matching Man for Man Seems to Favor Tigers.

Blue Team Has Been Gaining Strength of Late.

Traditional Bulldog Grit May Win Out.

THE SECRET WORD TO THE TIMES.
PRINCETON (N. J.) Nov. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] In the battle today between the Bull Dog and the Tiger, which takes place at New Haven, the jungle-beast is without a doubt the favorite from almost every standpoint. Yale will send a better team on the field than that which defeated Brown and it may be taken for granted that Princeton will possess no opportunity to put her fighting machine in final perfect working order. Each team has had one distinct defeat which has proved highly beneficial to the men in teaching them their weaknesses, and although Princeton is the favorite, it does not expect an easy time of it with the Blue and White in no sense feel overconfident. The battle should prove a good one; to each institution a victory over the other makes up to a large extent the defeats of earlier season games, and in addition to this each has always had the ability to exhibit its best form against the other.

In giving the preference to Princeton, the critics have good ground on which to base their argument, for in both backfield and the line the Orange and Black can show better ability. That the two institutions, Princeton and Yale, have the services of Capt. Ketcham and Avery at Yale, Yale has been weak in this department this season and that accounts for the shifting of Ketcham from the center position to end. He would undoubtedly be a good man in that position if he had had a more manly temperament, but is sacrificing his individuality—selfishness at center for the sake of his team. Hammon has proven a good man, and has had lots of experience, having played on the 1911 championship team; his showing against Harvard was up to his standard, but this was due to his desire to prove the fact that he is too fast on his feet for a slippery field. Because of Shee's injury in the Harvard game it is doubtful if he will be able to play again. Captain Ketcham will take his place, the latter is a real rugger player, fast in getting down under prints and he, very rarely beaten by the opposing backs. At Jackie Ballin and Phillips have the best of Talbot and Warren. The former pair are the strongest part of the Princeton line. Both are powerful men who cover a lot of ground in the play. Ballin was the star of the lines in the Harvard game, he got down the field ahead of his ends many times and his fierce tackling and breaking through the line on punts was in a large measure responsible for his being mentioned in almost every account of the All-American team of 1913. Phillips is also a splendid man and play is more conservative than that of his fellow-tackler.

In the guard positions there is H. Wilson, between the two stars of men, all four are good, but first season on the line. The combination than is the line is even more evident than the line. The combination is impressive. Harvard defense has won its spurs. Only the quarterback position is the man on the two teams to be compared in ability relying on their records so far this season; Wilson of Yale has proved by his work to be in the end the best. Wilson served well lost to the Princeton team in the Colgate game, when he retired with a broken jaw. He and Glick of Princeton will fairly match each other in ability; each is a heady man in running his team and can be relied upon to make substantial gains on quick-hitting runs, and, also, on any team; Glick excelled in this against Harvard, breaking away for good gains around the ends, indeed he and Strett were the only Princeton backs that could gain with any sort of consistency against the Crimson. Wilson's full-back is head and shoulders above Dan of Yale; he was able to hit the line with just the greatest force and success as either of the two Harvard stars, Brickett or Hardwick, and in addition to this he is a tower of strength on the secondary defense. Capt. Hobey Baker has done well in the Princeton Princeton team often in the past two seasons, and has improved his game this year; his running back of punts is phenomenal and as a broken field runner he has few equals. In the punting department, which has troubled Princeton so much, Wilson, Law, and Ladd have, as his worth in his opinions, both Mahan and Hardwick of Harvard, and had stepped into the big breach in the Orange and Black ranks made by the absence of Dewitt, who performed so creditably during the seasons of 1911 and 1912. This comparison of man for man will serve to decide the battle for Princeton by a good margin, but it must not be expected that today's battle will prove at all one-sided, the reputation that Yale has made in past years for sheer pluck and fight is a factor that must always be taken into consideration. From the standpoint of conservative results, there is but little material to judge from. The one team that both colleges have met this season is Holy Cross; Yale won, 10 to 6, and Princeton rolled up a 14 to 9 score; but it must be remembered that Princeton had recovered from her blundering Yale had to recover from her rude awakening at the hands of Colgate, which proved to have the same effect as had the Dartmouth defeat on Princeton. One factor in Yale's favor is that the game will be played at New Haven, and yet it is a peculiar fact that the last two victories of Princeton over Yale have been registered on the opponents' grounds.

Hannigan is counting on a dry field

Longest and Shortest Football Managers.



Warren Board (right) and Harold B. Reed, athletic managers at University of Southern California and San Diego Army and Navy Academy.

LONGEST AND SHORTEST OF FOOTBALL MANAGERS.

SIX feet, two inches and five feet development of amateur sport in this section, are the two extremes in football managers. Warren Board, graduate athletic manager of U.S.C., is the long of it and Capt. Harold B. Reed, past athletic officer at the San Diego Army and Navy Academy, represents the other extreme.

The varsity manager has been a prominent figure in Southern California athletics for the past five years and has been instrumental in the de-

velopment of amateur football in the state. Board is a native of the Harvard name, he got down the field ahead of his ends many times and his fierce tackling and breaking through the line on punts was in a large measure responsible for his being mentioned in almost every account of the All-American team of 1913. Phillips is also a splendid man and play is more conservative than that of his fellow-tackler.

In the guard positions there is H. Wilson, between the two stars of men, all four are good, but first season on the line. The combination than is the line is even more evident than the line. The combination is impressive. Harvard defense has won its spurs. Only the quarterback position is the man on the two teams to be compared in ability relying on their records so far this season; Wilson of Yale has proved by his work to be in the end the best. Wilson served well lost to the Princeton team in the Colgate game, when he retired with a broken jaw. He and Glick of Princeton will fairly match each other in ability; each is a heady man in running his team and can be relied upon to make substantial gains on quick-hitting runs, and, also, on any team; Glick excelled in this against Harvard, breaking away for good gains around the ends, indeed he and Strett were the only Princeton backs that could gain with any sort of consistency against the Crimson. Wilson's full-back is head and shoulders above Dan of Yale; he was able to hit the line with just the greatest force and success as either of the two Harvard stars, Brickett or Hardwick, and in addition to this he is a tower of strength on the secondary defense. Capt. Hobey Baker has done well in the Princeton Princeton team often in the past two seasons, and has improved his game this year; his running back of punts is phenomenal and as a broken field runner he has few equals. In the punting department, which has troubled Princeton so much, Wilson, Law, and Ladd have, as his worth in his opinions, both Mahan and Hardwick of Harvard, and had stepped into the big breach in the Orange and Black ranks made by the absence of Dewitt, who performed so creditably during the seasons of 1911 and 1912. This comparison of man for man will serve to decide the battle for Princeton by a good margin, but it must not be expected that today's battle will prove at all one-sided, the reputation that Yale has made in past years for sheer pluck and fight is a factor that must always be taken into consideration. From the standpoint of conservative results, there is but little material to judge from. The one team that both colleges have met this season is Holy Cross; Yale won, 10 to 6, and Princeton rolled up a 14 to 9 score; but it must be remembered that Princeton had recovered from her blundering Yale had to recover from her rude awakening at the hands of Colgate, which proved to have the same effect as had the Dartmouth defeat on Princeton. One factor in Yale's favor is that the game will be played at New Haven, and yet it is a peculiar fact that the last two victories of Princeton over Yale have been registered on the opponents' grounds.

HOKEY MATCH IS POSTPONED.

The hokey match for the National trophy and the ladies' hokey championship of Southern California, scheduled for this afternoon, has been postponed until next Thursday. This match is between Manual Arts High and the University of Southern California.

As players and spectators are not allowed to smoke inside the stadium meet at Exposition Park, the hokey players were unable to procure a safe field for their opening cup game, as the "college and school campus" is in requisition on that day.

The team chosen to represent Manual Arts High is as follows: Miss Grace Snelling, Miss Arista Staley, Mrs. Violet Dunn, Miss Vera Stuart, Miss Mary Miller, Miss Ethel Barnes, Miss Beatrice Wiss, Miss Ethel Barnes, Miss Helen Sandgras, Miss Lydia Johnson, Miss Bertha Mayes.

Miss Marie Crosby, coach of the Manual Arts High hokey team, has been given permission to take the field in Southern California with the aid of Miss Ethel Barnes in goal and Miss Billie in the forward ranks.

Miss Billie can run like a greyhound and is so strong as a forward that even Miss Crosby gives her a wide birth, when that Amazons comes sailing down the field. Her "bully-off" will be at 3 o'clock.

RAILROAD KILLS JOCKEY BURNS.

INT'L. NEWS WIRE TO THE TIMES.
NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—T. H. (Tommy) Burns, internationally famed as a jockey, either jumped or fell beneath an elevated train in Brooklyn today and was gored to pieces. No one witnessed the tragedy. The last person to see him was the engineer, that seller, who remarked him passing up and down the platform just before the train pulled in.

Tommy Burns was one of the world's leading jockeys and was reputed wealthy. He rode for his own C. Daly, and several years ago carried the colors of the German Emperor.

Burns is counting on a dry field

ALL-STARS READY FOR NEW ZEALAND GAME.

[By DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES]

BERKELEY (Calif.) Nov. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] International Rugby will be contested for the second time in America tomorrow on California Field. No one has any doubt as to who will be the winner for the All-Blacks have cut a swath through local ruggers that make dopes on the fine contest a certainty. But there is a chance of a score.

Manager Mason of the New Zealand admits the possibility and in the following statement of the last contest on American soil: "Tomorrow's match is the big game for us. Though I understand that we will face a team that has little practice together, we are going to have a hard time to penetrate their solid defense. Our boys will be up to the task, however. I think that your men should be able to score 400, you have the pick of the ruggers of the Coast in the line-up. I don't believe in prophetic numerical results, but our number of 400 may be able to get over our goal line."

ALL-STARS PRACTICE.

Cochrane had his All-American squad on the field this afternoon for a light workout. The men were put through usual formations. Heading, drilling, passing and punting were practiced. The All-Americans were well satisfied with the showing. The All-Americans outfit constitutes one of the best open game teams that has ever been rolled together. The team is fast, has good forward and backward lines in particular promises to give the tricky, clever New Zealanders plenty of action. That the open game is the only game to play against these New Zealanders or

any other team, seems to be fully realized by all authorities on the game here now.

With Danny Carroll as the master of the American side, the All-Americans will feel perfectly safe to take chances that they would not otherwise dare to take. Carroll is a past master at the Rugby code and is in a class with the best of the New Zealanders. He is a good player, who has skill, gallantry, and only wants a leader like Carroll to urge him on and give them words of advice when possible.

Charlie Austin and Mitchell, on the strengths of the two men, will be playing either a defensive or attacking game, and it goes without saying that the New Zealanders are going to have a hard time to penetrate their solid defense. Our boys will be up to the task, however. I think that your men should be able to score 400, you have the pick of the ruggers of the Coast in the line-up. I don't believe in prophetic numerical results, but our number of 400 may be able to get over our goal line."

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MONEY WANTED—Real Estate, Business.

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APPLY TO MR. KELLY, AGENT,
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100 EAST 5TH ST., LOS ANGELES.
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WE WILL COLLECT AND PAY
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WITHOUT CHARGE. CLOTHES, CLOTHING,
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FOR ENDURANCE, RELIABILITY, COMFORT
AND SPEED.

A LOCOMOBILE WON FIRST PLACE IN THE
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COURT YOUR AUTOMOBILE OF A
CAR, 100 PER CENT.

WE HAVE A FINE SECOND-HAND LOCOMOBILE
AT VERY LOW PRICES, AND ON EASY TERMS.

1910 LOCOMOBILE, 5-PASSENGER, \$1,100.

1910 LOCOMOBILE, 5-PASSENGER, \$1,200.

1910 LOCOMOBILE, 5-PASSENGER, \$1,250.

BE THE PROUD OWNER OF A LOCOMOBILE.

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MONTY'S TRUCK
This is the time to buy your car, for you can
get more for less on林肯大道上。The following
are the prices of all these cars in Los Angeles:
1910 Cadillac, 8-passenger, \$1,800.
1910 Model T, 4-passenger, \$1,200.
1910 Lincoln, 5-passenger, \$1,500.
1910 Ford, 5-passenger, \$1,000.
1910 Buick, 5-passenger, \$1,200.
1910 Oldsmobile, 5-passenger, \$1,200.
1910 Hudson, 5-passenger, \$1,200.
1910 Studebaker, 5-passenger, \$1,200.
1910 Dodge, 5-passenger, \$1,200.
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1910 Oldsmobile, 5-pass

Local Office, U. S. Weather Bureau, Los Angeles, Nov. 14.—(Continued by Post A. M. The temperature registered 26.17; at 5 p.m., 50.45. Thermometer in the corresponding hours showed 64.14 and 60 degrees. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 97 per cent; 4 p.m., 71 per cent. Wind, N. & W., northward, velocity 4 miles per hour; gusts, 6 miles per hour. Highest temperature, 61 degrees; lowest, 50 degrees. Mean, 52 degrees. Barometer reduced to sea level, 30.02 inches.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.—The tide of high water covers large portions of the San Joaquin and Minnesota. The northward current was general. The water was high and turbulent in the southern and middle reaches of the Sacramento River, and was very high in the northern reaches. The water was high in the Sacramento River, and was very high in the northern reaches. The water was high in the Sacramento River, and was very high in the northern reaches.

LOCAL FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Partly cloudy, winds variable. For California coast of Southern California: Fair, warm.

STATE FORECAST.—San Francisco and vicinity: Fair, warm.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Nov. 14.—(Continued by Post A. M.) The Pacific Coast and San Joaquin Full weather report: The north wind continues east wind. Temperature: Generally fair yesterday and today.

TELEGRAMS.—(See page 14.)

THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE
TODAY AND TONIGHT.

THEATERS

Alhambra—Picture	Nov. 19-20 P.M.
Arrow—Picture	Costumes
Burbank—"The Quaker Girl"	2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Chester—Picture	2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Clarendon—Picture	Continues
Empire—Picture	2:15, 7:30 and 8:30 P.M.
Fox's—Picture	Continues
Imperial—Picture	2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Loveman—"The Lost Days of Pompeii"	Nov. 18-19
Majestic—Anna Held	2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Metropolitan—Court of Luxembourg	Continues
Minerva—Picture	2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Miracle—Over Night	2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Moorish—Picture	2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Odeon—Picture	2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Orpheum—Vanderbilt	2:00 and 8:30 P.M.
Pantages—Vanderbilt	2:00, 7:15 and 8:30 P.M.
Rialto—Picture	Continues
Tally-Ho—Picture	Continues
Woolsey—Picture	Continues
Yard—Football	2:30 P.M.

BEST FIELD—Oriental and Utah. 2:30 P.M.

FALL HORSE MEETING. Los Angeles Horse Association, at Exposition Park, Nov. 15-16, 1:00 P.M.

"**THE LAND AND ITS PATRIOTS.**" Personal exhibit, C. of C. Building, Broadway.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION. Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street.

Advertising.

Business and Business People.

BRIEFS.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

Health! For your ailments see the best chiropractor, Hotel Nugent, Third and Grand.

VITAL RECORD.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday:

ANDREWS—BROWN, Charles H., Andrew, 21; George A. Brown, 21, and Anna M. Brown, 20; Calahan, 20; CALLAHAN, Eustis, 26; Callahan, 20; CONNELL, Eustis, Alfred E., Boston, 43; DUNNE—FULTON, Margaret, 21; ELLIOTT—FULTON, Margaret, 21; FULTON—MICHIGAN, Elijah P., Bradley, 21; HUNKER—HOMMEINER, Thomas W., Bradley, 21; BUTLER—VELMAN, David K., Butler, 28; Elizabeth VELMAN, 28; CARLSON—CARLSON, Henry W., Carl, 25; Marie E. Carlson, 24; COLEMAN—COLEMAN, John L., Carl, 25; HUGHES—GETTY, Lawrence, rough, 22; Hause KOVACEVICH—KALANOVICH, Rose J., Karlovich, 22; RUSSELL—KIRKMAN, Samuel L., Kramer, 21; Clara Grandine, 21; LEONARD—KIRKMAN, George A., Lee, 20; Anna Gartman, 22; MCKEE—KIRKMAN, John McLean, 20; Anna Gartman, 22; MELCHIONI—RETURNO, Jose Melchion, 20; MENDOZA—VANQUEZ, Mariano Mendosa, 22; MORNIGOOD—GONZALEZ, Alfonso G., Gonzalez, 20; Ruth M. Gonzalez, 20; NAGLE—HILL, Cecilia O., Balla, 21; Ellender NAGLE, 21; NEARY—MORRISON, George W., Sharp, 20; Morrison, 20; O'LEARY—MILLER, James R., Shaw, 24; Vivian L. SHAW—MILLER, James R., Shaw, 24; Vivian L. SHOFFNER—HARRISON, Albert L., Shoffner, 22; May, Harrison, 22; SCHAFFNER—WILLIAMS, William D., Simpson, 20; Kalomo, Wiktorowicz, 20; STERLING—THOMAS, George V., Madison, 25; STEPHENSON—THOMAS, Ralph T., Madison, 25; THOMPSON—GARCIA, John L., Thompson, 20; Cupton, 20; STEPHENSON, Will M., Tipton, 26; Alice J., Monroe, 26; STEPHENSON, James M., Wilson, Jr., 21; Louis London, 21.

BIRTHS.

Names, sex, place and date of birth.

BOWLING: Mr. and Mrs. Willett L. Bow, College of Osteopathy, November 7.

CUNNINGHAM: Mr. and Mrs. Mathew J. Bow, 1802 West Washington street, November 4.

FOURIE: Mr. and Mrs. John Fourie, 645 North Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Bow, 32375 Bowditch, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Daugherty, 2000 Bowditch, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonzo Bow, 2000 Bowditch, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Daugherty, 2015 Bowditch, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Daugherty, 2020 Bowditch, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Daugherty, 1800 Bowditch, Mrs. Bowditch, November 12.

DIVORCE SUITS FILED.

ANDREWS—Virgil against A. KANE—John F., senior Adah E. LEAVITT—Eliza A., George H. & Morrison, Mabel E. against T. J. RICHARDSON, Bertie K. against Edna N.

DIVORCE DECREES GRANTED.

ANDREWS, Anna A. from Guy H. HARRIS—Lee, A. from Lee, M. SILVERBERG—Gila, G. vs. G.

OFFICIAL DEATH LIST.

Name and place of death—

BERMAN, Max, Los Angeles, 25; BERNSTEIN, Max, Los Angeles, 25; CHERTINA, Mand. Los Angeles, 25; COHEN, Morris, Los Angeles, 25; EARING, Wallace G., Los Angeles, 25; ENGEPRUD, Tilda C., Los Angeles, 43; FERGUSON, John, Los Angeles, 25; HUNTON, Anna E., Los Angeles, 77; KARLSON, John, Los Angeles, 25; REIDENBACH, Morris, Los Angeles, 25; SCHWARTZ—TRADE, Leo, 47; SILVERBERG—TRADE, Leo, 47; STEPHENS, John, Los Angeles, 25; WRIGHT, Gila, Los Angeles, 25.

DEATHS.

With Funeral Announcements.

BERKNER, In this city, November 12, Rosalie, the widow of the Master Bootle, Rosalie, the widow of the Master Bootle.

BURGERSON, At Monterey, Calif., Alfred Burgeson, aged 27 years.

CAHILL, the partner of Cunningham & O'Connor, Notice of funeral later.

HARING, At the family residence, No. 200 West 11th street, November 12, 1912, beloved husband of Isobel H. Haring, father of three children, Harry, Dorothy and Edward, and son of Edward H. Haring, formerly of New York, born in 1878, died at 7:30 P.M.

Funeral services will be held Saturday morning at 10 a.m. at the residence, 1100 West 11th street. Notice of funeral later.

HENRY, At 1510½ West Temple street, November 12, 1912, Rita Ione, a native of Sweden, aged 15 years.

Funeral from the church of Robert Shaw, 2000 West 11th street, November 13, 1912, son of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman J. Shaw and brother of Freeman Garber.

Funeral services will be held at the church of Puerto Rico, 2000 West 11th street, November 13 at 2:30 P.M.

HEINZELMAN, At No. 1200 West 11th street, November 13 at 10 a.m. Edward Heinzelman, 25 years.

Funeral from the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

HOOTON, From the church of the Immaculate Conception, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

JOHNSON, November 13, 1912, Mrs. John Johnson, widow of the late John Johnson, 25 years.

Funeral services will be held at the Polish Catholic Church in East Los Angeles, November 14 at 10 a.m.

KOTTEL, In this city, August 20, 1912, Mrs. Kottel, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

LEWIS, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Lewis, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

LOVEMAN, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Loveman, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

MCNAUL, November 13, 1912, Mrs. McNaull, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

MONROE, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Monroe, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

NEARY, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Neary, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

PEPPER, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Pepper, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

REED, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Reed, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

ROBERTSON, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Robertson, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

ROSENTHAL, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Rosenthal, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

SHAW, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Shaw, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

SILVERBERG, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Silverberg, 61 years.

Funeral services will be held at the church of St. John the Evangelist, 1200 West 11th street, November 14 at 10 a.m.

SIMPSON, November 13, 1912, Mrs. Simpson, 61 years.

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n exhibit of old-time
members of the church.

City Club will meet
all Monday noon for
of the county civil
This programme
yesterday as a subse-
originally scheduled in
it was to have
Entertainment.

entral center entertain-
Anglo High School,
ll consist of motion
and a violin solo.
lusion will be upon
proposed lowering of
the Broadway tunnel.

Local Forecast
Los Angeles, Wind, 10
warm; westerly in northern Wind,
fair weather.

STATE FORECAST

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—Wind,

San Francisco, Wind, 10, warm;

Fair, warmer; moderate; light north wind.

WINDSOR, Calif.: Fair, moderate;

moderate; light north wind.

ATLANTA, Georgia: Fair, moderate;

moderate; light north wind.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

DETROIT, Mich., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

CHICAGO, Ill., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

OMAHA, Neb., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

BALTIMORE, Md., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

BOSTON, Mass., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 14.—Wind,

moderate; light north wind.

NEW ORLEANS, La., 14.—Wind,

**BURR HARRIS
IS CONVICTED.**

*Slayer of Mrs. Gay to Pay
Penalty for Deed.*

*Jury Reaches Verdict After
Twenty Minutes.*

*Alienist Against Alienist in
Day's Evidence.*

The hour of doom struck in Judge Willis's court yesterday afternoon for Burr L. Harris, the murderer of Rebecca F. Gay, a Christian Science practitioner, in her room in the St. W. Hellman block on September 27, last.

The jury retired at 2:52 o'clock and at 4:12 o'clock returned with a verdict of murder in the first degree, without any recommendations. The verdict was announced by Foreman G. M. Simpson.

Judge Willis fixed Tuesday as the date when sentence will be pronounced. The verdict means that Harris will expire his brutal act on the scaffold.

His attorney, E. Burton Coruti, asked that additional time be given for preparing a motion for a new trial, but Judge Willis said that if, at the date indicated, the petition had not been prepared, additional time would be given by the court.

During the trial of the verdict, Harris sat mute and said nothing. He seemed the least interested of the large gathering in the room. His black face betrayed no more emotion than that of a graven image, and there was a total lack of any feeling or expression which was probably to mean death to him.

Every eye was centered on the man to see if he would break down under the ordeal, but any who expected him to do so, were disappointed. The largest presented the same imperturbable countenance that he had shown during the entire trial.

The verdict was popular with the crowd in the courtroom, many of the friends of the dead woman and the prisoner being present. Even the sympathies of his race could find no sympathy for the acknowledged murderer.

The evidence presented to the jury yesterday was wholly of an expert nature, and it was alienist against alienist. In behalf of Harris, Dr. Charles L. Allard and Ross Moore testified that in their opinion Harris was not responsible for his acts; that he was of low mentality and that his brain was not normal.

Drs. James J. Flair and Thomas J. O'Brien testified that they did not think him insane in any particular; that while he might not be as bright as other men, that he certainly knew the difference between right and wrong, and was responsible in his acts. In answer to hypothetical questions, Dr. Flair, in one of the queries put to the expert witnesses in the Harry Thaw murder case by Dallas and Jerome, the physicians for the State expressed the view that in such cases the subject was sane and normal.

In the address to the jury, Asst. Dist.-Atty. Blair argued that Harris was guilty of murder in the first degree, in that he had shown consciousness of his crime. Mrs. Mrs. Gay, without the sign of remorse or sorrow, and that his hands had been imbrued in human blood as the result of his tigerish instinct; in short, that he was a man, who for the best interests of society, ought to be blotted out.

In behalf of Harris, E. Burton Coruti emphasized the statement that his client was a man of low mentality, and laid particular stress on his desire that Harris should not be found guilty of a capital offense, that his life should be spared; that he be given another chance to make his way in the world, admitting that while he had been guilty of other crimes, his lack of brain and will power were both compensating factors.

Judge Willis made a record speech in the defense of the Harris case. There were forty-three witnesses on behalf of the people, and fourteen for the defendant, and but four days were consumed in the hearing. In the Harris murder case, preceding twenty-one days were consumed to acquit, and the witnesses were fewer than in the present case.

NOT UNDER CIVIL SERVICE.

But Probation Committee of Juvenile Court Will Co-operate to Fill Vacancies—Examinations.

An opinion has been given by the county counsel to the effect that the Probation Committee of the Juvenile Court, being a branch of the Superior Court, and subject to State law, is not subject to civil service regulations of the charter. Following the action taken by certain other departments of the county government, the Probation Committee, with Judge Taft, state that they deem it advisable to co-operate with the Civil Service Commission in filling vacancies as deputy probation officer.

The Civil Service Commission has agreed to an arrangement under which a civil service examination will be held jointly by the committee and the Civil Service Commission next Thursday at 9 o'clock, in the rooms of the Board of Equalization, in Hall of Records of the city hall, which will be recessed on next Wednesday night.

The examination will consist of the following: (1) Experience, (2) oral examination, (3) written examination on practical questions. The exam will be conducted on each of the first two and four on the latter, making a total of ten.

The Probation Committee held an oral examination of a number of candidates yesterday. Persons who were not given an opportunity to take that examination will be admitted next Thursday.

ON BATTERY CHARGE.

A. E. McDougle, formerly a stenographer in the office of the County Highway Commissioner, was arrested yesterday on the charge of battery. According to the complaint made by his wife, Mrs. Leah B. McDougle, the man went to her house Thursday night, broke down the door and struck her. McDougle was arraigned in the Justice Court and his case was set for February 15. He denies having struck the woman.

Blockers Swept Away.

(Continued from First Page.)

the elevation and rearranging of fourteen tracks of a length of 1800 feet each on the depot site at \$1,775,000; foundations on Alameda street at \$442,000, while the cost of the changes in sewers and incidental was estimated at \$200,600, making a total of \$1,750,000. Two or more years would be required for the erection work.

The estimate was made by Titcomb as to the cost to the body politic of swinging spur and industrial tracks off from this elevated, for it is customary for the property owners benefited to pay half the cost of building tracks for the use.

MUST DOUBLE-TRACK.

Some talk developed during the day that the tracks used for through freight and passenger service only, leaving one track on the surface for switching, as per the plans of the complainants. Supt. Whalen testified, however, that one track, even though it may have to be discontinued, gives adequate service to wholesalers and manufacturers in the affected territory.

"We find it hard work to handle the present freight in two tracks," Whalen said, "and with one we would be swamped and our customers materially damaged."

Whalen also testified that handling freight in the obscurity of the elevated would be dangerous, both to switchmen and doubly dangerous to pedestrians.

Whalen was so emphatic about this, and so well primed with facts and figures, that Attorney Trippet, who was present, volunteered to go around to a subway. On the subway Titcomb stated that it would not only cost many times the price of an elevated but that it would be even more unsatisfactory, that there would be much more time lost in getting on the surface, or subways to each industrial concern, with basement delivery, just as there would have to be second-story delivery with an elevated. He further stated that a square would necessitate a sealed subway and that this would mean that electric locomotives would have to replace oil-burners.

Reiterated pleas for viaducts across Alameda street were made.

Heights were voiced during the morning by President Campbell of the Boyle Heights Improvement Association and others. Martin Bekins, of the Board of Public Utilities, was also on the scene, and after testing up about probable damage claims arising from the construction of an elevated, stated that he is willing to waive all damage claims on 100 feet of property which he owns on that street.

TO REBUILD ANGELS' FLIGHT.

Holding Company for "Shortest Railway in the World" Announces Intended Improvements.

That the Angels' Flight railway—an elevator—will probably be rebuilt at an early date was the opinion yesterday of Milton K. Young, attorney for the holding company, in a hearing before the State Railroad Commission of an application by the company for authority to issue bonds par value of \$49,996 face, par value of bonds and \$14,996 par value of stock heretofore authorized.

The rumor also arose during the hearing that the city intends to force the holding company to do something to reduce its rates, but President McReynolds of the Board of Public Utilities, who was present, said it was only a rumor, so far as he knew.

According to the holding company, the hearing, the Pacific Company of California, which purchased the property from Col. J. W. Eddy, purposes to turn it over to the Angels' Flight Railway Company and to take stock of the company in return. Young stated, however, that the funding company, further purposes to put it in first-class condition and is going to stand back of any expenditures made with that object.

Poison ONLY ON LABEL.

In the Bottle Simple Water and So Would-be Self-Killer Is Alive at Last Accounts.

The bottle was marked "poison-carbolic acid." It was on the top shelf in the medicine cabinet of Mrs. Mary Spences of No. 719 New High street.

For days Mrs. Spences had come to the conclusion that life was not kind to her. Many troubles she had, some of them more or less important. She believed she was very ill, a poor invalid, and determined to seek the happiness that is heralded from the other world.

When she made up her mind, she converted it into action. She walked up to the medicine cabinet and looked at the warning "poison, carbolic acid."

Solemnly she lifted the bottle. It was a tragic moment. All her past came in review, and after inspecting it so hurriedly, she decided it was still too early to make the future despicable.

So she drained the bottle. The hot liquid, she thought, burned and sizzled down her throat. She threw the bottle aside. The shot seemed dramatic somehow, come naturally to tragic moments. And Mrs. Spences was going to die, she thought.

The other members of the family came. Mrs. Spences felt life ebbing. Gradually the horizon withdrew, until it became a haze. She dropped in a faint.

A few minutes later she recovered in the Receiving Hospital. Someone had put water in the bottle marked poison, and she was well.

TO CURB THE BARBER SHARK.

Deputy City Prosecutor Will Try to Save Purse of Customers Who Get More Than They Order.

Men of weak will power are to be protected from the aggressive barbers in Los Angeles. A crusade, under the direction of Deputy City Prosecutor B. Wilson, will be started next Thursday at 9 o'clock, in the rooms of the Board of Equalization, in Hall of Records of the city hall, which will be recessed on next Wednesday night.

The examination will consist of the following: (1) Experience, (2) oral examination, (3) written examination on practical questions. The exam will be conducted on each of the first two and four on the latter, making a total of ten.

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Los Angeles Daily Times.

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The Times Free Information Bureau

ADVERTISING COPY AND SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC AND FOR THE INFORMATION AND PRACTICAL ADVICE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY.

Persons are free to obtain information and general public regarding rates and attractions of railroads and steamship lines, and to obtain information and directions to points of interest.

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**Times Free
Information Bureau**

RETRIEVING COPIES AND SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.
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NOTICE OF LOSS OR DAMAGE TO THE PROPERTY OF THE ASSOCIATION
OF THE FRIENDS OF THE SICK AND INJURED.
NOTICE OF LOSS OR DAMAGE TO THE PROPERTY OF THE ASSOCIATION
OF THE FRIENDS OF THE SICK AND INJURED.

Resorts.



Arlington Hotel

Santa Barbara, California

Take Baths in Liquid Sunshine
Break the most radioactive natural curative mineral water
you can buy. The Hogan Co. has a large number of rooms
for tourists all the year round. M. W. Hogan, Manager.

**DO WORKING GIRLS
CHOOSE LOVE WISELY?**

Dear Jean Libbey says that as
many as Poor Girls Go
Homeless and that the Kind
of Men Who Spend Their Lives
in the Pursuit of Pleasure, Parties,
Amusements, Hobbies and Dinners
not Make as Good a Wife
as the Girl Trained by Work to
Take the Best of Things.

SHE'S BORED BY DETAILS.

Attempts to End Her Life by Inhalation Gas, But Neglects to Close the Window.

Homely details have always been the bane of Mrs. Ione Bartel's life, and yesterday, when she wanted to die, they saved her life.

She came to Los Angeles from Sacramento, where she was the wife of a mail carrier, one Otto Bartel, who earned a comfortable wage, but lived elsewhere.

Ione, the wife, is beautiful. She was ambitious; she wanted to go on the stage. And she went.

Details were tremendously irksome to her. She couldn't bear the smell of details, certain things in the kitchen every day, housework, details of washing dishes. She liked, she said, to do something big, and not bother with the small.

So she did something big; she went into details. She became active with a stock company in Sacramento and came to Los Angeles to seek work with the "movies." For a time she was employed by the "J.A.C." company.

Recently she was terribly upset, she thought, about a little affair of the heart with one "Billy." He accused her of many things, the most serious being drinking, and she decided to take her life.

Any way, she couldn't find much success with the film companies and began to despair of hitting Broadway, N. Y., with a smash in electric.

During this time she came to decide she must leave the city, stashed the keyhole, stuffed the crack, stuffed the transom, and made the coop air-tight, as she thought, and then got ready for the farewell sensations.

The gas came, she drank it in, and the scene feelings overcame her. She grew dizzy and then began to sway.

The conditioned men began arriving at the United States Marshal's office at noon. All appeared to be in good spirits except Gates, whose wife is seriously ill. He seemed to be more alarmed over her condition than his own predicament.

C. A. Elder gave \$25,000, furnished by A. E. Derby and Robert McDeeble gave \$15,000 bonds with W. P. Jeffries and Harry Lee Martin as sureties. Earl B. Elder gave \$10,000 bonds with Harry Lee Martin and W. H. Davies as sureties. Ingold gave \$10,000 bonds with Carrie Fluke Cox and A. B. McCullough as sureties. Attorney Thomson gave \$10,000 bonds with Edwin W. Sandison and Harry Lee Martin as sureties. Bagley gave \$10,000 bonds with W. L. Bagley and D. Behymer as sureties. Attorney Davis gave \$10,000 bonds with J. H. Strine and T. F. Tracy as sureties. Mowery gave \$10,000 bonds with Ernest McConnell and James A. McKevey as sureties. Rodgers gave \$10,000 bonds with Harry Lee Martin and Philip L. Murphy as sureties. Deebles were ordered to wait until longer after other ex-directors and officers of the old company furnished bonds. But shortly after 5 o'clock Gates furnished \$10,000 bonds with Frank H. Colby and A. S. Chase as sureties and Derby secured his release from temporary custody by giving \$15,000 bonds with Harry Lee Martin and H. W. Bryson as sureties.

E. BEHYMER'S STATEMENT.

The former officers declined to make statements, referring the newspaper men to Elder, who, they said, was both president and general manager of the investment company under the old regime. Elder declared that the company had been through a series of unexpected misfortunes and because of a general dullness in the real estate market. He said he had been the head of the company for about twenty years, building it up from a capital of a few dollars to its present capitalization.

One of the old directors, who represent some of the indicted men said in his opinion the concern became too large for its directors to manage and that the burden of keeping up the subsidiary concerns became too great.

The theft is freely confessed. The articles were found under her arm.

Poverty, she says, brought about the attitude of mind that permitted the theft. Her husband is dead and she is suffering from asthma.

A dressmaker, she has hinted for weeks. None could be found. With her young daughter she lived at No. 127½ North Broadway, in a small room with a gas burner installed. There she slept, cooked and despaired.

Yardia, however, her money ran out, forcing her to the 5-cent level.

She went downtown to get some work, bought a paper with her last penny, and then felt hungry. Cuban puffs were the only thing she could afford. They were filling, but not very nourishing. But she was in a despairing mood anyway. So she bought the cream puffs with the last nickel and went into the store.

When she got home she was tried for grand larceny and will be sentenced by Police Judge Williams today.

All shoplifters that are arraigned now will be given sentences that fit the offense, a report which will keep them in jail until after the holidays.

ADVISES CLEAN LIVING.

Y.M.C.A. Student Secretary Tells High School Pupils How to Conduct Themselves.

Brief, virile addresses to approximately 6000 pupils, were delivered yesterday at four of the leading high schools of the city and environs by R. A. White, Jr., student secretary of the international committee of the Y.M.C.A. in New York.

White spoke to the students of each school on clean living and right thinking.

The New York man will go to Monrovia, Calif., to attend the local Y.M.C.A. older boys' conference, which will continue over Sunday.

SECOND TRAGEDY IN YARDS.

Switch Engine Kills Another Railroader Whose Foot Slips Throwing Him Under Wheels.

Locomotives in the Southern Pacific yards killed the second switchman within a week yesterday when Matthew Deeler, aged 20, was fatally injured under the wheels. He was taken to the Crocker Street Hospital, where that a Dr. Jago James Francis Warwick was killed while working as switchman in the same yards. The accident to Deeler came near River Station. According to witnesses, Deeler fell off the car when it was jolted in a turn. He lost his footing and dropped beneath the wheel.

The body was taken to the Booth & Boyson morgue. An inquest will be held today.

INGLEWOOD.

INGLEWOOD, Nov. 14.—Inglewood Chapter No. 215, Order of the Eastern Star, at last night's meeting elected the following officers to serve for the coming year: Worthy Matron, Mrs. Vira Hardin; Worthy Matron, Mrs. E. E. B. Alexander; Chaplain, Mrs. Floy Kurtis Aylsworth; Secretary, Mrs. Ella M. Friend; Treasurer, Mrs. Frances Palmer Monroe; Conductor, Mrs. Laura Hall Leftwich; Associate Conductor, Mrs. Mary Davies Buckle.

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PUBLISHER: THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY

OFFICERS:

H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.
MARRY CHANDLER, Ass't Gen. Mgr. and Trans.
E. K. PFAFFINGER, Assistant Treasurer.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Vice-Pres., Secretary.

Los Angeles Times

EVENING MORNING OF THE YEAR.
Every Sunday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.
Monthly Magazine. Daily Founded Dec.
4, 1851—254 Years.
Member, Class A, of the Associated Press. Licensed
wire. Miles Cabled: Day, 25,000; Night, 25,000.

OFFICES:

New Times Building, First and Broadway.

LOS ANGELES (Loco Ahng-hay-ah-oh)

Entered at the Postoffice as mail matter of Class II.

A GOOD STARTER.

Two hundred and twenty-one steamers from the Atlantic and 187 from the Pacific passed through Magellan Straits between January 1, 1912, and October 21, 1912. Over a steamer a day. That is a fair starter for the Panama Canal.

A NARROW VIEW.

The Socialists surely cannot be sincere in their threat to oppose the annexation of suburban cities with Los Angeles. Such an attitude would be un-American, undemocratic and uncharitable. A party claiming to stand for the brotherhood of man could hardly be so selfish as this and sustain its pose.

THE FOREIGNER WINS.

There has already been an advance in the price of wool in the Argentine, in Australia and in South Africa almost equal to the duty on wool which will be discontinued December 1, when it will be placed on the free list. As was predicted, it is the foreign producer, and not the American consumer, who will get the benefit of the loss inflicted upon the American producer by the tariff bill.

MITCHELL RETIRES.

John Mitchell, the vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, announced his withdrawal from all connection with the order. He will not, under any circumstances, accept a renomination.

He has—unless the Court of Appeals shall reverse the judgment—jail sentence of several months to serve and then, to adopt the Rooseveltian method of expiation, he has "had pie enough" and will retire on his winnings.

He has not, like the cockney president—Gompers—secured a brick block in Chicago for his services in organizing strikes, but he has enough to keep the wolf from the door.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S WELCOME.

A hundred cities and more in the East are in the grip of snow and ice.

"Death touched the Winter's arm, and spoke:

"Faith, you are pleasing in my sight.

A thousand of this beggar-folk."

Knocked at my iron gate last night."

It is with regret that we of a more favored clime view the distress that harasses our kinsmen of this nation. As the seasons shift to fro and fro they are alternately smitten by blistering heat and beaten into numbness by the cold. And the only inconveniences that we suffer the year round are muddy shoes, spoiled by welcome rains.

Perennially it is the same story that comes across the continent; in summer the heat prostrations, in winter the more painful and drawn-out sufferings—the frozen bodies, the long, shivering breadlines, with the attendant diseases of pneumonia, influenza and bronchial troubles. Relief is impossible, because the climate cannot be remedied.

Southern California can do nothing more effective than extend its welcome, offering hospitality to those of the inclement places who desire refuge. Here is warmth, work and welcome to all!

DISHONEST REASONING.

As a specimen of dishonest reasoning that used by Secretary of Labor Wilson in his speech at Seattle to the labor unions cannot be excelled. He inveighed bitterly against the great copper mining company on Lake Superior because, while it started forty-three years ago with a capital of only \$1,250,000, it had paid dividends since then amounting to \$121,000,000.

If it had been a woolen or cotton or leather manufacturing company that had paid such dividends there might be some remote justice in the criticism. But no textile manufacturing corporation ever earned or paid any such dividends. If the workers for the copper company had made the rich ore that they dug and melted the criticism of Wilson might not have been so utterly out of place. But God Almighty made the ore. Was the ore that somebody discovered and located and sold to the copper mining company that furnished the most of the value of the \$121,000,000, and not the labor of the miners and smelters.

The trickery of Wilson's reasoning is in classing a mine with a cotton mill. One of the great mines of the Comstock that in seven years yielded over twenty millions of dollars dividends was purchased of its locator for two horses and a wagon. Would it be fair to accuse the company owning the mine of having robbed the miners—who received \$4 per day for excavating the ore—of that \$20,000,000?

Secretary Wilson's idea is that every man who, by his ability or good luck, is in possession of property should hold it, not as his own, but as a trustee for the idle, the stupid and the unlucky. His idea is that the man who has saved half of his cake should give it up to the man who has eaten all his cake.

"Property is robbery," said Proudhon. "No power exists by which the apparent owner of property has the right to say 'This is my own,'" says Wilson.

The difference between the idea enunciated by Proudhon and the idea enunciated by Wilson is a difference in phrase rather than in substance, and there is very little difference between the principles enunciated by either of them and those which govern the action of a gatherer-in of other people's horses, or a half thief who helps himself to another man's overcoat.

WOULD BE A SURRENDER.

When a civil conflict exists within a nation the question arises whether the state of war shall be recognized by other nations. What conditions will authorize according belligerent rights to either party in a civil war depend largely upon the circumstances in each case. But Wheaton and Hall, and indeed all writers on international law, agree that "recognition by a foreign government is justifiable only when necessary for the protection of its own interests and, if prematurely given, can be regarded as a demonstration of sympathy with the cause that is aided. When the contest is of a purely internal character entirely within the territory of the state, it is not the practice, nor is it justifiable, to recognize the insurgents as belligerents."

Lawrence on international law asserts that "recognition of belligerency should not be given by a neutral power unless the insurgents have a de facto political organization which is in control of a definite territory."

In order to recognize belligerency no formal proclamation is necessary. It may be done by suspending the operation of the neutrality laws and permitting the sale of arms and munitions of war to the insurgents.

For the United States to thus assist Carranza might result in the overthrow of Huerta. It might result in all Mexico flocking to the support of Huerta against the hated "brigands" with the possibilities of looting the border towns in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California. It would certainly, according to the doctrine laid down by Wheaton and Hall, have the result of relieving the present or any future government that may exist in Mexico from responsibility to the United States for acts done by the insurgents or in territory subject to their control.

Depredations have been committed upon American property in Mexico to the amount of millions of dollars. So far as meager advices show, these depredations have been perpetrated, not by the forces of Carranza, but by Villa and Zapata and wandering bandits affiliated with neither Federal nor Constitutionalists.

Carranza appears to be a zealous man pursuing what he believes to be a righteous cause from patriotic rather than personal motives. But, however righteous his purpose, if President Wilson shall directly or indirectly permit the neutrality laws to be abrogated or suspended in its favor, it would relieve Mexico from any financial obligations for depredations committed upon the property of citizens of the United States, no matter by whom committed.

BURR HARRIS AND EDMONDS.

From the lips of Burr Harris, as he sat on the witness stand and faced the jury, came a horrible story of murder and an unimpassioned revelation of a series of revolting, malicious crimes, told with no apparent contrition. He is the black brute whom black Editor Edmonds of the Liberator has championed, representing that Burr was a persecuted victim of the police. Edmonds is also one of those who complain the loudest that negroes deserve more consideration and respect than is accorded them—but he has thrown all of his efforts into an attempt to protect and create sentiment in favor of a creature who, in his brutality, beat to death with a gas pipe a helpless white woman of Los Angeles and who also voluntarily confessed to murdering another woman, to setting fire to a hotel and to sending poisoned candy and bombs to a child.

Los Angeles has harbored that vicious thing for years; has acceded it the protection of its laws and the privileges of citizenship. After his last foul slaughter the police trailed Burr Harris and instantly Editor Edmonds, who falsely represents himself as a leader of the negroes in this city, came clamorously to the front impugning the officers and calling upon members of his race to assist in the defense of Harris, who yesterday was convicted by a jury.

It is this clan spirit of negroes to cause them to champion and protect those members of their race who murder without cause or even provocation—and in many instances commit those unmentionable crimes that are even worse than murder—then we must heed the warning that Thomas Dixon, author of "The Leopard's Spots," has sounded. If the negroes support Edmonds and his newspaper, the inference is obvious: They approve of him and his efforts to defend from the law, under the protection of which he lives, such black vampires as Burr Harris. The citizens of Los Angeles, after such an experience, feel a more acute sympathy for the men and especially the white women who live in southern communities infested by negroes like Burr Harris and Editor J. L. Edmonds.

The revelations of Harris do not end the matter. The detectives have acquired further evidence to implicate men whose relations with and desperate effort for Harris have been so conspicuous. Further information regarding Edmonds and his relations with an orphan asylum will be brought to the reach of publicity, and the police officers of this city are wondering if he and his ilk will continue to be supported by the members of his race.

The Times has long been the friend of the negroes, laboring to assist them and promote their uplift, in season and out of season, at one time getting out a special edition to show what enterprising members of the colored race had accomplished in the community. We want to see the race respected; we want to see it as a whole lifted up, for its possibilities are evinced in the fine records of attorneys, physicians, scholars and others who are members of the negro race. But the line of differentiation must be drawn; the honest and respectable members must assert themselves; they must aggressively take their stand upon the side of law and order; they must repudiate such creatures as Harris and Edmonds; they must defend the honor of their race by spewing out the brutes and the champions of the brutes who violate that honor. Self-respecting negroes in Los Angeles should rise up and make themselves heard.

The latest victim of the blackmailers' trust was the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York, which offered \$30,000,000 of its bonds through an investment banking house of high repute. This house

is investigating an investigator.

Joyous Contemplation.



THE IGNOBLE DECISION.

Hindu Poet Unworthy of Nobel Prize.

BY GORDON RAY YOUNG.

The Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to a Hindu poet whose name few people can pronounce, with whose work few in America are familiar, and whose claim for this high distinction still fewer will recognize.

Not having any idea that the Nobel committee would show its incompetency by so unjustified a decision, some few days ago I read "The Gardener," by Rabindranath Tagore, and wrote a review of the book, which contained the following paragraph:

"The thoughts are only those that anyone has if they are lovesick and stop and think, and there is no need to think deeply. They seem to be nothing more than the melancholy meditations of a youth who, before arriving at the age of discretion, showed his diary instead of destroying it."

My opinion stands, despite the fact that Tagore is now crowned with the laurel of the Nobel committee and financed with the Nobel checks. But one who has been so distinguished cannot well be dismissed so summarily.

It would be interesting to know if the Nobel committee read Tagore in the original. If not, then it must have been the author's English, which has all the faults of Walt Whitman's style with not even Whitman's sullen virtue. In the effort of presenting selections I am at a loss where to begin. The first poem that comes to mind, his minister will say that the work was maliciously selected. Opening the book at random, and with the sincere wish that the benevolent fortune which gave him the Nobel award will be present and aid in the choosing of his best passages, I present:

"I am restless. I am athlet for far-away things.

My soul goes out in longing to touch the skirt of the dim distance.

O Great Beyond, O the keen call of thy flute!

I forget, I ever forgot, that I have no wings to fly to thee, O the keen call of thy flute!

I forget, I ever forgot, that I am bound in this spot evermore."

The last passage of the same poem says:

"I am listless, I am a wanderer in my heart, In the sunny haze of the languid hours, what vast vision of thine takes shape in the blue of the sky!

O farthest end, O the keen call of thy flute!

I forget, I ever forgot, that the gates are shut everywhere in the house where I dwell alone!"

The literature of the day abounds with work of splendid authors; and for poets, Alfred Noyes, John Masefield, Theodore Garrison or any one of a half dozen others who have swum far out beyond what the most strenuous of the critical brotherhood could call mediocrity. Had the prize gone to Stanley Gerald Lee for "Crows" we could understand something of the reason for it. Henry van Dyke has written, and this year, poetry worth while and far more notable than anything so far made public to date.

The investigators for revenue only are to be investigated. The finding of the Investment Bankers' Association of America that a man purporting to be an investigator of other people is in truth little more than a blackmailer will help to discourage the "butting-in" industry in Wall street.

UNCLE WALT.

The Poet Philosopher.

A little word, said pleasantly in passing, may brighten up some careworn fellow's day; a little sneer, a little bitter sneering, may change his skies from gold to somber gray. A little praise may send feet blithely tripping, that otherwise would drag the long day through; a little help, when some poor cuse is slipping, may start him right, when vicious things are brewing, may spoil the brew, and oil up virtue's wings; a little kick when statesmen are pursuing false gods may bring them round to better things. A little sense may make you seem a fountain of wisdom if you keep your tongue straight; a little debt may soon become a mountain, and drag you down beneath its galling weight. The little things in life, a joy or a nuisance; if you ignore this fact, when you are gray, you'll realize you were a blooming goose since you let the hen off all things got away.

WALT MASON.
Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams.

"NORTHERN COUNTY MOVEMENT."

[San Francisco Chronicle:] On Thursday, November 20, there is to be a conference at Marysville of delegates from the Boards of Supervisors and the commercial and civic bodies of Northern California with a view of perfecting and financing a permanent organization for making the world know more about the agricultural, mineral, scenic and climatic attractions of Northern California.

Arrangements have been made for addresses by prominent men, but the important work of the conference will not be the listening to speechmaking, but in devising a workable plan for adequately financing a permanent organization, which shall represent and work for the northern part of the State.

We say "adequate financing" for that is the whole thing in any such movement. The conference can be depended on to pass all necessary resolutions and to select an organization, the preliminary organization.

But it will all amount to nothing without the promoters' plan is \$100,000 a year for five years, and that is about what will be needed. That is about \$20,000 a year each for the thirty-three counties included in the plans of the promoters.

There is no doubt that \$100,000 under such competent direction will do twice as much for each county as can be got by separate expenditure.

Recall in Early Greece.

[Christian Herald:] In the palmy days of the Greek civilization, many countries, as historians tell us, when a man rose to a height of power or influence that he became a possible menace to the state, citizens took a vote on his case as an "undesirable." This was sent to the Senate, and if the vote was sufficiently large and representative, that body passed a resolution in which the too distinguished citizen was invited in polite diplomatic terms to take a few years of retirement abroad—in other words, he was officially exiled for the good of the state. This was "ostracism," so-called from the fact, it is explained, that the voting citizens wrote their names on oyster shells, and it was instituted as a measure of security to the commonwealth.

And the tragic part of it is that just as some of us who do a great deal of reading were beginning to swell up with pride in the belief that the modern literature was steadily, slowly and delightfully growing better after a debauch extending over several years, along comes the Nobel committee and gives Rabindranath Tagore's "poetry" the prize for being the best!

An Optimist.

[Lippincott:] Sammy was not prone to over-exertion in the classroom; therefore, his mother was both surprised and delighted when he came home one noon with the announcement: "I got 100 this morning."

"That's lovely, Sammy!" exclaimed his proud mother. "What was it in?"

"Fifty in reading and 50 in 'rithmetic,'

said Sammy's reply.

Pen Points: By the Author.

It's all over but the shouting.

An egg famine is imminent in the East.

This is a yolk very hard to crack.

Gen. Porfirio Diaz has retired from the

reign. He will probably do something.

While Napo Hogan is back here again,

he might as well go back to his old

home in Ireland.

Don't be disheartened, the chances of a

clearing out are not over.

That's the hub of our property.

The bookmakers will be surprised when

it exceeds \$2000. What's the odds?

The Portland (Or.) has fine pastures

Pen Points: By the Staff

It's all over but the nimrods in the East.

An egg famine is reported in the East.

This is a yolk very hard to break.

Gen. Perdrix Diaz has advised Morris to resign. He will probably do so—unless he can't.

White Hay Hogan is back East again.

Bill players he might as well go to places.

Don't be discouraged, the financial sky.

will soon clear, brother. The Chinese government has just succeeded in borrowing \$20,000,000.

More chaplains are needed in the navy.

Secretary Daniels. And more ships, too.

The advantages of the civil service are largely enjoyed by those who are inside looking out.

Some men are too tired to work; others play for the championship of the world's billiard tournament.

The November crop report estimates the corn crop at more than two billion bushels. That's the hub of our prosperity.

The bookmakers will be compelled to pay the income tax on their net incomes if it exceeds \$3000. What's the odds?

The Portland (Or.) hen that produced 300 eggs in twelve months might be referred to as one of the lay members.

Felix Diaz says he will return to Mexico—but it will probably be next summer when he has a chance to warm his feet.

Sir T. Van Settart Bowater has just been installed as Lord Mayor of London. One side of his name is Hon. T. Van Settart Bowater appears to be all right.

When a fellow comes up to you and introduces himself as a former resident of your neighborhood in the East the chances are that he wants the loan of a few pesos.

And now for the local dog show. Today there will be a bench show without dashabout and it will be a success.

Dashabout is such a disreputable animal.

Forty thousand cars of oranges are estimated crop in California for the present season. That means a lot of bright, juicy oranges for the happy grower—provided frost doesn't catch 'em.

The Democrats are fighting over the Los Angeles post office plum. And as a general rule appointments made in this city are not likely to cut any ice.

Nine Governors donned the white robes at the meeting of the Anti-Saloon League in Columbus, O. But they are not same little Governors who asked Roosevelt to run for President.

The President of Columbia bewails decline of literary standards. The reason is that President Wilson is giving all of his highbrow diplomatic jobs to literary men. Only a few poets are now left.

President Yuan Shih Kai has cut his hair in two on account of religious members. President Wilson is likely to treat the Senate some such way if he continues to refuse to stand for his country.

"To be allowed like tender lotus roots over your feet with petals and kiss at may chance to be.

but where is the music? It isn't in the poems, it is a misnomer poetry.

A known in this popularity crosses London. He has "the taste of the masses." He is a spasmatic. And the value they teach about philosophy, he carried away on—especially while the only poet left to the skies by an hour, then it was said England cherished could sometimes be seen, and he seemed to do his part.

So "My Dear Pindell" is to get the American Ambassadorship, after all. President Wilson is not the man to forget, he showed at the Baltimore convention, paying his debts in a number of ways with good appointments.

The job of Collector of Customs at port now includes the contract to run the post offices in the county, used to be a rule against postmasters, used to be a rule against postmen, in the Treasury Department. But now the "uplift" is different.

Suppose President Wilson suspends provision of the tariff law providing a per cent. rebate on goods imported vessels of American registry. And suppose some vessel owner should put in a claim for the discount and institute a suit, we are only saying, just suppose.

One thousand picked men will be Washington in December to go to Congress to submit Senator Keay's amendment to the States. Prohibition is an issue, but today 70 per cent of the United States is "dry" territory. It is reckoned with.

THE BLACK PERIL. By Stephen Phillips. Beware, the black blood with the bite. The skull of brass, the hands that bind. The lecherous ape, not human, but the tiger not outrun by man.

Beware, the strong and sinuous arm. Fit for the forest where he ranges. The cruel simian arm that haunts. He goes upright, but is not aware.

Worse than the wolf descending upon. On lion whom starvation drives. The village of the plain to have. For in your midst he prowls and roars.

And him no shout unites and repels. Nor lighted bonfire scares away. Restless, he crouches day and night. Leaps! and a woman in his power.

LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

"THE TIMES."

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And now for the local dog show. Today there will be a bench show without dashabout and it will be a success.

Dashabout is such a disreputable animal.

It is true that the statements made by the author are not necessarily accurate, nor are they necessarily accurate. If it be true that the company is able to furnish what it claims to be able to furnish, then it is true that the company is able to furnish what it claims to be able to furnish, but this is not enough. The statement made of the premium stock was sold to be used in the manufacture of the product.

If this has to pay "dividends" to pay dividends, then those responsible for the product should be made to do so.

Quality you have to look up to—expert fitting assistance.

For Men—Women—Children.

"Saturday"



Buy Furnishings at Harris & Frank's

"If you once knew our Furnishings store—Know its desirability, the variety of the stock—We believe you would not consent to trade elsewhere."

RANDOM SUGGESTIONS FOR TODAY:

Hats

Knox and Stetson Hats at \$14 and \$15.

SHIRTS

our "H & F" shirts at \$1 and a standard.

Franklin's good hats at \$2.

All the new style thoughts.

Beautiful New Neckwear

For the woman who buys her husband his neckwear, rest assured of expert assistance and taste here.

Imports in Oriental silk from London. All styles of handsome scarfs, etc. up.

Underwear

"Munsingwear," "Stuttgart," and "Duo-fold," as well as a number of others. A great stock of union suits—and "briefs" too, the year 'round.

Sweaters

and sweater coats for men, women and children.

Ruffles—Byron collarless jerseys, at all prices, in all colors. Caps to match for motor cycling.

Shoes

Quality you have to look up to—expert fitting assistance.

For Men—Women—Children.

Pajamas at all prices

Harris & Frank
437-443 SOUTH SPRING ST.
ORDER BY MAIL



MORE RAILROADS FOR THE SOUTH.

OFFICIAL PREDICTS BUILDING OF ADDITIONAL LINES.

Traffic-President Go Where the Business Develops, Say the Big Fellows, and They Assert Southern California Is Such a Drawing Point—Much Pleased.

Vice-President Johnson of the Western Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande, Missouri Pacific, and Iron Mountain, in charge of traffic, believes that Southern California is speedily going to have more railroads.

"There is a constantly growing tonnage into and out of all California," he said yesterday. "But the largest increases, and also the steepest, are being registered from that part of the State south of, well, say the middle of the State. Naturally, the railroads go where business is to be found."

Regarding the much-mooted probability of the Western Pacific invading the Southland along their slender antennae of lines it is now building south to San Jose, and also along the western rim of the San Joaquin Valley, Johnson returned the expected answer that the Western Pacific is poor.

He believes that the construction of the Western Pacific is not passing up any opportunities to get more business, and that it is not beyond the range of probabilities that some day the Goulds will invade the Southland.

Both Johnson and Githens were apparently new to the western country and on an extent the practice of the railroads.

Time has demonstrated that the Western Pacific is not passing up any opportunities to get more business, and that it is not beyond the range of probabilities that some day the Goulds will invade the Southland.

Both Johnson and Githens are comparatively new to the West, as they were, respectively, vice-president and president of the Missouri Pacific previous to the amalgamation of all the Gould lines into one under B. F. Bush, as president.

HARRY'S UNEXPECTED RETURN.

Finds Wife Playing Poker With Neighboring Fellow—Both Arrested and Fined.

Instead of arresting the husband for being a profligate, a policeman arrested the man's wife yesterday for having played poker. The husband was watching the wife play poker when the trouble came.

The incident occurred at the home of M. Colton, a mining man, No. 5123 Pasadena avenue. Colton had been in Arizona for several weeks attending to some claims, and returned home late and unexpected. When he reached his bungalow, he was surprised by the light shining in the window at that hour of the morning. So he started to investigate and with tongs, edging through the lawn, he crept to the window and saw, he says, Colton playing poker with W. C. Tober.

A private watchman strolled by, saw the husband poised near the window and charged the man.

The husband was a member of the Hanging Tree gang, and the watchman, who was not afraid of the man, went to speak to him.

Patrolman White answered the summons. He, too, peeped through the window, saw the neighbor man and woman within raising each other and bending indifferently on their hands.

When the sun came up, the doors were opened and the gamblers arrested. Both Mrs. Colton and Tober were fined \$4, and sent to jail.

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White Many Mourn

BIG MERCHANT'S BODY QUIETLY LAID AWAY.

QUIETLY and almost privately, the funeral services over the remains of Solomon A. Hamburger, were conducted yesterday afternoon. The body was brought from New York, accompanied by the widow of the merchant prince, his mother, M. A. Hamburger, the brother, and several other relatives.

At the great white store on South Broadway the mournful event was marked by the closing of every department. The curtains were drawn on all the windows and notices posted. At the La Grande station, many old friends and relatives, as well as a large group of the store employees, gathered and formed in procession, accompanying the body to the Home of Peace Cemetery, Boyle Heights, where it was quietly interred.

The services were simple, yet clearly indicative of the character of the man who desired a quiet funeral—for that had been his request—than the services which were held.

There was no power—not even the law, nor even a synagogal ceremony was omitted.

Rabbi Hecht, following the solemn ritual of the Jewish faith, preached a short sermon, taking for his text the quotation from the First Book of Moses: "Get thee out of the country and go unto the land of Canaan, which I will shew thee."

Around him he clothed a number of beautiful sentiments expressing the salient features of Solomon A. Hamburger's life and his success. Around him he clothed the casket to its last resting place in the Hamburger lot were all old friends of the deceased, heads of departments in the Hamburger store. Some of them were connected with the

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.

There are messages at the Western Union office for Mrs. Effie D. Shaw, A. J. DeLoof, G. E. Conger, D. Shaw, J. B. Haworth, Mrs. W. S. Stevens, Henry C. Wernick, Mrs. A. H. Turner, W. D. Jones, Charles H. Stewart, Horace Pomeroy, Tom Moreno, A. R. Fulker, Mrs. C. C. Austin, Mrs. Ruby Smith, Pauline Burdette, and others.

At the Postal: Miss Clara E. Vail, Alex Bowman, Charles F. Roehrig, Maria Ferris Soito, James R. Halsey, A. C. Davidson and Miss L. Laun-

J. W. Robinson Co. Broadway and Third

What to Put in Small Christmas Stockings—

Gifts for Real Boys!

WONDERFUL trains of cars—whole railroad systems, sectional track, station, tunnel, semaphore, bridge, lights—trucks, baggage.

Trains of cars that run by simply attaching the motor to one of your electric light sockets.

Corn refining mills, wind-mills, churning—every sort of farm device run by motors.

All - - Aboar - r - rd ! —

AND real wheels start moving—on a real track. A real bell begins to clang-clang—and slowly the California Limited pulls out of the station.

Then faster and faster—until it's flying around curves—across switches and crossings—and through tunnels—its headlight gleaming ahead to warn absent-minded cows and reckless pigs.

It's even electric-lighted inside—this train of cars—in motion for small visitors to our Toy Section.

Select your gifts from the Toy Section—now! They will not be filled until January first. The delivery, now, or whenever you say!—The bill to be held until January first.

J. W. Robinson Co. Broadway and Third

Get YOUR Piano Direct From the Factory

The necessity of moving this big piano factory bodily to our new plant at Van Nuys, makes it imperative for us to sell absolutely every piano, player piano and grand piano on our floors, in the shortest possible space of time, regardless of whether we lose money or make it, regardless of the time of payment and the terms of payment that you require. Every piano must be turned into cash or interest-bearing paper without delay. That's the big, salient fact that stares us in the face. So here are more than 300 new pianos and player pianos, offered at just about the wholesale cost of the materials in them, going like hot cakes, making hundreds of homes happy. The very piano that you have always wanted is probably among those now on our floors. Why don't you see them and make your selection now before the sale has gone any farther? Come to the factory yourself.

Take the car on Spring St. northbound, marked "North Main St." Get off at Sichel St. and walk one block south.

A dollar now will do more work toward buying a piano than two or three dollars ever did before.

Johnston Organ & Piano Mfg. Co.
700 Sichel Street



Mrs. Anna Barney Lewis,

of Los Angeles, who becomes a millionaire through a lucky strike in a gold mine in Cripple Creek.

Her father, the late J. B. Haworth of Louisville, presented her with one

fourth interest in the property fifteen years ago, when it was un-

developed prospect, and regarded as

of little value.

Luck.

MADE RICH BY
OLD GOLD MINE.

WOMAN NOW LIVING IN THIS CITY MEETS FORTUNE.

MAD Reluctantly Paid Taxes for
Number of Years on a Quarter Inter-
est in a Once Unprosperous
Prospect Near Cripple Creek Given
Her by Her Father.

One-fourth interest in what at one time was an unpromising gold mine prospect near Cripple Creek, presented to Mrs. Anna Barney Lewis of No. 334 West Fifty-fourth street, fifteen years ago, by her father, the late J. B. Haworth of Louisville, has recently made her very wealthy. She paid taxes on the hole in the ground for a number of years with little hope of obtaining any returns.

The discovery of a rich ore-body in the mine by John Connor leased the property two years ago, is now making all persons connected with the property rich. Mrs. Lewis owns the largest individual interest, and other three fourths are owned by seven persons, including Mr. McCullough, a wealthy man, of Owingsburg, Ky.

"My father paid \$200 or \$400 for one-fourth interest in the Forest Queen mine—it was nothing more than a hole in the ground," Mrs. Lewis said yesterday. "When he gave the interest in the prospect to me it was of doubtful value and I reluctantly paid taxes on it for a number of years."

"More than once I was on the verge of giving up my interest, because it looked as if I was throwing away the money I was paying for taxes. I am rather glad now that I held on."

Mrs. Lewis, now twenty-five years before she came to Los Angeles, three years ago, has a grown son, Carl S. Barney, of Redondo Beach.

The former Queen mine is in the Ironwood Hill district of Colorado. Connors uncovered a six-foot vein of ore that is now yielding an average of five ounces of gold, or \$150 to the ton.

ALLEGED PHYSICIAN ARRESTED.

Charged in two complaints with violating the State medical law, H. C. W. Johnson of No. 728 Manzanares avenue, Pasadena, was arrested at the Southern Pacific depot just as he was about to leave for Palmdale last night. The arrest was made at the instigation of State Medical Inspector E. A. Sommer, and in default of \$500 bail, Johnson is held at the County Jail. He is charged with representing himself as a duly authorized physician and magnetic healer.

TAKES HIS TIME.

The rest of his testimony, however,

was given him time after time in the prosecution trial in vain to impress

his statements. Larson instead up-

LARSON GUILTY SAYS THE JURY.

Convicted Man Is Unmoved
by First Degree Verdict.

Blames Daughter for Result of the Prosecution.

Believes Second Trial Would Give Another Path.

Louis A. Larson—guilty of murdering his wife, according to the jury's verdict, returned last night at 9:45, after forty minutes' deliberation. The first-degree verdict calls for the death penalty, which is to be imposed by Judge Craig Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

The remarkable stoicism that characterized Larson's appearance in court throughout the trial continued by him when the verdict was announced, and he listened to the final words without a sign of emotion and with apparently no concern.

"Larson did it," he admitted in an instant, his call, "I never saw or felt anything whatever against Louis Carpenter. Her testimony did not hurt me, and I would be a free man but for the impression made on the jury by my daughter. I expect a new trial if I can get it. I have no enemies with the day they say I murdered my wife. I will go free. I am not guilty and I repeat that if I did murder my wife, hanging would be too good for me."

As he spoke Larson appeared calm and entirely at ease.

SCATHING ARGUMENTS.

In their arguments to the jury both Deputy District Attorneys Ford and Velton scored Larson in scathing

language.

"You have seen him handle the belongings of his dead wife, the mother of his children, without one particle of human feeling or emotion," ex-claimed Chief Deputy District Attorney Ford, referring to the way Larson would handle a dog the way he has handled those trinkets that should be so dear to him. "I do not believe there is one particle of remorse in his makeup, and he is just the type of a man who would commit such a terrible crime as this. For the thousands of women whose safety is at stake I ask you to rid society of such a criminal as this, or you would repeat a reign of terror."

Throughout the scathing denunciation Larson sat with his hands folded, and he appeared the most composed man in the courtroom.

For reference to the wife's devotion and her efforts to keep her family together, women in the courtroom sobbed, convulsively, and even the eyes of some of the jurors were moist.

Both attorney Walter Fisher and Attorney Adams, counsel for the defense, made eloquent pleas for Larson, alleging that not one of the principal witnesses had sufficiently identified him as the man seen leaving the spot where his wife was found strangled. They attacked vigorously the testimony of Luella Larson, referring to the deadly hate she had shown to her father throughout the trial.

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"GUILTY OR INNOCENT, LIFE OR DEATH BY GOD'S OWN HANDS!"

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Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County News

Pasadena.

RACER YIELDS TO LOVE-GOD.

Frank Verbeck Wedded to a Pasadena Goddess.

Roy Knabenshue Proposed for New Year's Parade.

Two Greeks and Negro Start a Race Riot.

PASADENA, Nov. 15.—Frank Verbeck, of No. 281 Kirkwood avenue, winner of the Sacramento automobile road race, and Miss Elizabeth Clinch, daughter of John Clinch of No. 36 Bellevue drive, were married at the San Juan Capistrano Mission yesterday. Only the father of the bride and A. C. Verbeck, brother of the bridegroom, were in the secret.

The news reached the city last night, when someone brought back word that a marriage license had been procured at Santa Ana. The couple secured it there instead of in Los Angeles, in order to evade their many friends who have long been collecting rice and oil shirts for use on the occasion, which they predicted.

Verbeck, only 23 years of age, has made a phenomenal record in the racing world. Besides winning the Sacramento race he made a second place in the Corona race and fourth place in the Santa Monica race. He took part in the recent Phoenix race, but his car broke down and he did not finish.

It was the talk of the town that he raced not only for the glory and the prize, but for the hand of Miss Clinch as well. However that may be, though he lost the last race he won the girl. His brother last night said:

"George Bratulis, a Greek, and James Lee, a negro, were arrested

that he had her won long before he even went into the race."

Both the bridegroom's parents are deceased. He is employed by the Pacific Motor Car Company and was well known in the automobile world before he won any racing honors.

The bride, aged 22, is well-known in Pasadena where she was born. She has many friends. Her mother died some time ago.

The couple intend to spend their honeymoon in San Diego. They will be showered with congratulations on their return.

A NOVEL FLOAT.

It was announced yesterday by the Tournament of Roses Association that Roy Knabenshue's dirigible balloon will this year be entered as a float in the New Year's Day parade. It will fly over the route of the parade in progress and will be decorated with long streamers and garlands of roses and wisteria. Flowers will be dropped from it onto the heads of the spectators.

The Tournament of Roses Committee met at luncheon at the Hotel Maryland yesterday noon. Plans for the Tournament Park exhibition were discussed. The members of this committee are Frank D. Hobart, R. D. Davis, John H. Miller and W. D. Card.

FESTIVITIES ARE ON.

The winter gavettes at the Hotel Maryland will open today with the minimum rate of 90 cents shall be lowered and other changes made, was given out yesterday by Mr. William J. Simpson sent an open letter to the City Commission in which he claimed that the minimum rate is a discrimination against the small user.

The Commission declared that the question has been discussed already and ordered the commission filed.

Petitions calling a special election to vote on the proposed amendment are being circulated.

LETTER IS FILED.

Leo Mico, a Negro, was charged on a charge of fraudulence advertising, yesterday was fined \$50 by Justice of the Peace Dunham, before whom the case was tried. This is the minimum penalty for the charge and was imposed because the Negro, because the arrest was the first one to be made under the terms of the law appertaining to such cases.

"Before imposing sentence in this case," Justice Dunham said, "I wish to assure the Negro that the District Attorney's office will start proceedings against the many other Los Angeles county violators of this law."

CITY BRIFER.

The Protestant churches of the city will join in missionary services next week. Meetings are to be held at the Pasadena First Methodist Church on Friday evening and on Friday afternoon and evening. Col. E. W. Halford and William B. Miller, both of New York, will speak.

The recent rain greatly improved the field at the Pasadena Fair and special preparations have been made

for a match between the Reds and the Whites, the two practice teams of the Pasadena Polo Club, to be played there this afternoon. Nearest Cookson, Miller, Burke and Phillips, on the White team, and Malby, Wesley H. Weise, Boucher and Phillips on the White team. No charge will be made for admission to the park until Friday, so that the spectators may not have divided holidays in one week.

ONE NEW ONE EVERY YEAR.

Long Beach Superintendent Tells Board Its Duty.

Monument Is Unveiled in Memory of Willmore.

Mary Dodge Arrives and Passengers Resume Speech.

LONG BEACH, Nov. 14.—Appearing

before the Board of Education last night City School Superintendent Stephens told them plainly that if the school district was to keep pace educationally with the phenomenal growth of Long Beach, they must begin to plan for providing funds for the erection of a new school building each year.

The suggestion came when Superintendent Stephens presented his monthly report of attendance record showing an average attendance at the High School of 1128 students and at the grammar schools of 5235 pupils, an increase over last year of 1000. He said: "If the new buildings just contracted for now ready for occupancy and the pupils distributed equally, there would be an average of thirty-eight classrooms in each school.

The mid-year class comes up from the grammar grade the present buildings will be utilized to their full capacity. At present in order to secure the best educational results the school day has been lengthened, beginning at 8:30 a.m. and closing at 3 p.m.

The night school at Poly High has proven a great success, the present enrollment being 409 students. When enrollment is increased, additional parsons made with other school years, it becomes obvious that additional buildings must be provided for once, in both the High School and the grammar grade.

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HAD PROPHETIC VISION.

A simple monument, erected in honor of a Southern California pioneer who had a prophetic vision of the future, was unveiled at Signal Hill Cemetery this afternoon in the presence of a little group of men and women, who stood beneath the spreading branches of a pepper tree near the grave.

The monument bears the name of W. E. Wilmore, founder of Wilmore City, which later was incorporated as Long Beach. He died in 1901, at the age of 57 years, after a residence of thirty years in Southern California. This man was much beloved and highly esteemed and Wilmore died in poverty when about to be returned to the county poor farm for a second stay in that institution.

The women of the Signal Hill Civic League, upon the purchase of a granite monument, one year ago, reviewed the life of Wilmore as read before the league by Miss Jane Barnett, a member of the High School faculty, having aroused them to a determination not to let the plot of land its sleeping place go forever unmarked. Mrs. Z. T. Nelson, then president of the league, and the members generally, worked diligently to bring the project to successful conclusion. Other civic organizations gave financial aid to the project, but that did not deter the women of Signal Hill and today their ambition was realized when the monument, placed above Wilmore's grave, was dedicated.

The programme began with the singing of "How Firm a Foundation," by the little assemblage, after which short talks were made by the Rev. F. M. Rogers, pastor of the First Christian Church, and Mayor L. S. Hatch. Mrs. Etta Paschal and Mrs. Julian Smith, both residents of Long Beach, who knew Mr. Wilmore, also made brief talks, after which, during the singing of "America," Lt. Col. W. A. Atkinson, president of the league, gently pulled from the monument the huge flag in which it was enshrouded.

The monument is of California granite and is four feet two inches in height. The base of the stone is natural granite, while the upper portion was brought from San Diego county.

The top and the sides of the monument were polished and the bottom of the trouble and disappointment which marked Wilmore's career.

In the West face of the stone is the name "Wilmore," in large letters, while on the east face the inscription "W. E. Wilmore, founder of Wilmore City, later incorporated as Long Beach, died Oct. 15, 1901, aged 57 years. Erected by Signal Hill Civic League, October, 1913."

REGAINS LAND LEGS.

Regaining their land legs after a series of twelve days, the passengers on board the Mary Dodge, which arrived in port last night, were willing to talk today of their venture in far-off Alaska.

The date for an election to vote on a \$35,000 sewer system has been fixed for December 30. The sentiment in favor of the measure is so strong here that but little doubt of the result is entertained.

ORANGE, Nov. 14.—Through the Board of Directors elected the Southern Orange Growers' Association to-day declared in favor of maintaining its affiliation with the Orange County Fruit Exchange, formerly the Sun-seal Fruit Exchange, through which seven citrus associations met their end. D. Eugene Huff, secretary of the exchange was attacked by A. H. Stutman, a director of the association, and a heated debate followed.

Huff replied by declaring that the association had not followed the advice of the directors of the Sun-seal, who differed less thereby.

The directors elected are D. F. Campbell, C. P. Boyer, D. C. Drake, Elmer Hayward, C. J. K. Jones, G. W. Birch and J. A. Maag.

THE DODGE. The directors elected are D. F. Campbell, C. P. Boyer, D. C. Drake, Elmer Hayward, C. J. K. Jones, G. W. Birch and J. A. Maag.

WEBS HAIR TONIC. Cures Dandruff—stimulates growth of hair—prevents falling. The best hair tonic ever produced. For sale by BOSEWELL & NOYES... 50c.

A. GREENE & SON, Exclusive Ladies' Tailors. Showing a most handsome and exclusive line of up-to-date woolens. 321-5 WEST SEVENTH ST., Third Floor,

cooking and camp work. The ship carried north about \$1000 worth of supplies, including hay and oats for the stock, which consisted of eight horses, eighteen sheep, two pigs and two hens. Mr. Person, one of the party, who was in the party, says they expect to start earlier on their cruise next year, aiming to leave about May 10.

The five-horned river, called, gives insulation this year, helped wonderfully, though much of the voyage was under sail. Returning with the party were Mr. and Mrs. Loeserabel, who have been in Alaska for thirteen years, and are reported to be engaged in mining. Two miniature typewriters out of walrus hide, and many other souvenirs were brought back. Mr. Person's portion being about \$125 of gold nuggets, many of himself in leisure hours. Capt. Terry of Hollywood was in command, being assisted by a crew of ten men.

NEWS BRIEFS.

JAMES DELANEY, aged 17, and Gustav Summerfield, aged 20, were arrested

today on a request from Garden Grove, and were taken to that place this afternoon. They were charged with uttering and passing a forged check on the Garden Grove bank. Delaney is at present on probation from Judge W. C. Court.

Long Beach. The Little League will have a team in the winter baseball league, which has just been organized to play Saturday and Sunday ball during the next three months, beginning November 22.

Harry Cheek, Sacramento catcher, and others will be behind the bat. Other members of the team are McMullen of Seattle, Schneider of Seattle, Mahoney and Chadbourn of Portland, Kenworthy of Sacramento, Winter of Los Angeles, and Pat Johnson of San Francisco. The team will occupy the grounds used by the failed Southern League club the past summer.

San Bernardino.

YOUNG WOMEN WILL ORGANIZE.

Mass Meeting Called to Further the Movement.

Prisoner Gets Within Three Inches of Liberty.

Candidate for Governor Carefully Eliminates Himself.

FIGHTING THE LAW.

POMONA Proposed to Transfer Possession of an Abandoned Ranch. Short News Items.

POMONA, Nov. 14.—The City Council has instructed the City Attorney to prepare an amendment to the police code authorizing the police to remove the transportation of intoxicating liquors within the city. The intention is to put a stop to the illegal practices which, it is believed, have been carried on here to circumvent the law. Liquor has been brought into the city in automobiles and steam and electric cars, called to the "milk" trade.

While the new law will make persons caught within the city by the officers with liquor in any bag, or in their possession, no disposition on the part of the officers will be taken to interfere with citizens who are law-abiding, if the intention is to remove the old ordinance, which has been in operation for many years.

Under the old ordinance, however, the officers were given authority to put a stop to the illegal practices.

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County News.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Happenings on the Pacific Slope.

TROOPS LEARN DEFENSE LINE.



James Johnston,

Warden of Folsom prison, who is said to be slated to succeed San Quentin, resigned.

JOHNSTON SEES JOHNSON.

The rain of yesterday and the day before has been heavy and constant. The total precipitation is about 1.42 inches, making a total of 1.98 inches for the season to date. The mountains north of here are covered with a light coating of snow.

The most beautiful display of chrysanthemums ever arranged has been seen yesterday at the home of Helen Gerber, 110 North Main street, when she pleasantly entertained about eight friends from Pasadena, Los Angeles, Santa Ana, Claremont, La Verne, San Dimas and the city. Five hundred and twenty-five 200 giant blooms of rare chrysanthemums, grown in the Martin gardens, arranged in baskets, jardiniere and tall vases, were used in decking the rooms. The display is said to have been arranged at the request of Mrs. Gerber's mother, Mrs. Martin, who is a friend of the city that might be invaded by soldiers.

Gerber's power, make the setting a conflict between offensive and defense forces.

During the presentation of the battle victory seemed to have traveled over all parts of the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gerber have returned from Pomona to settle permanently in Pomona because the location most suited to their liking. Mr. Gerber was formerly connected with the Pomona Manufacturing Company.

FLAG CENTER OF INTEREST.

Fighting Around Chattanooga. In 1863 Described as Moving at Stanton Post, No. 55, G.A.R. Interest in the open meeting Stanton Post, No. 55, G.A.R., last night centered in the post flag which was carried to Chattanooga last summer to be unfurled on the cross Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge and on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Dr. George C. Summers and A. C. Shaefer were the delegates who represented the post on that occasion and last night the latter drew pictures of the memorable fight around Chattanooga.

The post flag comes home to half a grade Somers, recruited a number of women from the Ladies Relief Corps. A programme of music was rendered, and Shaefer told of his meeting eight of his company in the war, and forty-one of the members of his regiment.

"I have returned from a pilgrimage to one of America's holiest shrines—Chattanooga—the battlefield where the sleepy village became a center of anti-bellum days, and now a prosperous city of 100,000."

SHAEFER PT. M'DOWELL.

Officers May Be Vacated in Presidio Are Invited.

PT. M'DOWELL. (Excerpt from the Times.)

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 14.—Gov. Johnson will be the chief speaker at a conference in Marysville November 20 and 21 for federating the promotion agencies of the thirty-three more northerly counties of California. Delegates from the various chambers of commerce of Northern California will be present to sit side by side with representatives of the commercial bodies. Board of Supervisors and men of affairs.

GHOST READY TO WALK.

Seven California Supreme Court Justices Are About to Draw Long Unpaid Salaries.

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 14.—The seven justices of the Supreme Court of California can have \$22,864.66 2-3 in back salary awaiting them from the State as soon as they comply with the constitutional provision that no cases remain upon the court calendar which have been undecided for a period of ninety days.

Chief Justice Beatty has not drawn his annual salary of \$664.66 2-3 during this whole year, while the other justices have not received any from the State since the end of June.

The provisions which the justices make to keep the wolf away from the door while awaiting the tied-up salaries are very various and diverse. Some of them are wealthy and hardly mind the monthly bills while others are sometimes forced to run without any income for several months.

STARVES TO FOOL "DEVILS."

Waitress Refuses Food for Thirty Days on Advice of a Hindu Until Taken to Hospital.

PT. M'DOWELL. (Excerpt from the Times.)

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 14.—Following the advice of A. Khan, a Hindu farmer, north of this city, Mary Chaffey, a Valley waitress, aged 25, refused to eat food for thirty days in an effort to chase away the "devils" responsible for her illness. She is now in the County Hospital in a critical condition. Believing she was going to die from the effects of the fast, Khan reported her case to the officers and had her removed to the hospital. She says she was converted to a cult of Khan.

DISCUSS PENSION FUND.

State Education Board Arranges Details of Taking Over San Francisco Money.

PT. M'DOWELL. (Excerpt from the Times.)

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 14.—The State Board of Education discussed details today of the taking over of the \$50,000 in the San Francisco teachers' annuity fund to be placed in the teachers' pension fund, organised by the State, with R. H. Wagner, assistant superintendent of the San Francisco schools.

The board today authorized State Superintendent F. W. Richardson to print 20,000 copies each of the following books:

Speller, one, first arithmetic, brief history, new lessons one, introductory geography, hygiene and civics.

NEVADA POSTOFFICERS.

APPOINTMENTS AND CHANGES.

PT. M'DOWELL. (Excerpt from the Times.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Nov. 14.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Anna Hubbard has been appointed postmistress at Ft. Churchill, Nev., vice E. Towle. The following named postmasters are recommended in office: John L. Winter, White Sulphur Springs; Charles Root, Vernon; James I. Can, Aurora; Edward L. Zimmerman, Franktown; Joseph A. Sewell, Owyhee; Andrew Shoshone; William H. Smith, St. Paul; John V. Taft, Georgia; T. Thomas, Thorne; John J. Kennedy, Tober. The postoffice at Charleston, Elko county, is ordered discontinued on December 31 instead of October 31.

J. Hammick Felton, Santa Cruz county; Herbert E. Mannix, vice W. E. Russell; Piru, Ventura county, Edwin C. Waring, vice M. F. Trotter, department of Waterworks, Springs, Ventura county, new office, Webb W. Wilcox of Nordhoff.

REDIFIED PROBLEMS SOLVED.

Secretary Orders an Investigation of Costs to Manufacture Clothes, Hosiery and Knitting.

PT. M'DOWELL. (Excerpt from the Times.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Federal investigation of the cost of manufacturing clothes, hosiery and knitting was ordered today by Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce.

No statement as to whether the inquiry had to do with the working of the new tariff law was available in official quarters, but it was recalled that Secretary Redfield previously had made an investigation of the costs to determine whether the reductions were harmful to American industry.

Prosecuting Attorney Murphy said that Miller would be tried again.

Miller made an able argument for himself during the trial. He is said to be the pride of a criminal well-known in eastern prisons. He has been tried eight times for bigamy and is under seventy years sentence.

The principal evidence against Miller has always been that of policemen or alleged stool pigeons of the police. Twice the State Supreme Court has set aside convictions.

WOMAN PREVENTS VERDICT.

Case of Peter Miller on Trial for Murder at Seattle Must Be Tried Over Again.

PT. M'DOWELL. (Excerpt from the Times.)

SEATTLE, Nov. 14.—The jury in the case of Peter Miller, on trial for the murder of Hugh McMahon, a bartender, who was garroted on the street on Thanksgiving night of 1908, disagreed today and was discharged. The vote being 11 to 1 for acquittal. There were seven women and five men on the jury, and the obstinate juror was a woman.

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Secretary Orders an Investigation of Costs to Manufacture Clothes, Hosiery and Knitting.

PT. M'DOWELL. (Excerpt from the Times.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Federal investigation of the cost of manufacturing clothes, hosiery and knitting was ordered today by Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce.

No statement as to whether the inquiry had to do with the working of the new tariff law was available in official quarters, but it was recalled that Secretary Redfield previously had made an investigation of the costs to determine whether the reductions were harmful to American industry.

The principal evidence against Miller has always been that of policemen or alleged stool pigeons of the police. Twice the State Supreme Court has set aside convictions.

PROBLEMS SOLVED.

Secretary Orders an Investigation of Costs to Manufacture Clothes, Hosiery and Knitting.

Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.
The City Council yesterday abolished the bureau of fire alarm and police telegraph, turning the work over to a safety commission or city department heads.

The resignation of ex-Judge Charles Silent from the park board yesterday was followed by the Mayor's appointment of Henry W. Keller to take his place.

Serious charges were heard by the Police Commission yesterday against an East First-street saloon, claimed to be a disorderly dive.

The Reed idea of creating a union terminal for all transportation lines in the city will be discussed at a public hearing next Friday.

Letters overlooked when a husband's clothes were sent to be pressed were found and turned over to the wife, yesterday, and laid the basis for a decree of divorce.

At the City Hall.

SAFETY BOARD ON ALL ALARMS.

**COUNCIL CREATES COMMISSION
TO TAKE UP WORK.**

**Efficiency Body's Suggestions in
Interest of Economy and Improvement
of Service Adopted, Cutting Off One Arm of City Government
and Centralizing Power.**

Cutting away meshes of red tape and also pruning expenses, the City Council yesterday abolished the Bureau of Fire Alarm and Police Telegraph and created in its stead a Safety Commission which is to supervise the entire system.

The action discontinues the bureau as a separate arm of the city government and the mechanical features, as well as the organization, are transferred to the department of electricity.

The new safety commission is composed of Chief Electrician Monahan, John W. Snowden, chairman of the Council Committee on Public Safety; Fire Chief Eley and Police Chief Sebastian. An ordinance putting the resolution into effect will be drafted by the City Attorney.

The change is at the suggestion of the Efficiency Commission, whose report went direct to the Council yesterday. The commission states that this arrangement will result in the present paralyzed and hopeless condition of the Fire Alarm Bureau and that the ordinance will accomplish:

(1.) Economy of operation by an immediate saving of the salary which would be paid to a chief.

(2.) Saving of expense for telephones and miscellaneous office expenses.

(3.) Saving in repairs and maintenance which could be easily handled by one department instead of two.

(4.) The fire alarm system would be in charge of those upon whom rests the greatest responsibility for the protection of life and property, together with a department head who would stand as a man of high standing in his profession and present position, besides previously having had five years' practical experience in charge of the fire alarm system before he was made a separate bureau.

PARK BOARD CHANGE.
MAJOR APPOINTS NEW MAN.

Henry W. Keller, president of the South Coast Land Company, and living at No. 425 South Boyle avenue, was appointed a member of the Board of Park Commissioners yesterday by Mayor W. H. Reed.

The appointment followed the resignation of ex-Judge Charles Silent, who yesterday sent a felicitous letter to the Mayor wherein he reviewed his three years connection with the park board.

Keller's appointment will be sent to the Council this morning, as a young son and also a son of Don Mateo Keller, who one time owned the Matto Ranch.

FOR UNION TERMINAL.
DATE FOR HEARING SET.

To hear suggestions on local traffic conditions and to consider the advisability of establishing a union terminal in this city, the Public Utilities Committee of the City Council will have a public hearing next Friday evening at 8 o'clock. The hearing is the result of Councilman Reed's resolution to create a commission on the subject. The court recently hired the city to plan a proposed municipal railway; F. P. Gregson of the Associated Jobbers, Samuel Storrow, Assistant City Attorney, Horchton and others have been invited to appear.

The Reed resolution, which was offered several months ago, suggested a commission to consist of Judge Walter Bordwell, Engle Howard and George L. Smith, and has been in the hands of the Public Utilities Committee ever since.

FAVORS FRANCHISE.
WHARF GRANT AT HARBOR.

The Harbor Committee of the City Council yesterday approved the Harbor Commission's action in advertising for bids on the wharf which has been applied for by the E. K. Wood Lumber Company. The committee's approval is to go to the Council, when advertisement will be ordered.

The committee referred to the Harbor Commission the protest of the Chamber of Commerce against the practice of excluding home roofing material in the drafting of plans and specifications for work on the new wharf sheds.

Permission for additional dredging in the Morison Island channel under the emergency clause was approved by the committee.

SAOON CHARGES.
JOE SCOTT DEFENDS 'EM.

A partial hearing of charges against Daniel Pitzel, a saloon keeper at No. 901 East First street, was held yesterday by the Police Commission. It will be completed next Tuesday.

Pitzel's saloon, it is charged by police officers, has been operated in a

disorderly manner; they assert that fights often occur in the place and that intoxicated men are turned out of it in a regular stream. A junk dealer, H. Fischer, added his testimony to that of a group of police officers, and said that on one occasion his daughter was nearly dragged into the place by "ruffians who waited about Pitzel's door."

Attorney Joe Scott represented Pitzel, and called several character witnesses in his defense, and asserted that they had said intoxicated men come from the place. The hearing was to give Pitzel a chance to show cause why his license should not be revoked.

The hearing of Hickson & Hickson, who have a saloon in the same vicinity, against which charges have been made, will come up Tuesday.

Order Gives Impression.

Work at the harbor took a big bound yesterday when President Woodman visited scenes of municipal contract work. The Harbor Commission, in order to hire more men, has agreed to put a larger crew of men to work on the concrete wharf at Municipal Dock No. 1. An added force was on the job yesterday and the men were true of the Alta Planning Mill Company's work on the freight ship at Pier A.

Go After Information.

Harbor Commissioner Gordon and Goss will leave Tuesday for San Francisco, where they will inspect the harbor sheds, piers and wharves with a view to getting information for guidance at the harbor here.

The purpose is to investigate the use of roofing materials and types of steel warehouse doors.

Sell Harbor Bonds.

The City Council yesterday authorized \$100,000 in Harbor bonds to the Pacific Electric. The bonds sold at par with accrued interest and will be delivered about November 24. The bonds are now being placed at Pier A.

Discuss Big Improvements.

The two reports of the Public Works Committee, one favoring the widening of West First street, the other the construction of the second street tunnel, will go before the Council this morning. The Council, it is believed, will endorse the committee's recommendation that the necessary ordinances of intention be passed.

City Hall Notes.

The tiff between Police Surgeon Zerling and Fire Chief Eley, growing out of alleged maltreatment of an inmate in the fire department hospital, will not be referred to the City Council. That body yesterday decided to let the matter drop because Zerling had agreed to resign.

The City Council yesterday filed a request with the City Council that steps be taken to begin work on the elimination of grade crossings.

The practice of allowing peddlars in public places to sell goods established yesterday by the Council on recommendation of the Superintendent of Public Markets.

The Council yesterday referred to the Finance Committee the question of buying twenty-five double hydrants for use in the wholesale and manufacturing district. The cost proposed is \$3000.

At the Courthouse.

**M AIDEN'S LOVE,
WIFE'S DECREE**

**HUSBAND DIVORCED BECAUSE
HE COURTED ANOTHER.**

Letters Found in Soiled Clothes by Cleaner Form Basis for Suit. Promise to Give Up Affinity Is Broken—Widow Fails to Probate Will and Is Sued.

The love of a maiden for a married man, the unhappy wife and a bundle of letters, formed the ingredients of the divorce suit of Anna A. Andrews against Guy H. Andrews, tried in Judge Taft's court yesterday. Because the parents of the girl believed that Andrews was a single man and did not know he was married, they had thought there was a disposition on the part of Mrs. Andrews to shield her for her parents' sake.

"Andrews is a real estate broker who was married at 21 and died in 1918," Mrs. Andrews said. "She was happy with him until the other woman came into his life. She knew nothing of his infatuation until the girl called on her husband at his home. Her intuition told her something was amiss and knowing the girl intimately, she finally admitted it and asked to be informed."

"I upbraided him," she said, "and he promised to give her up and be true to me. I did not give her up. These letters, teeming with love and an admission which gave Mrs. Andrews the divorce decree, were being filed with the court yesterday morning."

RELEASED ON RAIL. Laura Crabtree, charged with pandering, was released on \$1000 cash bail yesterday. The sum was set by Judge Taft under \$4000 bail, the complaining witness being Themis Farnham, aged 17 years.

LOSES DAMAGE SUIT.

The jury in Judge Rudkin's court returned a verdict in favor of defendant in the action brought by A. F. Johns against the Salt Lake Railway to recover \$50,160 for injuries received by Johns at Ontario on May 8, 1915, while alighting from a train. The jury ruled a verdict in Johns' favor, but it was set aside and not delivered to the court until yesterday morning.

MORE TRANSIT CHINESE.

Twenty-one "transit" Chinese were brought from California by immigration officers yesterday and were examined preliminary to the asking of an order for their deportation. The business of the local immigration office is largely occupied just now with such cases, and there are 500 Chinese having been brought to Los Angeles within the past two months.

SECRETES THE WIFE.

ADOPTED DAUGHTER OBJECTS.

A will made ten years ago and never probated, was brought into Judge Houser's court yesterday, and

And Given Bond.

**RETURNS VOLUNTARILY
TO FACE ACCUSERS.**

J OHN C. DYSART, real estate man, against whom the grand jury returned an indictment for alleged irregularities in a reality deal was not taken to jail, as was erroneously stated in these columns yesterday. He returned voluntarily from Texas when he learned of the indictment, arriving in Los Angeles yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. At 11 o'clock he went to the Sheriff's office and gave bail of \$2500, before Judge Willis for his appearance when

wanted.

Dysart was at the bedside of his son, Mr. Willis, when he was on trial to the Los Angeles State several weeks ago, but started for this city immediately upon receiving information of the action of the inquest jury here.

Dysart, who is charged with embezzlement, and is ready to face his accusers, and declares the transactions complained of are regular, and that the records in the courthouse will bear him out in his statements. His home is in Glendale and he and Mrs. Dysart have considerable property interests.

**Dipped Italian
Creame Bar, 20c**

Purity of ingredients and inexpensiveness are the two things that you do not think of when eating these—you only think of their deliciousness. And tomorrow they're featured for even less than usual—only 20c a pound.

(Hamburger's Main Floor)

Hamburger's
BROADWAY, EIGHTH AND HILL STREETS

**Sterling Silver
Photo Frames 95c**

You cannot find more beautiful frames. Various sizes, with gold and silver leaf and plain frames. \$1.50 value, but only 95c. Of a kind, however, hurry them out—now. We only

(Hamburger's Main Floor)

Opening Christmas Exposition of Dolls

A veritable wonderland, this Doll shop, a regular doll kingdom where all the prettiest, the chubbiest and the finest dolls from overseas have been gathered for this formal welcome to Little Miss Los Angeles and her mother. Bring the children in today, let them wander through this fairy-like domain, it's a deal of joy for little hearts, and for the grown-ups, too.



Thousands of dolls, great and small, and all so charming and lifelike—see them today

Toy Department Ready for Christmas Buying

As soon as the last Christmas holiday had passed into history our toy chief began to prepare for this Christmas. Through foreign lands and over seas he's traveled, gathering the prettiest and most durable, the least expensive and the most elaborate toys in all the world. They're here and all ready for you to see and to talk about today.

Games to interest and amuse, painting sets, kindergarten sets and serving sets, animals that wag their tails and heads, mechanical toys, roller skates, tricycles, etc., horses and carts, and then as a special feature for the little girls, thousands of beautiful dolls.

(Hamburger's Toy Dept.—Fourth Floor)

Visit Our Doll Hospital

And to the little miss whose dolly has the least scratch or scar or the most serious injury—even to the breaking of an arm or leg our Doll Hospital is the first aid to the injured. We'll mend dolly as good as new. We're specialists in putting in new eyes, or replacing a tousled shaggy wig with a fluffy new one. Our treatments are all promptly performed on short notice and at moderate prices. Bring all the broken and disabled dollies to Hamburger's, best prepared to care for their every hurt. (Hamburger's 4th Floor)



Men Will Be Interested in These

New Suits and Overcoats at

\$15⁰⁰, \$20⁰⁰ and \$25⁰⁰

Seventy-five per cent of the men and young men of Southern California are looking for good and desirable clothes at one of these prices

You Will Find Them Here

The Best we have Ever Sold

The Best Anyone Ever Sold

The fabrics in our new Suits and Overcoats are the best we have been able to buy for years at these prices. We want to impress strongly upon your mind that these garments are values of exceptional merit and that every suit and overcoat purchased here means a better quality.

Complete

Readiness

We have new Fall Dress and Tuxedo Suits ready in our men's clothing section.

Saturday Store Specials:

Men's Outing Flannel Night-Shirts Special 55c

Good quality outing flannel, for sizes in regular line never sold for less than 75 cents.

Velvet Neckwear

100 dozen new velvet four-in-hand, in a beautiful variety of colors, a regular special value; while they last, your choice.... 25c

Suspenders

50 dozen men's suspenders—fresh web, with fine leather ends; Sat.-urday special.... 25c

New Gloves for street wear, for dress wear and for work.

New Sweater Coats for men, women and children, in our knit goods section.

75c hat; special.... 55

Women's Velour Hats

A very new shape, just received from one of the largest importers in New York, a regular special value.

75c hat; special.... 55

200 dozen brand new patterns in Desmond's

Dollar Shirts added for Today's sale—now 95c

DESMOND'S
SPRING STREET AT THIRD



Open Till 10 p.m.
Saturdays

Boys' Clothing

That's New and Stylish

Special care is used in buying boys' clothing at "Desmond's" of dependable quality—both in the materials and the making—to insure good wear.

Boys' Norfolk Suits, in

SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE

SECTION OF

Los Angeles Times

Los Angeles, Cal., Sunday, November 16, 1913

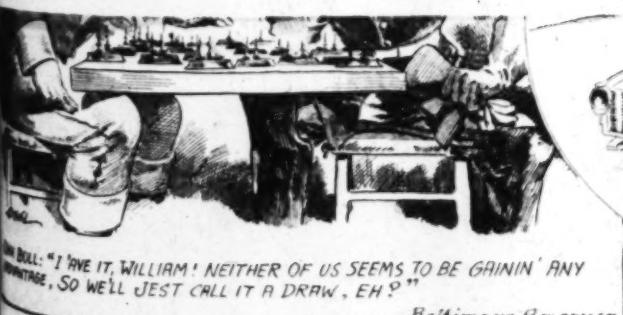
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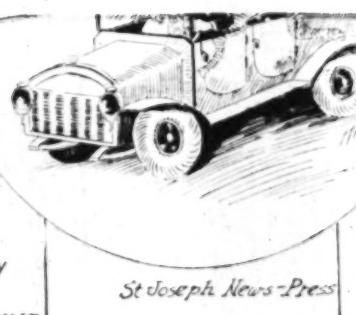
THE MAGAZINE YOU SAVE TO READ

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Baltimoreanum



St Joseph News-Press



Our New Register Leader

Cunard liner rescued the passengers of

Gov. Pothier of Rhode Island in a speech in Providence yesterday stated that he feared the low tariff will result in the menace of a commercial "yellow

night that the proposed building had been discussed at an executive meeting of members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Lit-

brought before Villa and sentenced to death, after which he was taken to the rear of the barracks and shot. Staff to Villa, will be named as provisional Governor of the State, it was said.

Orient

DECLares Low TARIFF

The SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION

A Magazine for your Reading Table

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS' PAGE

WHY should there be 17,000,000 unmarried men and women in the United States? And the death rate be higher among these people than it is among married people?

is among married people:

These two questions which reach so deeply into the heart of human affairs and which bear so directly upon eugenics and the perpetuity of our race, have been widely commented upon by the press since they were recently propounded by the Equitable Life Assurance Society in connection with its study of national mortality conditions.

Keen public interest in this subject is a good sign, for a nation like ours with a declining birth rate, and with the extremes by an increase in the death rate in middle son to give serious thought to the problem.

For it is obvious that if the millions, or a portion of the millions, of the unmarried who are physically and mentally fit, were married, our declining birth rate would not only be checked, without necessarily increasing the average size of families, but the proportion of the physically and mentally fit among the

clearly and definitely fit among the new lives that are being brought into the world would be increased.

"The high cost of living" is generally urged as the cause of our excessive number of unmarried people.

UNDOUBTEDLY this has had some adverse influence on marriage. But we will have to go deeper to find the real cause. This explanation is generally based upon two faulty assumptions; namely, that the proportion of unmarried people is increasing, and that people do not marry as early in life as formerly.

It may be true that fewer and later marriages are occurring in certain social levels, but the census shows that there are proportionately more people marrying now in the younger age periods than 25 years ago, and that the proportion of single people has actually decreased. In 1890 it was 37 per cent, in 1900 35.8 per cent, in 1910 34.4 per cent.

While this indicates a trend in the right direction, the fact remains that, notwithstanding our highly developed civilization and our unparalleled era of prosperity, we still have the enormous number of 17,000,000 unmated people of marriageable age in the U. S. A.

If we assert that this condition is due in any considerable degree to the present high cost of living, how will we account for the still greater proportion of unmarried people in 1890, when the cost of supporting a family was so much less than it is now?

The suggestion that many women workers prefer the comforts and independence provided by their own savings, to the sacrifice and dependence that would follow marriage to men drawing the same



WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY

By E. E. Rittenhouse
Equitable Conservation Commissioner

conjugal condition and by age period the whole population, but such data covering the population of New York State, outside of the metropolis, has recently been collected and analyzed.

This shows that the death rate of single men is greater than for married men by 57 per cent from ages 20-29, by 118 per cent from 30-39 and by 105 per cent from ages 40-49. This difference in women is not so great, although the trend is the same.

Making due allowance for errors, these averages are of interest as showing that a man is a high risk, who has been passed up and approved by a woman, than a bachelor. A large number sick and impaired lives in course kept out of the main group by the natural and instinctive reluctance of girls to marry.

The young woman is not her husband, is apt not only to her heart, but her intelligence well. Naturally, the heart comes from natural attraction; and the vigorous strong man comes in his make-up the potential powers of fighting disease. Intelligence selects the man to protect her and provide for her and children. Logically the tendencies of the average woman reject a man of bad habits, though the man is often less easily being influenced more by impulse.

ANOTHER important factor in promoting longevity among married men is that their wives are not only more orderly and regulated, but they are better supervised. The average wife is licentious of her husband's infidelity, warns him and adds her influence to his natural desire to promote his health and life for his own sake as well as for his own shadowed existence. She is shown by the fact that the indicated death rate in this group is very much lower than in the promiscuous impulsive group. For this reason, as that of increasing interest, life insurance companies prefer to insure married heads

J. F. Ritter



BETTER be called up
by Big Ben, than
down by the boss.

He'll do it cheerfully, loyally, promptly, with one prolonged five-minute call, or ten successive half-minute rings.

Big Ben is made in **LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.** by **WESTCLOX**. He's easy to wind, easy to read, and pleasing to hear. Price \$2.50 anywhere.

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The fabrics in our new Suits and Overcoats are the best we have been able to buy for years at these prices. We want to impress strongly upon your mind that these garments are values of exceptional merit.

MR. PITCHER BUCKS THE GAME

Taking a Hazard in Love and Lumber

By PETER B. KYNE

Illustrations by ROBERT W. AMICK

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A large number of
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out of the marriage
the natural and instinctive
ance of afflicted people

At sixteen years of age
Mr. Reuben K. Pitcher had started
his commercial career as a stenographer, at the
salary of thirty dollars a month in one of the retail yards
Arago Mill & Lumber Company.

At eighteen he was making forty

A large number of
impaired lives are
out of the marriage
the natural and instinctive
ance of afflicted people

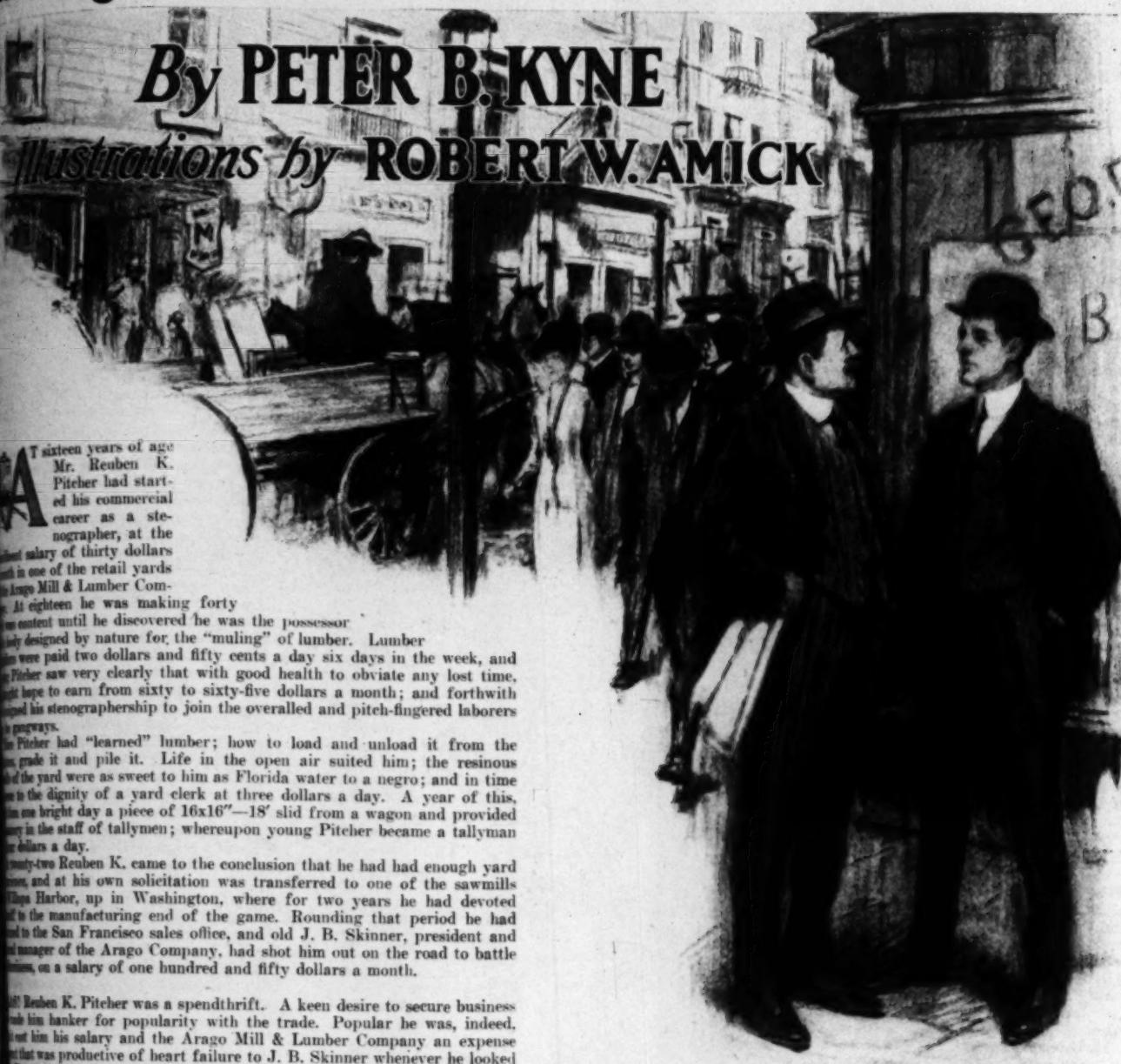
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Reuben K. Pitcher was a spendthrift. A keen desire to secure business made him hanker for popularity with the trade. Popular he was, indeed, and his salary and the Arago Mill & Lumber Company an expense that was productive of heart failure to J. B. Skinner whenever he looked at him. He would have discharged Pitcher very early in his selling experience had it not been for one thing. Reuben K. delivered the goods. Better than that he did in bulk, and a still small voice whispered to J. B. Skinner that there was something in the quality of his work which he could not afford to overlook. Pitcher and never let slip an opportunity to impress upon that young man the fact that he, Pitcher, was absolutely the most mediocre salesman in the lumber trade of the Pacific Coast.

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Reuben K. Pitcher was entering upon his twelfth year in the lumber business, when the crisis came. It was in the form of a new stenographer, the possessor of wide dark blue eyes with little shadows under them. This vision answered to the name of Miss Natalie McQueen. She had spent two years with a rival company at fifty a month, and Pitcher had stolen her for ten dollars extra because of her lumber and typewriter experience.

In his very first meeting with her, Reuben K. Pitcher was sensible of a power in her which far exceeded his impulses. The first of these manifested itself in a passionate desire to have her. The second to engage a large muscular body and bring him up and down California street for failure, during the hey-day of his ambition, to provide a small sinking fund which he might lay, together with his savings, at the No. 3 feet of Miss Natalie McQueen. And it may be said in passing that Reuben K. Pitcher was only twenty-eight. Also, it must be noted, at the imminent risk of appearing obvious, that as Reuben K. stood by the window of the Arago general office, gazing out over San Francisco Bay, and sighed for freedom, he sighed also for Miss Natalie McQueen;



for after six months' acquaintance with that most desirable, cypress-skinny mistress it had occurred to him that she might not be at all averse to a proposal of marriage from him.

HOWEVER, there was a large black bug in Mr. Pitcher's amber. He was confronted with The High Cost of Living. He had compiled statistics more or less accurate, upon the cost of maintaining the kind of domestic establishment over which he desired the fair Queenie to preside, and after each computation he had ended invariably with a deficit. On the other hand he had, of late, been viewing with the utmost horror the prospect of working on a salary all of his days. The microscope of ambition had nipped him, and something told him that if he married on a salary, on a salary he would doubtless remain. Old J. B. Skinner would have him down then; the old wolf would proceed, according to his code of business ethics, to suck his life blood and rob him of his youth and energy for a tithe of what Pitcher privately considered himself to be worth.

He turned and cast a quick glance at Queenie's golden head, bent over her typewriter.

5

CENTS



COMMITTEE TAG

ELATED

"No," he murmured to himself, "it can't be done. I've got to see the light ahead before I take advantage of Queenie's youth and ignorance of economic conditions."

His soliloquy was interrupted by old Mr. Tamm, the bookkeeper, who crooked a finger in his direction and bade him approach. Mr. Tamm was a statistic fiend and his desk was littered with sheets of penciled figures.

"I've been keeping tabs on the salesmen, Reuben," said Mr. Tamm, "and for the fiscal year ending June 30th you have led the staff. You have sold exactly 22,341,262 feet board measure in excess of your sales last year, and 6,457,181 feet in excess of Mr. Hedden."

"Hum," grunted Reuben K. "And Hedden gets two hundred. Is J. B. inside?" he jerked his thumb toward the door of the manager's private office.

"Sure thing," whispered old Mr. Tamm guiltily. He was a weak creature, whose body belonged to J. B. Skinner and his immortal soul to Mrs. Tamm, and as he was a failure himself he hated to see J. B. Skinner consummate another in the person of young Reuben.

"I'm going in and spraddle the old man for a raise," announced Reuben K. Pitcher firmly.

OLD Mr. Tamm hastily gathered up his statistics and hid them in a drawer. "Don't say I showed you these," he quavered. Pitcher assured him that he would hold him harmless in the event of trouble, and stepping to the door of the private office he rapped smartly thereon. Old Mr. Tamm trembled. He was used to scratching at that door. He trembled again, as Reuben K., failing to receive an invitation to enter, boldly opened the door and passed in.

J. B. Skinner glanced up in mild surprise as his star salesmen entered. Mr. Skinner had patriarchal side-whiskers and a long, calm, benevolent face, like an old mare; only his gray gimlet eyes belied the philanthropic whiskers and quickly confirmed one's second estimate of his character, to-wit: that like an old mare, he would kick and squeal and create a hiatus on less than a second's provocation. The intruder sat down by his boss's desk.

"Well, sir," began Skinner brusquely. He clawed at his whiskers cat-tishly and commenced flipping his nostrils in and out, for he scented trouble. He resolved, therefore, to start it himself.

"I've been looking for you, young man," he continued sternly. "Where you been the last three days?" And without waiting for an answer (for he knew perfectly well Mr. Pitcher had been down in the San Joaquin valley doing a nice business) he commenced to growl and find fault and cite cases of trivial or imaginary infractions of selling etiquette on the part of young men in general and one young man in particular. He unbosomed himself of a deal of advice on salesmanship, which while couched to a large extent in the language of a sermon was really a "call down."

Reuben K. Pitcher laughed in J. B. Skinner's face. "I want more salary," he said evenly.

"You don't get it. How much do you want?" sputtered Skinner.

"Three hundred per." It had suddenly occurred to Pitcher to ask three hundred in order that he might slip gracefully to two fifty.

Skinner was cautious on the instant. He resolved to temporize.

"Got another job, Rube?" he asked, a little more kindly.

"No, sir."

"Then why the swelled head?"

"Because I'm delivering the goods."

J. B. Skinner favored Pitcher with a smile of pity. "Twenty-five a month more is the limit, Reuben. Property has its rights and I don't intend to let this company be raided. If you don't want your job at a hundred and seventy-five there are a lot of crackerjack salesmen that will take it and be glad to get it."

Reuben K. Pitcher stood up smiling. He held out his hand to J. B. Skinner.

"THEN you hire one of those cheap salesmen, J. B.," he said. "I'm too good for you. I quit. You started a retail yard on a bundle of cedar shingles and an armful of loose lath, and I guess I can do the same."

"Give you two hundred, as long as you feel that way about it."

"The pardon comes too late. I'm through."

"I'm sorry, Reuben. So you're going into business for yourself, eh? In what line, pray?"

"I'm going to open an office and sell lumber on commission, and negotiate a vessel charter once in a while. I'll take a chance that I can make three hundred on my wits."

J. B. Skinner's nostrils flew in and out at a dangerous speed.

"Got any money?" he sneered.

Pitcher dug down into his trousers pocket and counted out forty-two dollars and ten cents. "I also have my month's salary," he said.

"All of which will last you about as long as a bottle of beer at a clam-bake. You're making a mistake, Reuben, my boy. Think it over and don't act hastily. You may repent at leisure."

The cock-sureness of the old pirate; the paternal irony in his remarks smashed across Mr. Pitcher's youthful pride with something of the impact of a particularly aged egg on a cement sidewalk. That remark accomplished everything except what J. B. Skinner expected it to accomplish, and in that moment an offer of a thousand a month would not have chained Reuben K. to another man's fortunes.

"When I'm licked

it will be time enough to run to the cover of a job," he retorted.

"Well, come and see me when you're licked," snapp'd Skinner.

"Certainly, sir.

Rustling around as a free lance the way I expect to do, I may come across a bargain once in a while — something I can sell you at a price cheaper than you can afford to make your own retail yards."

"You've been with this company long enough to know that we never turn up our nose at a bargain. Any time you have a car or two of No. 2 V. G. flooring at three dollars off the market, drop in.

Good afternoon, Reuben."

Skinner had now entirely recovered his temper. Not for a retail yard doing a flourishing business would he let this rebel know that his goings or his comings could make any material difference to the welfare of the Arago Mill & Lumber Company.

Pitcher rather liked him for it. He hated a man who admitted his mistakes too hurriedly and he knew from experience that Skinner could take a beating with better grace than any man on the street.

"Thank you, Mr. Skinner," he replied, "but I have an office motto."

"What is it?"

"Caveat emptor."

"Hum," grunted Skinner. "That's French for something or other, isn't it?"

"It means: 'Let the buyer beware!'"

"Oh, I always protect myself in the office," tortured Skinner.

"You'll have to, if we ever do business together. J. B. If I ever get my hooks into you, you'll be here for a month of Sundays."

"Get out," said Skinner, "you're too young to broil."

RETURNING to the general office, Rube Pitcher draped himself over Queenie's desk and prepared to watch the effect of a verbal bombardment.

"Queenie," he said, "I've just quit the Arago Mill & Lumber Company."

Queenie looked up quickly and her eyes were filled with trouble.

"I'll be sorry to see you leave us, Rube," she said; and Pitcher strained his ears in his endeavor to detect a quaver in her voice.

"Yes," continued Pitcher, "I'm going into business for myself. Open an office and sell lumber via sale on commission, you know. And when I get a nice healthy little business worked up, Queenie, I'll lower his voice to a whisper, 'dy know where I'm going to do it?'

Queenie trembled, paled and flushed alternately, while Reuben K. fixed her with hungry eyes.

"Really — Rube — I could never guess," she said miserably.

Mr. Pitcher read those signals of distress and a ecstatic anticipation. He, too, had of late been maimed to experience some of that same consciousness of pain that fringes the borders of happiness and makes him feel that he was not deceived.

"Well, Queenie, dear, I'm coming back to work when office some day and — and —" In frantic haste he had suddenly befooled himself of the secret of the Cost of Living and the old Persian proverb that a shut mouth catches no flies. Why, this was a secret even he hoped in Queenie's breast? Hopes that night he used to be fulfilled —

"Yes," prompted Queenie softly, "you're coming back to this office, Rube, and —"

"Oh, by George, Reuben," called old Mr. Tamm from his high desk across the room, "I've made a mistake in these statistics. Dear, dear! I could I possibly have done such a thing! I haven't made a mistake in addition in I don't know was past when," and grasping his sheaf of figures he trotted toward them.

"I've made a terrible mistake, I fear," he continued. "I figured eight ciphers too much in all the cities your excess of sales this year over last, and I dream, pa Mr. Hedden a grave injustice. He leads you signs of old."

REUBEN K. PITCHER burst out laughing. "Tarties are such a joke," he said, and followed Mr. Tamm into the office. In the doorway he paused and merrily, and mill

"Three cheers for Mr. Tamm," he shouted, "he gave them himself. "He's a rotten statistician, the best good fellow on earth. He's not a bad wealth

"I wonder," said poor Mr. Tamm, "if Reuben has been drinking?"

Let us here interject a succession of asterisks. They represent the purchase of a number of things. For instance, the rental of an office for five dollars a month in an office that required the sub-rental of desk space to R. K. Pitcher, who always sagely stipulated with it a half interest in the telephone number of that office and permission for Pitcher to use number on his letterhead.

They represent also the purchase of a number of one drawer in it that was furnished with a respectable lock, and which vagrant pin a number served Mr. Pitcher as a desk.

They represent the purchase of a typewriter on the instalment plan, at first down and the balance whenever the collection was made. They were fortunate enough to find Mr. Pitcher, who then represented the purchase of five blue engraved letterheads, with a thousand to the match, and five hundred business cards, and under the noses of the trade.

All of these matters attended to, Mr. Pitcher, some of which since



Rube Pitcher draped himself over Queenie's desk

THE GOLDEN CHIMERA DRAWING WITH CERTAIN SECRETS OF THE SPHINX

BY EDGAR SALTUS

THE EASIEST WAY to make money is to earn it. But there is another way, easier still, or rather there used to be. It was called the transmutation of metals. How the transmutation was effected no one can tell. But recently Sir William Ramsay has announced that it may now be accomplished by means of radium and vacuum tubes.

Concerning the efficacy of the process we have no way to display and, what is worse, none to confirm; but, obviously if Sir William is right, then, in the quiddity of things, the philosopher's stone, the solvent for extracting something out of nothing, in days gone by, the world went round and around which, under other names, it has gone madder.

The madness is rational. Behind the philosopher's stone was mystery; about it romance and, above, a chimera. What is more to the point, there appears to have been an element when the chimera was snared and —

"In frantic terror she realized that she stammered her secret to herself of The Highest," said Mr. Tamm, "I've made a long time ago. Ultimately Persian proverb that had evaporated. Its fading memory, Why, then, arose to haunt the minds of man. Hopes that might never have all that was going and a sheaf of figures he entombed even Bacon.

"Dear, dear me! How could that not be? He knew, for such a thing? Why, that the world in which he addition in I don't know was passing poor. He knew, also,

mistake. I fear," he continued, "that the Middle Ages.

Heads too much in stony cities fairer than the uplands year over last, and I dream palaces more luminous than stice. He leads you by the signs of the zodiac, gardens that

a, dear! I must be getting prospects of paradise.

Room's knowledge was not unique. He did not know that the value

R burst out laughing. "A huge mass heaped on the pyre of

ke," he said, and fled from him, who was one of these

way he paused and looked, amounted to eighty-four

r. Tamm," he shouted, when he was a trifle inferior to the esti-

e's a rotten statistician with the United States.

on earth. He's cost me

Mr. Tamm a moment later

winking?"

* * * They represent me.

rental of desk space

an office that rented for

space to R. K. Pitcher

in the telephone frame

mission for Pitcher to use

wherever he was missing.

purchase of a small

that was furnished with

which vagrant piece of furniture

as a desk.

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alment plan, at five

putting down an idea,

to find Mr. Pitcher.

recharge of five hundred

then began to look up. But

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adred business cards to

and Pire, thinkers generally de-

that what was missing was some

one element, perhaps pri-

which once had been known

which since had been lost, and

which effected the transmutation of metals. Then, presently, Europe became peopled with alchemists. Everywhere crucibles, alembics and aludels were at work. Every one was chasing the chimera.

Every one is perhaps an exaggeration. Spinoza, for instance, was too indolent to join in the hunt, but he approved of it. So did Leibnitz. Both were big men. But their approval was not expressed until the game was reported to have been cornered by two other big men, by Van Helmont and Helvetius. Van Helmont said that he had seen the philosopher's stone. Helvetius said that he not only had seen it, he had seen it at work, seen it turn lead into bullion.

These are magnificent instances. There are others still more so. There is the case of the Emperor Ferdinand III who, with gold alchemically obtained, struck not merely oil, but medals, some of which, attesting the miracle, are on view in the Vienna mint today. There is the case of the Elector Augustus of

Saxony whose success in transmutation was such that he gave a lady twenty million thalers and a supper party that cost six million more. There is also the case of Henry VI of England who tried to do better, failed to do as well and consoled himself by counterfeiting.

These instances are not merely magnificent, they are historic. So also is the fact that throughout Europe there were mysterious stories of mysterious people from whom it was said that Ferdinand Augustus, and, with them, other kings and later princes, obtained the solvents from which their gold was produced.

Of these persons, the most notable is the least known. Without age, without identity, his presence, more often suspected than perceived, persisted for a century. He had as many names as Vishnu, perhaps as many masks. Of his names, the most probable is Lascaris. Of his masks, the most tangible is Prelacy.

He entered history clothed with the dignities of an Archimandrite. Otherwise, who and what he was, never has been and now never will be told. It is alone clear concerning him that his many and sufficiently attested transmutations were always effected for others.

Of this, two instances may be recited. In a village, at nightfall, a stranger appears. He has come unawakened, as death and thieves do. He enters the poorest house, asks for old iron, and turns it into gold. On the morrow, he is gone. It was Lascaris.

At the keep of an overlord a prelate knocks, signals abuses and, in exchange for their abolition, offers grams from the philosopher's stone. The offer is accepted. Gold is the result. The prelate is sought. Like the apparitions that sometimes visit the heart of man, he has vanished. It was Lascaris.

ANOTHER transmuter, less notable but better known, was Flame, a Paris scrivener, desperately poor, who happening on a manuscript written in cipher, sat up with it, studied it and finally, after years of labor, solved it. In the *Traité des Lavures*, a work which he left and which today is in the Paris National Library, he tells all about it, all except the secret. For there was one. There must have been one. He himself admits it. Besides, previously poor, suddenly he became so rich that he erected and endowed hospitals and churches, the origin of which are still matters of record.

Then, like Lascaris, he became vaporous. One heard of him in Prague, in Vienna, in Benares, and ultimately one ceased to hear of him at all, until, long later, when, under the reign of the Pompadour, memories of him were revived by the Comte de Saint-Germain.

There you have another human enigma, a man apparently young yet known to be old, one who perhaps had not supped with Pilate, as he claimed he had, but whose resources were as uncertain as his age. Without income, rent roll, bank accounts or any visible means, he none the less tossed gold about as a fountain tosses water. He did more. He made little diamonds big, and old women young. Or at least so it is said, as it is said (Continued on Page 10)



DREAMS

By Lillian Bennet-Thompson

Illustration by T. Victor Hall

MORNING, Beloved. Across the dew-wet grass We two fare forth together, hand in hand. The birds with all their sweetest carols greet Our joyous coming. Well they understand Our happiness. And all about our feet The daisies nod a welcome as we pass. Morning, Beloved.

NOONTIDE, Beloved. Through lazy, drooping boughs We catch a fleeting glimpse of opal sky. The mellow sunlight's glittering, golden sheen Caresses us. How thick the shadows lie Beneath our arched tent of living green! From flower to flower the wild bees slowly drowse. Noontide, Beloved.

EVENING, Beloved. Now with reluctant feet Homeward we go, between the gold and dark. The sun has set behind the distant hill; On high, a lone belated meadow lark Thrills out, and else the world is very still. Only the night winds whisper, faint and sweet. Evening, Beloved.

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The MYSTERY of the STOLEN da VINCI

ADVENTURES OF CLARE KENDALL, WOMAN DETECTIVE

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
ILLUSTRATIONS by ROBERT A. GRAEF

CUT FROM the frame, the most precious treasure of my whole collection — da Vinci's lost Ginevra Benei."

Lawrence Osgood, the American Medici, as the press called him, was standing with Clare Kendall in his private gallery, ruefully regarding a heavy

gilt frame which now enclosed nothing but jagged ends of canvas fringing the careful backing on which had hung the famous portrait.

"And today I received this letter," he added, spreading out on a Sixteenth Century table a note in a cramped foreign script. "What do you make of it?"

It bore neither date nor heading, but as Clare read the signature, she exclaimed, "La Mano Nera — the Black Hand!" Hastily she ran through it:

"We have heard," it read, "that you have lost a famous painting. It can be restored to you if you will see Pierre Jacot of Jacot & Cie, the Fifth Avenue dealers. Jacot knows nothing of it yet. But this afternoon a woman will tell him how the picture can be secured. It will be returned on payment of \$50,000 as we direct. It is useless to try to trace this letter, the messengers we employ or any other means we take to communicate. Such an effort or any dealings with the police will provoke a tragedy and the picture will be lost to you forever. —La Mano Nera."

"A woman will let him know," repeated Clare, turning the letter over and looking at it carefully. "Apparently there is nothing about this note that gives a clew, not even the postmark."

"Do you think Jacot himself could have anything to do with it?" asked Osgood slowly. "I have known Jacot a long time, but I didn't think he knew I owned La Ginevra."

"What do you mean?" asked Clare in surprise.

"It was the companion picture to Mona Lisa, painted about the same time," explained Osgood thoughtfully. "It disappeared a few years after da Vinci died and was only recently discovered, after centuries, in an old chapel in Italy. Mona Lisa was stolen; now Ginevra is gone also."

"Was anything else taken?" asked Clare surveying the rich store of loot collected from all ages.

"I don't know yet. Until my curator, Dr. Grimm, and his assistant, Miss Latham, have gone over the catalogue and checked things up. It looks now as if the thief, whoever he was, had confined his attention to this Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Italian corner. The modern crook, you know, has an eye for pictures. Anyhow, this one went straight for the da Vinci which cost me a quarter of a million at a secret sale in London."

"Secret?"

"Yes, that is why I did not say anything to the police or the newspapers. The crook must have known the facts. It was smuggled out of Italy by a London dealer after its discovery; they have very strict laws there about taking such things out of the country. You see, I hoped in some way to have it fixed up so that I could get a clear title in the end, for I can't afford to have people make me out a pirate. I could have fixed that, all right. Here's a photograph of the canvas."

Clare swiftly studied the face which the master had painted as a companion to the famous portrait which had hung so long and attracted so many worshippers at the Louvre. There was a hard, cruel sensuousness about the beautiful mouth which the painter seemed to have captured beneath the very oils. Masked cleverly in the penetrating hazel eyes was a sort of Medusa-like cunning, a cunning which combined with the ravishing curves of the neck and chin transfixed the observer even of a photograph.



The Signora and Dr. Vaccaro quietly moved toward the carriage entrance . . . To follow them would have been

OSGOOD saw that Clare, with her woman instinct, had caught the spirit of the portrait, as that subtle fascination over the human mind which is exercised by the art relies on the past.

"What crime a man might commit under the spell of a woman like that!" he mused, then added, half smiling, "Even for her portrait I was ready to risk a certain degree of reputation. Now some one risks his own liberty to kidnap her."

"The infatuation in this case," commented Clare quietly, scanning the letter again, "is of the kind that holds for ransom, not for love. I should like very much to look over your museum. Have you any idea how the thief gained entrance?"

"No, that is another inexplicable feature. Apparently everything was safely locked, and as for Dr. Grimm, I would trust him with the whole collection. Shall I ask him to accompany us about?"

"By all means."

Narrowly she watched the curator as they proceeded, chatting, from room to room of wonders. Dr. Grimm was a middle-aged man, rather good-looking in spite of his huge tortoise shell spectacles and the slight stoop to his shoulders. He had an air that suggested the savant and epicurean combined.

CAREFULLY Clare went over every lock and bolt of the big private gallery. At last in the basement, after what had seemed a fruitless search, they came to a strong door by which rubbish was removed to the street. A low exclamation from Clare called attention to some steel filings which had collected in a corner and had evidently been overlooked by some one in cleaning.

She began tapping the door. Suddenly with her nail she dug directly into what looked on the surface

like painted steel. There, over the lock, was a hole in the heavy door, putted up and painted over.

"How could that have been done?" asked Osgood.

"By an electric drill," she answered, "about . . . It must have been attached to the socket up there outside the door. Very clever."

Dr. Grimm said nothing, but it was evident from his face that he felt relieved that the robber longer the appearance of being an inside job.

"What would you advise me to do?" inquired Osgood, as they retraced their steps.

"NEGOTIATE," decided Clare firmly. "Half the demand at first. Only, don't yet."

"I wonder if Jacot did have anything to do with it?" reiterated Osgood.

"I should like to see him before you begin negotiations," answered Clare noncommittally. "In any case, from your end I would suggest that it is better to put the matter in the hands of Dr. Grimm than manage it with Jacot."

That afternoon Clare and Billy Lawson, small grip, sat in the lobby of the Prince Hotel around the corner from Jacot's. She had come hastily to Lawson and had briefly stated the case.

"You will stay here, Billy," she pleaded. "Keep this grip of mine. I will call on Jacot's, if I need you; and will leave you as Mr. Winterhouse. Then bring the grip to the office where I was so

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alchemists there were syndicates from whom portions of nothing could be had as readily as today.

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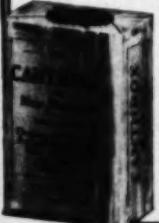
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Trade Dollar 1000 sold for \$1140, 20 cents 1876 CC
\$250, \$1 gold 1861 D, \$220, \$2-1870 (\$1400). Equally
high premiums on thousands of Coins, Stamps,
Bank Notes, Pictures, Jewelry, Furniture, Books, Prints,
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ARNOLD WATCH CO., Dept. 1184
CHICAGO, ILL.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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\$250, \$

C01

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J. M. C. G
February 12,
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Lillian in his
now Mrs. Ric
to tell who's

ated yesterday under the will he did not suppose to have the it away and to state. The police Kurtz's counsel, died daughter in the will, the in ed, and that he it as an heir. Curtis was appointed of the estate and the matter up proceedings.

STAGE DOOR
DARSTED ONE
result of a blow
in Judge H.
C. F. Stamp
Gas Appliance
Co., \$10,000
by W. C. Seve-
rino, Buckingham
and Ingraham stra-
teges that Stamp
was hit in the nose
and lost a front tooth. As a
result he suffered with a
broken nose and a
severed tooth. At the
trial it was shown that
Stamp maintained that
Severino had struck him.
He did not deny that
he struck himself against his
hand. The alleged
accident occurred when
he was in New York

ALLEGED PLATE AUTO IN THE
plaint filed yesterday against C.
L. W. Collins,
Indiana, who
maintain a car
fraudulent persons.
Antos believe
obtained, in
this paper
acquired which
are then sold
to persons
purchasers
property received in
the defendant
Longley, it
an auto for
Longley entered
with the defendant
a deed to
The defendant
ka, who con-
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between the
Longley and
no exemplar

BUSTLING BUSINESS
IN WHALTHAM
I heard of the
money in my
Buxton testified
in court yesterday
her husband, Dr.
a quiet title as
in which Buxton
is no small sum.
Buxton secretly
successfully carried
this to this city,
she claims. The proper
separate money
answer, she
also went into

OUR HOUSE
WITNESSES MISCHIEF
IN THE NON-SUIT
case of the Supreme
Order of the Moose
v. Lodge Benevolent
of Dear, wound
up in court yesterday
as a non-suit.
According to
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nished information
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was similar to the
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NON-SUITED
suit of Cha-
Charles Shaw
as non-suited
part yesterday.
September 1
at a complaint
misdemeanor
before Recorder
Venice and
He alleged
ade without p

Joy “*makin’s*

Men, here's tobacco that's sweet as a nut, that's fragrant and that never will leave a dark brown taste in your mouth. Why, you roll one after another, and wonder how you ever stood the old fire-brands and dust-brands!

And listen: P. A. rolls as easy as falling off a log. It's crimp cut and fresh.

GET this hunch: you buy some Prince Albert and roll up a cigarette and take a new lease on real smoke happiness. *Never* was a pipe and cigarette tobacco that could class with

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

and *won't run out*, and—well, you just can't help but make 'em!

Take a tip: you go to P. A. and get an idea how deliciously good tobacco can be. P. A. won't parch your throat and it *can't bite* your tongue, because the bite's removed by our patented process. Get that!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



*Buy Prism
Albert every-
where in happy red bags,
5c; tidy metal
tins, 10c;
pound and
half-pound
humidors.*

The fabrics in our new Suits and Overcoats are the best we have been able to buy for years at these prices. We want to impress strongly upon your mind that these garments are values of exceptional merit and that every suit and overcoat purchased here means

Joy "makin's"!

GET this hunch: you buy some Prince Albert and roll up a cigarette and take a new lease on real smoke happiness. Never was a pipe and cigarette tobacco that could class with

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Buy Prince Albert everywhere in happy red bags, 5c; tidy metal tins, 10c, pound and half-pound humidor.

The fabrics in our new Suits and Overcoats are the best we have been able to buy for years at these prices. We want to impress strongly upon your mind that these garments are values of exceptional merit.

Drs. Shirts &
Shorts

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest

1913 18th Year—New Series.
Volume IV, No. 20.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 15, 1913.

Single Copies, by mail, or at News Agencies, TEN CENTS



Recent Cartoons.

AT LAST! PERPETUAL MOTION IS DISCOVERED!



Los Angeles Times — GALA

WE SHALL SOON BE PAYING INTO YOUR FINANCIAL SECRETS



Portland Oregonian

HIS FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

Denver Republican.

JOY RIDING?



Washington Star.

THE GREATEST ENGINEERING FEAT OF WORLD IS COMPLETED



[457]

Cunard liner rescued the passengers of a burning Spanish steamer in mid-ocean.

Gov. Potter of Rhode Island in a speech in Providence yesterday stated that he feared the low tariff will result in the opening of a commercial "yellow

dog" market in Chicago where tonight that the proposed building had been discussed at an executive meeting of members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Lit-

brought before him and sentenced him to life imprisonment. He was Governor of the State, it to the rear of the barracks and shot, was said.

Oriental

Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

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Life Among Colleens and Gossoms. By Amanda Mathews	Advertisements		

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FOR

The Los Angeles Times

Q Contains all the news; besides special unequalled features, indeed a great variety of popular articles from eminent writers and more advertising matter than any other newspaper extant.

Q It thoroughly covers Los Angeles and Southern California, also reaches the wonderful San Joaquin Valley, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico.

Q Its popularity is attested by the fact that it carries twice as many "Want" or "Liner" advertisements as any other paper in the Pacific Southwest.

Q The Times gives its advertising patrons greater value for less money than any other medium, and supplies its readers with exclusive and reliable news.

Q The subscription price is, Daily and Sunday, \$9 per year by carrier, or, postage paid, 75 cents per month. Sunday only (including Illustrated Weekly Magazine,) \$3.50 per year.

Q Rates for advertising furnished on application.

The Times-Mirror Company

New Times Building, First and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

[458]

Suits ready in our men's clothing section.

SHIRTS Special 55c

Good quality outing shirt, cut full size, in regular sizes never sold for less than five dollars.

New Ties, and Shirts, and Collars, and haberdashery of every sort in our furnishing goods section.

New Hats from Dusay, Stetson

and other good American makers.



Open Till 10 p.m.

In Pictures
MUSICAL SOCIETY
BY GENE FORD

SOCIETY

Twenty-one "transit" contraband Chinese were brought from California by immigration officers yesterday and were examined, preliminary to their being sent to the court for trial.

MORE TRANSIT CHINESE. Twenty-one "transit" contraband Chinese were brought from California by immigration officers yesterday and were examined, preliminary to their being sent to the court for trial.

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

Published Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912

Jan. 6, 1912, and May 31, 1913.

In the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources, and the world-wide distribution of their wonders and beauty. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles of fact, statement and information; brilliant sketch correspondence, poetry and pictures; the "Times," the Garden, the Farm and the Range.

Illustrations in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

A monthly vehicle of present day thought, expression and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of good men and women, without distinction, who are steadily working to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of home, country and civilization.

Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served to the public from The Times news sheets when desired.

Subscriptions: In submitting matter for publication in Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; but otherwise it is not guaranteed.

Single copies: 10 cents a copy. With the Sunday Times, \$1.50 a year; without, \$2.00 a year. THE NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Publishers, New Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Post as second-class matter January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly

Under the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Regular Weekly Issue Over 91,000

EDITORIAL.

Some British statistician has been busy figuring out what it costs the people of London when a foggy day settles down on the big metropolis.

Among other items he figures out 100,000 people late for business, an average of a quarter of an hour each. Aggregate loss of time is equal to two years' continuous work on the part of one person. "Worth, at 100,000 hours, £25,000."

A Most Righteous Judgment.

The statistician is much more liberal with his pencil than the London employers with their purses. For, if there are 2,000,000 toilers in London who are paid a shilling an hour the statistician who figures out the profits of the laborers in that metropolis has been mighty lacking in diligence in his work.

The other day at Chicago a militiaman returned to his place in a cigar establishment, after serving his week in the State encampment of the National Guard. The boy was duly or unduly "fired."

He was a good fighter, and reported the case to the authorities, who haled the cigar merchants into court where the members of the firm were duly fined \$25 each. This, we say, was a righteous judgment, for the country cannot afford to have the patriotism of its young men crushed out by either commercial greed or I.W.W. anarchy.

By all means protect the patriotic American boy who will go into training to prepare himself for the protection of the flag and of our homes in case of foreign invasion, civil war or riot.

Is It Peace?

The uppermost thought in the minds of most people who think at all today is how to prevent wars and make peace an absolute certainty.

With the opening of the present century a great number of idealists, dreamers rather than thinkers, thought the millennium was not only at the door, but inside of the door and with perfect possession of the house.

Then all at once the war in South Africa broke out, a conflict as sanguinary as the world had ever known. This was followed by the war between Russia and Japan, a still more bloody international duel. And be-

fore the echo of the cannon had died out, the whole Balkan region was in a conflagration with atrocities that would disgrace rank barbarians. Meantime, right at our doors is blazing away the civil war in Mexico, as full of cruelty, lust and rapine as men have ever been guilty of. A pretty bad record for thirteen years of the millennium—enough to frighten the poor dove of peace out of her senses and out of the world.

Still, the friends of peace are not and must not be discouraged out of measure. They propose an international conference by which the great nations of the world, notably Germany, England and the United States, would agree to stop the building of warships for a given period of years and to suspend all new preparations for war.

About the most reasonable proposition from the peace advocates heard of in years. For, while one country goes on increasing her armament no country can safely cease from this activity.

Palmam
Qui
Me Ruit.

England has produced a great many noted orators, including the prince of them all, Edmund Burke, an Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, another Irishman, flanked by a small host of eloquent Celts. The British themselves are by no means lacking in eloquence. It was said of the late Mr. Gladstone that he could make a report on the exchequer as fascinating as a novel. Lord Curzon of Kedleston, chancellor of the University of Oxford, in delivering a lecture recently on "Parliamentary Eloquence," escaped the somewhat embarrassing position of deciding what Englishman or Britisher, rather, deserved a diadem for forensic speaking by awarding the tribute to the great American statesman, Abraham Lincoln. This illustrates how genius triumphs over all obstacles and wrenches the victory from all competitors, however favored by fortune. Moses was said to be

[Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and Edmund Burke had all the erudition of modern times at his tongue's end. Lincoln studied geometry and law lying on his stomach in a log cabin before an open fire, and lacked not only the advantages of schools of high learning, but even books. Yet there is no doubt that the chancellor of the great English university was right in his judgment. Not Athens herself in all the palmy days of her glory produced a greater orator than this backwoods American.

View of
An
Expert.

President W. P. P. Faunce of Brown University has made a close study of orientals and their affairs from a near point of view. He comes back from India to warn the people of Boston of a possible injury they are inflicting upon the people of Asia in imposing upon them occidental ideas for which they are unprepared and which instead of improving their conditions may have the very opposite effect.

We are doing in the Orient what the English authorities try to do with the militant suffragettes of London, only our forcible feeding is intellectual and moral pabulum instead of material.

He says they are not fit for the absorption and following of our western ideas. Listen.

"In the Orient no individual dares to stand alone. If caste were halted for a day in India there would be chaos. The impact of American individualism on the crystallized society of the Orient forms one of the greatest problems the world has ever faced and it would prove either the glory or the tragedy of the twentieth century."

It is a universal mistake made by people of the highest civilization, to try to force forms of government, ways of life and a philosophy of life on people who are not prepared for this advanced way of living.

Herbert Kaufman---Cheer Up--Times are Improving.

tion is cleaning house, so
there's a lot of dust flying.
Things do seem worse than
but actually there never
many reasons for optimism.
Correction is impossible before
the discovery of a wrong
half a step toward readjust-
ment.

Clear of so many abuses from
many quarters, it seems as
if the earth is slipping into a
cess.

Isn't so, by a long sight.
A man's personal world was
so small that observation was
his chief source of information.

Now the whole universe is
a circle of backdoors and the
nation a mere telegraph
way.

We are constantly learning
that our ancestors never
knew.

gathering, the science of
curiosity, is so completely
that Lima, Peru, can't
with a "nest" of trouble with-

out Lima, Ohio, reading about it
next morning at breakfast.

We learn from evil as well as
good.

The folly of a friend increases
our own wariness. The trials of
one community set a hundred towns
on guard.

More dangers we hear of the
more perils we fear, and our vigilance
is correspondingly quickened.

In view of the twentieth century's enormous systems of intercommunication it's to be expected that
society should be busy with the
muckrake.

A splendid conspiracy for the
rehabilitation of mankind is extending
its influence wherever men
courageously think.

Ours is the first generation to ac-
knowledge the bad accounts turned
over to us by our forebears.

Of course you never heard of so
many terrible things when you
were a boy. It was because your
viewpoint was narrow and your
contacts few. In reality, yester-
day was unspeakably more vicious
than today.

In your father's time, for instance, any man could put anything into a bottle and sell it anywhere.

Poisons and offal were regularly vended as foodstuffs. The Post- office Department was the silent partner of thieves and swindlers. There were no laws against white slavery, no enforced indemnity for laborers injured in the pursuit of their duties, nor a set limit upon the number of hours men should work.

The conservation of human energy was still contemplated. The whip was in the hands of the child driver—little boys and girls were generally exploited for business.

Nobody gave a hang if prisons were torture dens and graduate universities of crime—nor seriously considered their transformation into repair shops for snarled and twisted human machines.

Greed was the architect of ten-
ments and factories; and sunlight,
air and fire protection, disregarded
considerations.

Habit-forming drugs were
openly sold to minors. Quacks and ignoramus were permitted to practice medicine and surgery without diplomas.

Prostitution and venereal disease and seduction ran their horrible course without interference.

Does all that look as if we are going backward?

What of Altman with his \$30,-
000,000 foundation for the benefit
of his employees — of Douglas's
gift of the American Radium
sources to the nation?

Not to mention the donations of
Rockefeller and Carnegie and
Phipps and countless other humanitarians. When before did Midas
so cheerfully loosen his purse-
strings? Give the devil his due,
but don't overpay him. Business
"down below" isn't nearly so brisk
as it used to be.

We are passing through a vital
era of reconstruction—tearing
down to build anew and on a noble
plan.

[Copyright, 1913, by Herbert Kaufman.]

Coward they rescued the passengers of a burning Spanish steamer in mid-ocean. Gov. Pothier of Rhode Island in a speech in Providence yesterday stated that he feared the low tariff will result in the menace of a commercial "yellow peril" to the United States.

Planning some of Chicago's buildings that the proposed building had been discussed at an executive meeting of members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Literature.

brought before Villas and sentenced to death, after which he was taken to the rear of the barracks and shot. Very cold.

Orland.

DECLARAS LOW TARIFF

By the Western Sea. Land of the Great Southwest.

Auto-Truck in Commerce.

WITH the general construction of good roads the introduction of the auto-truck in commerce, as well as in farm work, is sure to show surprising development. Near Fullerton, in Orange county, the other day, a fruit company shipped a carload of 425 sacks of walnuts, valued at \$7500, and said to have been the largest carload ever shipped out of Southern California. On the same day another fruit company shipped a second carload, making the marketing of walnuts for the day amount to \$10,500. This fruit went directly out to eastern markets. But if it had been destined to a central shipping point to be reloaded, both parcels might have been handled in two loads on auto-trucks. With thoroughly good roads there is no reason why an auto-truck might not carry a load of ten tons. The railroads are taking notice of the possibilities of this new way of handling freight, as is evidenced by their acquiescence in a combination to handle freight by the electric lines in the local field in conjunction with the transcontinental steam line. The railroads of both kinds will have to reckon with the auto-truck everywhere where good roads exist. This is particularly true in short hauls, like that, say, between Los Angeles Harbor and the wholesale district in Los Angeles City. Mark it, the whole district between the wholesale section of the city and the harbor all along the course of the Los Angeles River will in time become densely filled up with manufacturing plants. This will necessitate the hauling of vast quantities of raw material from the harbor to the factory and the finished products from the factory to the harbor. With a good road the auto-truck can do this work in successful competition with railroads of all kinds.

"Quid Pro Quo."

THE "Quid" in the heading means eastern lobsters and the "Quo" means Pacific Coast salmon. The other day there arrived on this Coast from Maine a carload of lobsters intended to be set free to flourish and propagate in the western seas. There were only 3500 of the long-clawed crustaceans in the carload, and we sent east, in return for these, 12,000,000 eggs of the hump-backed salmon to be released on the coast of New England. There was a time when the streams of New England abounded in salmon, but too close fishing destroyed this kind of food fishes in those waters, and there was a time when the Pacific Coast waters abounded in lobsters, where the same thing happened as to the salmon in the East. One of the most encouraging movements of the times is the preservation of food fish in the waters of the country from destruction and the repropagation of them where the waters have been fished out.

Strong Demand for Farm Lands.

BUILDING activity in Los Angeles during the current weeks may show a little slackness, but it is only because the minds of dealers and investors are turned temporarily to farm property. The demand for all kinds of agricultural land all over the Great Southwest is exceedingly strong. A week or two ago a slice of the San Fernando foothills changed hands at \$600,000. Later, a tract of 26,000 acres, lying along the boundary line between Merced and Madera counties in the San Joaquin Valley was transferred at a cost of \$1,500,000. But perhaps the most sensational deal was the sale of the Palos Verdes ranch, a series of low hills on the seashore east of Redondo, to an eastern syndicate, reported to be headed by one of the biggest banks in New York, at a consideration of \$2,000,000. These three tracts are of different types, suitable to and intended for different uses. The tract in San Joaquin Valley is pure farming land, intended for general farming purposes. That in the San Fernando Valley is suburban property, intended, probably, for small ranches or handsome suburban residences. It is adaptable to either purpose. The piece by the coast is admirably suited for the development of one of the handsomest seaside villa settlements in the whole wide world. The configuration of the tract, its location right by the sunset sea, its proximity to the metropolis of the Great Southwest and the salubrious and fascinating climate that overlies it make possible

here the creation of a far more attractive place than Newport, R. I., or Atlantic City, N. J. Indeed, there is no spot on the Riviera or on the west coast of Italy anywhere from Marseilles in France to Reggio in Campania, that offers more attractions than this piece of coast along the western sea.

It is Worth It.

WE ARE informed that the Secretary of the Interior favors the expenditure of \$250,000 by the Federal government on a canal south of Yuma with laterals sufficient to irrigate 10,000 acres of land. It will be indeed difficult to pick out a project where the expenditure of this sum of money would result in such manifold profits to the people of the country generally. The soil is practically bottomless and its richness inexhaustible. The climate is admirable for the production of nearly every kind of semi-tropic fruit, and the salubriousness of the climate in winter time could not be described in words that would amount to hyperbole.

Around Riverside.

ECOND thoughts were certainly best when the people of Corona decided to cease their warfare against the highway bonds proposed for Riverside county. The Board of Supervisors of that county, instead of asking for \$1,000,000, will ask for \$1,125,000 for road building. With the removal of the obstacle of good roads comes also the clearing of the way to allow the Pacific Electric Company to construct a line from central Riverside to Corona. If the line passes down Magnolia avenue it will pass through a section of country whose beauty and richness would be difficult to match if not impossible to surpass.

A Notable Victory.

G. HAVENS of El Centro, Imperial county, is probably the most popular man in that part of California these fall days. Before the Land Commissioner at Washington he won a notable victory in behalf of the farmers in his part of the country. Mr. Havens succeeded in changing the views of the commissioner, and the settlers along the ditches of water company No. 2 in Imperial county will have their water certificate recognized and their final papers for their land issued. Land values in this part of California are rising very rapidly. A ranch lying one mile and a half south of Imperial which sold five years ago for \$100 an acre was sold recently for \$300. It is a quarter section ranch. Another quarter section lying along the edge of Imperial, which was bought five years ago for \$40 an acre, has been sold at \$200, and is being subdivided and put on the market at \$400 an acre.

Transforming Old Compton.

COMPTON was one of the pioneer communities in Southern California. It got its name from George P. Compton, an early pioneer, a man of admirable traits of character, a good citizen, a good farmer and a pious Methodist. In the early days Compton was a place where the Methodist church held its revival and camp meetings, to which the whole community flocked, Jews, Gentiles, believers and unbelievers. The country around is one of the richest in agricultural resources in the Southwest, and naturally Compton flourished. It now lies on the great highway between the metropolitan city and its magnificent harbor and its alfalfa fields are being transformed into factory sites. The Panama Rubber Company has broken ground for an automobile tire factory, a building to cover 28,000 square feet and to cost, with the machinery, \$125,000. The number of men employed at first will be 200, but it is expected eventually to call for twice that many hands and when that comes the pay roll will run to \$40,000 a month. George D. Compton has been long "gathered to his fathers." He would be surprised to see the transformations going on around his old homestead.

Handsome Than the Acropolis.

GREEK theaters are the order of the day throughout California. Why not? The climate of Attica is not more conducive to outdoor life than that of California. "Greece, whose old poetic mountains inspiration breathed around," has no advantage

over California in the beauty of its scenery, and the Aegean Sea, with its myriad smiles, is not more inspiring than the sunset sea along the western coast of California. The latest Greek theater planned is at fair Pomona, named after the classical goddess of fruits, and the site chosen is Ganesh Park. Byron sang "The mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea," but not from the heights of Sunium nor from the Acropolis of Athens is there a fairer view than from the summit of Ganesh Park. All around, both north and east, like a bow drawn by Titans, the Sierra Madre chain enfolds the valley in its broad arms, and all around the other quarters of the compass stretches the plain of unsurpassed beauty, with green orchards bending 'neath crops of yellow oranges, studded with fine homes which shelter an intelligent people, and above the green trees of the orchards rises many a church spire, and all around the panorama cluster flourishing villages inferior to Pomona only in being less in the number of their inhabitants. If the world has a more beautiful site for a Greek theater it has not been discovered.

Along the Western Sea.

EVERY transportation company is straining every nerve to get ready for the great traffic in passengers when the Panama-Pacific Exposition is on in San Francisco and for freight when the Panama Canal is opened. A big steamship company with headquarters at New York is having constructed two immense steamers of 10,000 tons each and rapid sailers for this trade. Now comes James J. Hill, the builder of the Northern Pacific Railway, with the announcement that that line and the Great Northern will be in the field with palatial steamers to ply between the mouth of the Columbia River, San Francisco and Los Angeles year after next. The whole world is agog, anticipating the opening of the great canal, with radical changes in the world's commerce, resulting from this short cut between the west coast of Europe and the east coast of Asia. These anticipations reach down to the antipodes and are setting the Australians into activity to meet the changed conditions sure to result from the completion of the greatest engineering achievement ever undertaken by human mind, carried out by human hands, backed by the enormous capital of the day in which we live.

Let the Wine Be Labeled.

SENATOR POMERENE of Ohio played the trick of the small boy who thrusts a long, sharp stick into a hornet's nest when he attacked the California sweet wine industry in behalf of the fake wine makers of Ohio and other Great Lake States. The California wines are honest, all our sweet wines being fortified with brandy manufactured from the real grapes, and thus every ingredient is the product of the grape. Much of the eastern wine is made of fruit juices, sugar and water, and the fortification is nearly, if not all, peach brandy or spirits from a similar source. The least the government can do is to make manufacturers of all kinds honest in what they offer the public, and this is especially true of food products. Surely it is the right of the consumer to know as nearly as possible exactly what he is eating and drinking. Let the wines of Ohio and other eastern States bear a label showing exactly what ingredients have gone into their composition. Californians will meet this competition all the way with nothing to fear.

San Bernardino Bond Issues.

EARLY next month a bond election will be held at San Bernardino to raise \$200,000 for a Polytechnic High School. Following this will come an election for an issue of \$150,000 to purchase a site and construct a City Hall. Later will come an issue in an amount not yet decided to acquire a municipal lighting system.

Imperial for Good Roads.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Imperial City has selected a commissioner to forward a movement for good roads. It is estimated that if Imperial county had only fifty-four miles of modern roads it would save \$100,000 in the cost of hauling freight and another \$100,000 in the wear and tear of automobiles each year.

"Column Forward!"

FRESH REPORTS OF PROGRESS IN THE ADVANCING SOUTHWEST.

The notable feature in industrial development during the fall months throughout the great Southwest is the active call for cultural lands for all purposes. Among these are three deals, one a large piece of ocean-shore property at El Segundo, a second, a large slice of land in the San Fernando Valley, and a third piece of general farming land in the San Joaquin Valley.

The Department of Agriculture gives the number of beef cattle in Arizona at the beginning of the year, 778,000.

[Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

The Autumn Birds of Los Angeles.

By Julia R. Greene.

GARDEN GUESTS.

TO THE city dweller, living in the constricted atmosphere inseparable from a town, and viewing daily the unrelaxed prospect of neighboring roofs, there at times the need of some fresh, living interest, apart from the interest he finds in his fellow-creatures.

Fortunately, in a climate like California, the outlook from the windows of city houses is seldom very dull, even in autumn or winter. There is always some bit of green, even if the back garden is devoid of flowers that made it an enchanted spot in the glowing summer months. The poplars and eucalyptus trees are always green, though usually in the autumn their bright color is dimmed by the collected dust of the rainless weeks of summer.

There is usually a period of a few weeks with comes, as one might say, between the end of summer and the beginning of autumn. It is a time when the bright, flowing play of the real summer has passed away, and the fresh, rain-washed beauty of autumn has not yet made its appearance.

The city folk have all returned from the sun, where the warmer months have been spent, and coming from fresh sea and blue ocean to their slightly-parched gardens, they are inclined to note the change of everything, and alight with themselves back at the beach again.

Yet in spite of this general autumnal restlessness of nature; in spite of the changes of the garden flowers and plants, there is a source of real, vital pleasure,

of more pleasure, of actual delight, than there for the city dweller who will take trouble to look for it. It hops along the branches of the dust-laden trees,

in and out of the low bushes and grass plot. It is ready to be friendly, and repays the interest taken in it, and the care expended upon it.

The little autumn birds of Los Angeles are always present, luring their family out into the garden, and adding the somber autumn months by their peculiar charm.

Those that are unfortunate enough to live in the snowy East are not inclined to be very cheerful and lively during the winter. The climate that encourages the birds to hop out and search for the traditional early worm—which is devoured by a bird that is willing to get a roosting perch before the sun is fully different in the Middle West.

There, at least, is there no idea of worm hunting. All the hunting must be accomplished in the dark part of the day, and accomplished,

by a bird well wrapped up, and protected by arctics, rubber boots, and all such paraphernalia usually employed by people living in that part of the country.

Los Angeles, however, even in winter, is as plentiful as they are in summer. Here are no chilling winds to ruffle little breast feathers, so the "little bird" enjoys life exceedingly, and is a strikingly fat and bold, while his brother does, as did the robin.

"He will fly to the barn, and keep himself warm with his head under his wing."

Poor thing!"

The birds of Los Angeles are generally the same little people year round. I am not speaking of the large ones belonging to large houses, where lawns, thick shrubs, and stretches of lawn all invite the birds.

I know, there are many birds that come to visit the humble back yard only a small patch of lawn not interfered with by the all-covering joint grass) a tree or two, some flower beds, and two or three flower beds. It is the birds that live in the latter garden of which I wish to speak. I have not

hours of much intimacy with the birds of more pretentious

gardens that do not frequent them very often, but only occasionally seen or heard. Of these birds, shrike and wild canaries are mentioned. The birds commonly found in the little gardens are more numerous.

The little birds of autumn haunt the Los Angeles gardens without any par-



A LOS ANGELES BIRD—DO YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

ticular inducement to do so, and trust to the sharpness of their bright eyes, and the equal sharpness of their small bills to provide themselves with the seeds, fruits and insects that they require, they are by no means indifferent to coaxing in the way of an addition to the sufficient but not luxurious fare provided by the garden. I have for a long while kept a "bird perch," as I call it, for the garden birds, and I have usually found that it was freely patronized. Being easily made (although not quite so easily kept replenished) a bird perch well repays the small outlay of labor and time required to construct it, and is an attraction to the birds. A flat board nailed on the top of a post, well out of the reach of cats, serves the purpose admirably, and for the food, bread or cracker crumbs, occasionally varied by a little finely-chopped meat is all that is necessary.

It is very amusing to watch the birds on the perch. How they dart back and forth like tiny shadows, and squeak and chatter over choice morsels! The amount of noise made by some kinds of birds is astonishing. I once had a perch nailed to the window box outside a bedroom window, and one can tell almost the minute of their arrival, for their sweet little song, consisting of five very clear, liquid notes, publishes the fact far and wide. Their quarreling notes are nearly as sweet sounding as their songs, being a rapid, bubbling sound, accompanied by one or two sharper notes. They are handsome birds, with their dove-gray under parts, striped, brownish backs, and pretty little heads, ornamented by a wide jet-black band across the top, and one through each eye. They are very shy, but come constantly to the perch, where they fight with one another right merrily, and if frightened while eating, will sometimes carry a large crumb away with them to a safe and secluded spot, rather than leave it until they return. White crowns, as well as linnets, are fond of figs, and the conduct of a sparrow in the fig tree is very funny. The small thief is torn between fear of being seen and scared, and a desire for the fig, that his antics are most ridiculous. When excited, but not frightened, the birds lift their crests, which makes them appear very handsome.

Among the birds that remain in the vicinity of the garden all the year, the linnet, or house finch, is the most conspicuous because always present and always active. He is a bright little fellow with his red throat and waistcoat, his loud thrilling song, and cheerful conversational notes. He has an exceedingly pronounced personality, and whatever he does is marked by the same vigor and energy, whether it be the nipping of tender buds off the peach trees (an occupation in which he is, unfortunately, too often engaged) or the more innocent nest building, and baby tending. Although it is true that he is something of a marauder, and that fig and peach trees are never safe from his depredations, he is such a lovable little man, and his plump, gray, striped wife is such a lovable little woman, that one is inclined to forget his shady public character, and rejoice in his numerous private virtues. Even his meth-

ods of robbing are shorn of the underhandness that is popularly supposed to be inseparable from that occupation. The linnets, however, manage to avoid secrecy, and chirp so loudly and insistently while preparing to attack a juicy and defenseless fig that it could hardly be called theft at all, only friendly borrowing, although, truth to tell, he never puts the fig back. Now and then, besides eating and sleeping, the linnet takes a sun bath, which is a very curious performance. I once watched a small, red-breasted bird on a telephone wire, in the direct sun, drawn over to one side, and looking very imbecile. All at once, he twisted his little tail to the right, and spread each feather out like a fan, thereby adding much to his ridiculous appearance. This was a sun bath, and I have no doubt he derived much benefit from it, disreputable as he looked during the process.

Blackbirds, also, often take sun baths, and look, during the operation, even more foolish than do the linnets. They flatten out upon the lawn, spreading their feathers as much as possible, and turning their heads up, gaze fixedly at the sun with a perfectly senseless expression of countenance. When bathed sufficiently, they gather themselves together and proceed to hunt insects as before. This handsome blackbird is a common garden visitor. The males are very beautiful birds, with glistening blue-black feathers with an iridescent sheen; but the neat, bright-eyed, little brown female, I must confess, appeals to me more. The blackbirds scorn the humble crumb offerings of the perch, but they enjoy themselves so much chasing moths, and pursuing bugs on the lawn that they are easy to forgive. They are interesting to watch when hunting food. I have repeatedly seen them turn over leaves with their bills to find the insects concealed underneath, and the leaping and fluttering occasioned by the appearance of a moth or a butterfly, are very amusing. Often the lawn is quite black with the busy birds. They generally come in flocks to hunt for insects, and it is a pretty sight to see eight or ten of them trotting over the dewy lawn on a sunny morning.

The little, white-crowned sparrow is one of the most charming of the autumn visitors to the garden. The sparrows make their appearance in September, and one can tell almost the minute of their arrival, for their sweet little song, consisting of five very clear, liquid notes, publishes the fact far and wide. Their quarreling notes are nearly as sweet sounding as their songs, being a rapid, bubbling sound, accompanied by one or two sharper notes. They are handsome birds, with their dove-gray under parts, striped, brownish backs, and pretty little heads, ornamented by a wide jet-black band across the top, and one through each eye. They are very shy, but come constantly to the perch, where they fight with one another right merrily, and if frightened while eating, will sometimes carry a large crumb away with them to a safe and secluded spot, rather than leave it until they return. White crowns, as well as linnets, are fond of figs, and the conduct of a sparrow in the fig tree is very funny. The small thief is torn between fear of being seen and scared, and a desire for the fig, that his antics are most ridiculous. When excited, but not frightened, the birds lift their crests, which makes them appear very handsome.

Another well-known bird, which is not exclusively an autumn bird, is the mocking bird. Everybody knows his exquisite song which often proceeds from a prosaic chimney or telephone pole. Sometimes the sweet music floats through the moonlight to the great discomfiture of the sleepers in the vicinity. Apart from his power of song, the mocking bird is a prominent person in the society of the garden. He is a warrior of great repute, and snubs the smaller birds, as well as members of his own family. Any one who has ever seen two birds preparing for a battle, and hopping stiffly from side to side facing each other, will never forget the spectacle.

Everybody knows and loves the fat, brown garden towhee, with his crisp "twit-twit," his quick fluttering flight, low to the ground, and his energetic scratchings among the leaves. I think he is, without exception, the dearest garden bird with

which Los Angeles is blessed. He always gives the impression of corpulent contentment. He is not a gourmand by any means, yet he is always fat. He has neither brightly-colored feathers nor a brilliant song to attract the attention of the bird lover, but nevertheless, wherever he may be, everybody knows it. You hear a metallic chirp, a great bustle in the bushes, and the towhee appears, jerking his long tail, often so high as to show the dull orange color with which the base of it is lined, and hopping with much energy along the ground.

One of his very delightful characteristics is his method of scratching. One occasionally sees other little birds scratch, but the towhee is always doing it, and beside doing it often, he appears to derive great enjoyment from it. He hops back and forth very rapidly, stopping now and then to pick up the delicacies his busy feet have unearthed, and then continues his scratching with such vigor that the leaves fly in all directions. The towhees are very tame, and often allow a person to come within a few feet of them without showing fear.

One more bird that is familiar in Los Angeles gardens is the Phoebe bird. He is a sweet little black-and-white bunch, with a small sharp bill, and two of the brightest eyes. He is a fly catcher, and is often seen just before dusk, sitting on a post or wire watching for insects. He catches them on the wing, and when he swoops one can hear the snap of his bill. The Phoebe has no song, only a pleasant note, sometimes prolonged and repeated rapidly.

The humming bird is not a very frequent visitor in autumn, but is sometimes seen on the telephone wires, a dot with a long bill.

The flicker is another bird that is not very common, but appears now and then. He is a cheerful guest, with his clear, ringing call, besides being a beautiful bird. His dull red wings are very noticeable when he flies overhead, with his wonderful, quick dropping flight.

It may not seem a great thing to watch and protect the birds of your garden, but I am sure that those who have once become accustomed to doing it, will not be ready to give it up. Many peaceful, healthful, not to say interesting and instructive hours are spent watching the small gardeners, that do their best to help you gather the fruit, as well as killing insects, and scratching up the flower beds. These friends are always charming. They have their lives to live, and enjoy doing it so much that they become an inspiration. We have all heard of the little bird with blue feathers. It was sought for everywhere, but I think, as I scatter crumbs on the perch, or fill the water dish, that perhaps if these people had looked in their own gardens, it is there they would have found happiness.

Efficient Canadian Police.

If a murder is committed in an English or American city, says a writer in the October Wide World Magazine, the whole police and detective force of the place, numbering perhaps hundreds of men, is put into action. If a similar crime is committed in the Mackenzie River district, one man only is detailed to bring in the murderer; and in nine cases out of ten he does it. He is absolutely fearless in the face of odds, for only men of indomitable courage are retained in the service. From six months to a year is the time allowed for a "rookie" to prove himself. After that first year he becomes either a "reliable" of the Royal Mounted or a "discard." In the fifth month of his service a young, smooth-faced "rookie" cornered three desperate cattle thieves in the Cypress Hills, east of Lethbridge, fought them to a standstill, and brought them into headquarters single-handed, one of them almost dead of his wounds. A little over a year later this same "rookie," whose name was Barry, was sent out after a man-killer with those words which are epic in the annals of the Royal Mounted: "Don't come back until you get him." The writer met this man 200 miles north of civilization. He had been after his man for three months, and he was still after him. He followed his instructions to the letter. He did not come back until he got him, though it took him seven months to do the job, and he traveled over 2000 miles.

Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

Los Angeles Times



ONE of the greatest qualities of the Eagle race is courage. A cowardly Eagle does not survive long enough to grow up. Our race is warlike, which is very far from meaning quarrelsome. The Eagle race has learned from long experience the risks of battle and the losses incurred in a fight, win or lose, and never enters into one excepting under what an Eagle considers necessity.

The Eagle has a life philosophy and a morality of its own. It relates to the welfare of the individual, of the family and of the race, and does not concern itself with matters outside of this largest circle. The conscience of the Eagle, his morality and philosophy, are grounded upon personal experience plus the wisdom inherited from his race, and all his acts are guided by reason growing out of these race developments.

The Eagle would not say that he never makes a mistake, and would be very far from saying that none of his ancestors were ever guilty of this mark of degeneracy which the French philosopher says is worse than a sin. But the Eagle does maintain that if he makes a mistake he will not persist in it, but promptly retrace his steps, thinking of saving a good deal more than "his face." There was once an Eagle who made a mistake disastrous not to himself, but to the thing it hit. This was long ago, two and a half millennia to wit, and happened in Greece, where an Eagle caught a big turtle which it would enjoy for its breakfast, but neither beak nor talon could pierce the coat of mail in which nature had encased this creature for its protection. But the Eagle is resourceful, and this one

flew to a considerable height in the air, the turtle in its claws, seeking for a big rock on which to let its prey fall, mashing it to pieces with the intention of descending and enjoying a "square meal." The Eagle thought he saw what he was looking for, and bang went the turtle, breaking it to be sure, but at the same time causing a compound comminuted fracture on the bare skull of a Greek poet who sat dreaming in the sunshine. It was Aeschylus, the author of "Prometheus Vinctus," who in his old age had gone out into his garden bare-headed under the sun and sat dreaming of bygone victories, including the battle of Marathon, in which he took part, and the battle of Salamis, too. So ended the tragedian.

The Eagle is pained and disgusted to see men, even great ones, the Eagle type in many qualities, not making mistakes, but persisting in continuing the wrong course, too self-willed, too obstinate, too self-conceited in their wisdom, to acknowledge that they made a mistake. It reminds me of that long-legged, much-beplumed and very stupid bird known as the ostrich, which when pursued sticks its head into the sand to shut out the sunlight and thinks thereby that it has blinded the pursuer and is safe, whereas the great bulk of the fast-running bird is projected upward into the sunlit air, an easy mark for the hunter.

What am I talking about? You will see pretty soon. I am thinking of my country, the United States of America, of which I am made the emblem, much to my joy and pride. I am thinking of the head of this greatest nation on the earth, and of his dealings with the sister nation to the south of us whose emblem is my brother, the Mexican Eagle. I hate to see the two Eagles in hostility, and shiver when I think of the possibilities of a war between the two republics. The Eagle head of the Eagle nation, the Eagle-type in many things, ought to be true to breed in all things, but he is not.

You see the Eagle stands at the head of an edible cycle. The caterpillar eats the leaf and becomes a butterfly. The chicken eats the butterfly and becomes a fat ca-

pon, and man eats the chicken. But no creature except the most degenerate eats the man. All the great races which head creation are at the head of an edible cycle. The feline race feeds on "rats and mice and such small deer," but no creature consciously feeds on cats, whether pussy in the corner or the lion that roars in the African jungle. There was once a Frenchman, told of by Honore de Balzac, who rejoiced in the sobriquet of Catch-the-Cats. He used to prowl around Paris and grab fat, sleek young specimens of the tabby tribe, slaughter them and skin them, and sell them to restaurants as hare. But that does not make the cats any less the head of an edible cycle.

The Eagle at the head of an edible cycle sympathizes with all other heads in creation. I love to think of myself as in a way the companion of the lion rather than of the rat, and of man rather than of monkeys. So I would hate to see a cowardly lion feeding on carrion in the jungle because it had not courage enough to hunt its own prey. And so I hate to see a man lacking in the qualities of manhood, the head of the highest edible cycle in creation.

A great man worthy of his companionship with Eagles and Lions has moral as well as physical courage, and there is no moral courage higher nor rarer than that of acknowledging a mistake, backing out of the wrong course, retracing one's steps, and finding the road that leads to truth and right, no matter how narrow, steep and rugged it may be. I love the Christian Scriptures because they are an Eagle type of literature, and their one appeal to mankind is to repent. In Greek the literal meaning of this word is "change your mind." It means you have made a mistake, you are on the wrong road. It may appear very broad, smooth and level, but it ends in destruction. Sheer off, about face, retrace your steps, find the point at which you left the right road, and take it in spite of thorns and thistles, of robbers and wild beasts. It will lead you to peace and safety, and end in eternal salvation.

It is incomprehensible to the mind of the Eagle that Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, does not know that he has made a mistake in the

kind of diplomatic action he has taken in dealing with Mexico. I think he is an Eagle type of man. I know he is intelligent, and I have believed him patriotic. His high brow against an international stone wall, trying to force his way through enough for a rat to crawl through. In its views as to Mexico from those obtained by the American President, who are of the really Eagle type, have a different view of things in their country, than those held by Woodrow Wilson. As the Eagle has been able to live in civilization on the granite tower night and day, and wireless, nine out of every ten Americans who have come up from Mexico, through absolutely the facts in the case of the situation in Mexico from our side by our President.

It is awfully difficult for a man of Wilson's age to overcome the habits of a lifetime, and to turn away from what he has pursued along one line of conduct when he himself has changed his mind. He is too much of a dogmatist and thinks the world can be run in a classroom, by holding up a finger in warning, showing the recalcitrant students or the martinet around their ears.

Ah, Mr. President, stop, before you cross the international line. Weigh well the cost and the risk of war, both for Mexico and your country. In the words of the "Repent," that is, change your ways, the philosophy of the Eagle, realize the mistake, acknowledge it in a better way.

Yours for enlightened readers,

The Eagle

THE LANCER

YEWS. England is still a man's paradise notwithstanding the suffragettes. The very anti-man venom of the latter ladies lends him a distinction, a certain eclat. One has a sort of pitying contempt for a nonentity, but hatred, active hatred, is a compliment and betokens power, standing, strength, in the subject of that emotion. There does not seem to be one man so insignificant in merry England but that he is worthy either the love or the hatred of many women. He is never ignored, indifference is never his portion.

And he is still loved and courted a good deal more than he is hated. Even the hatred is tempered with tolerance if he will only be diplomatic enough to show "an open mind" on the woman's question. He need not be a violent convert, indeed, he is likely to receive greater and more pleasing attention from the rebel sex while his conversion is still possible, but not assured.

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

THE majority of him are certainly violently anti. Having comfortably settled the question of woman's suffrage in California, and pronounced it harmless if not actually beneficial, it is a little odd to find it the one paramount and burning question throughout Great Britain, putting Home Rule for Ireland, Disestablishment of the Church, Land Reform and Naval Supremacy hopelessly in the shade. One is apt to get a little bored with it, but really your Lancer is quite incapable of writing his column in England without dragging it in.

The Englishman's point of view is very

much that of a heaven-born heir to the throne. He regards himself as the rightful king and women as his rightful subjects, and their rebellion affects him very much as a republican movement would affect King George. Ridiculous and unthinkable.

But very disturbing nevertheless. His superior manner, which we Americans know so well, is quite natural to him. There is no affectation about it. He honestly believes he is a very superior being sent from on high to rule the earth. And he naturally expects to do the benevolent despotic act toward his women in the same way that he does it toward India and his colonies. His smug self-sufficiency is understandable if not justified, for he has succeeded in getting away with it for quite a time now.

And then so many of his wives and daughters are hopelessly his inferior. When an Englishwoman is intelligent and bright, she is exceptionally and charmingly so. But oh, when she is ignorant, half-educated, second rate, she is impossible. And the vast middle class teems with the latter type. A third-rate American girl, presuming that there is such a thing, is her peer any day.

Our American girls are adaptable, quick to learn, ready to assimilate and apply new ideas. The average middle-class English girl is stubbornly set in her opinions, wedded to her vulgarity, glued to her manners and customs. That is why a modern American society leader may conceivably have started her career as a telephone or store girl. The same class of person in England could never rise to such a status in one generation—it would take two or three, and then break out in a crisis.

HIS VERY OWN.

THE middle-class man holds the largest and strongest voting power here—and it is his womenfolk who are painfully retarding the progress of women in England. He looks at his own empty-headed, pig-headed, scatter-brained daughters, his inefficient wife, his silly, incapable sisters and naturally shudders at the idea of placing political power in their hands. His daughters are clothes and man-mad. They think of nothing beyond dressing up their carcasses and catching a husband. And, the only unforgivable thing, they do even that badly. We have dressy female fools in America who make man-catching a pro-

fession, but give 'em their due, they achieve results.

Which accounts for the masculine inconsistent attitude. For it would appear to be a fact that, while the majority of Englishmen are virulently antagonistic to Votes for Women they nevertheless prefer a dash of suffragette in their wives and daughters. Intelligent, clever women are in the minority in England, but all that there are are heart and soul in the woman's movement. Laurence Housman took me to a suffragette meeting where I was introduced to Mrs. Dacre Fox, Mrs. Mansfield, Miss Annie Kenny (on a stretcher, out on license through hunger and thirst strike) and numberless other admirable and attractive women. They almost converted me to militancy.

Then the managing director of a big commercial company took me home to dinner at his suburban household and introduced me to his six flamboyant daughters. I had a revulsion of feeling that positively caused me physical pain. He was so vastly superior to his household that I wondered how he could endure it. Numerous later visits to various types of households (I am fortunate in the diversity of my friends) helped me to sympathize with the state of affairs. Loving every suffragette I have met, I would still be in adamant opposition to woman suffrage if I were an Englishman. Unlike the Socialists, the suffragettes are fortunate in their leaders. These are the pick of the sex, not the scum. But they will never win their fight until they have raised the intelligence, the sporting instincts, the general outlook of the whole sex. Votes will only be obtained for women in England by the improvement of the women.

THE MATRIMONIAL JOKE.

AND one thing that will surely help to improve the women, or sink them lower than ever, is the ever-recurring matrimonial joke. I have been to three houses of entertainment this week and at each and all of them the trite old joke against matrimony was dished up in one form or another. Weak, silly, cheap and vulgar, but it always raised a masculine laugh. We have it in the States, too, but they don't work it quite so hard, and it isn't half so publicly popular. Besides, there is some excuse for us there. We really are treated disgustingly by our wives. The Englishman isn't. He has things all his own way.

and if he isn't comfortable it is his fault. The joke is so entirely on himself if he could but see it. Women to every man and every woman falling upon his neck, he is discriminated, still falls the moment, still, apparently, chooses a girl. If I was that sort of a man, I see to it that no one knew.

OBSEQUIOUS DOMESTIC.

ANOTHER thing that has been trying to me is an unjustifiable swank of the quiescence of his domestic moment you land in England it always someone to grovel. The man that carries you to grovel humbly for support the porter will grovel for the people, hotel, people, shop, small tradesmen, every person with whom you are to make some small transaction and all for the most trifling. It requires such a very great sum to chase such a very great sum. One can be the dupe of a few postage stamps.

Personally, I feel a little British swank myself. I have a terrible feeling that they don't have their sleeves. The American is a bit too far in the other direction, is equally disturbing—and it soon gets used to the ground. It requires such a very great sum to believe that we are not with a little encouragement ought to be more gaudy visitors. There really are them. I shall probably meet a little British swank myself, dear friends, it will not be to get the taste for good time.

In London [Cleveland Plain Dealer] rings. The mistress of the house, a small child, the child, is discovered on the door. The Mistress: What is it? The Child: Please, ma'am, to know if you'll be so kind as to give me your recipe for making one she made only one time, and have wouldn't bust!

Suits ready in our men's clothing section.

New Ties, and Shirts, and Collars, and haberdashery of every sort in our furnishing goods section.

New Hats from Duray, Stetson and other good American makers, from France and from Austria.

Special 55c

Good quality outing flannel, cut full size, in regular sizes never sold for less than 75 cents.

Velvet Neckwear

100 dozen new velvet four-in-hand ties in beautiful shades; a regular 55-cent

Open Till 10 p.m.
Saturday

Life Among Colleens and Gossoons.

By Amanda Mathews.

THE IRISH CHILD.

The potato yield varies with the years, but the crop of colleens and gossoons in Ireland seems to be unfailing—blessed sturdy legs and eager hearts!

more planned her longest infancy for the end of the human species. Under hyper-aliment conditions where children are few, this period is extended far beyond nature's limit and the child is kept a baby until he is three years old. But in Ireland the bouncing baby walks at nine months. Soon after this occurs, the new baby has the same patches as last year's patches. The cows are driven home at noon

body politic for the good of all. These contributions are made on their own lines of development with plenty of fun mixed in, and not at the expense of a fair book education.

About the age of six, the children are promoted from being romping nonentities to the real responsibility of herding the family cow or cows. The herding time lasts each year from May to November. The cattle are gentle badgered beasts accustomed from calfhood to obey the children's baton. They are conducted by the youngsters to a common pasture or else to some bit of grass land among the grain fields and potato patches.

"It surprised me much the first time to see such a big crowd of people standing here and there. I would laugh at them when I would see them beating the hands of one another when offering some price for a cow."

"Once I helped my father drive up a calf to the fair. A buyer came and hit the calf with his stick and asked us were we going

the hearth. Over this the cooking is done with hooks and cranes as in our own colonial times. Next, it is a sociable place. This follows of necessity when a large family dwells in two rooms and various other large families in two-room cottages are grouped about within a stone's throw. The living-room is entered directly from the street and the door is never closed.

The home is more than merely sociable. During the long winter evenings it is a place of entertainment. Here the old Irish songs are sung and the Irish folk tales are retold. Room is managed for jigs and reels. It is no wonder that every child of this family group adores his home and always car-



Herdin' the cow



Country boys.



Cottage children.



A little daughter of the rich.

to be milked and sent out again in the afternoon. If the child herders are near enough for games, the day passes merrily. If there is no company other than the grazing cow, her society often proves so dull that the boy or girl falls asleep and wakes to find the beast devouring the neighbor's grain. To keep themselves awake and to pass the time, the lonely ones build sod houses or scratch pictures on the rocks or hunt birds' nests in the grass.

The most joyous excitement in an Irish country child's life is "going to the fair." Here is a vivid description of such an occasion given by an Irish lad in a school composition:

to sell that calf. My father answered, "Do you suppose it was to let him see the fair we took him up?"

"The money is paid in the public houses where the people are great friends whilst the same men were nearly fighting before about the price of the animal."

These country youngsters attend excellent public schools. Gaelic is studied in them all. There are parts of Ireland where today only the ancient tongue is spoken in the home and the children do not learn English until they go to school.

What does home mean to an Irish cottage child? It is a place of warmth to begin with, for the peat fire glows constantly on

ries the memory of it in his heart. In all countries the children of the rich are less differentiated than the children of the poor. Irish children of all classes are shy and their rollicking enthusiasm seldom leads them into rudeness.

The children of the Dublin slums are a study in themselves—a sorry one in many ways and yet not without their hopeful points. I was once passing by an "Infant National School" just at its closing hour. The term "infant" seemed sufficiently appropriate, for many of the children could not have been over three years old. This

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE.)

Conrad Roy rescued the passengers of a burning Spanish steamer in midocean.

Gov. Pettibone of Rhode Island in a speech in Providence yesterday stated that he feared the low tariff will result in the success of a commercial "yellow peril" to the United States.

night that the proposed building had been discussed at an executive meeting of members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Literature.

brought before Willa and sentenced to death, after which he was taken to the rear of the barracks and shot.

Colonial Governor of the State, was said.

Oriental.

DECLARAS LOW TARIFF.

Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

Los Angeles Times

The Mississippi in Harness. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Keokuk Dam.

THE GREAT POWER PLANT ON THE RIVER DESCRIBED.

MACHINERY BUILT LIKE A WATCH—A LOOK AT THE MIGHTY TURBINES, EACH OF WHICH GENERATES 10,000 HORSEPOWER. HUGH L. COOPER, THE ENGINEER, AND HOW HE MADE GOOD—A TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLAR INVESTMENT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

K EOKUK (Iowa).—I have stopped off here on my way from St. Paul to New Orleans to see the Mississippi River in harness. That rampaging old water broncho has been lassoed by the cowboys

Mississippi Valley, where the land is worth \$200 and upward per acre and where a single crop, that of corn, brings in upward of a thousand millions of dollars every year. It is a country peppered with cities and towns and gridironed with railroads. It is a land where there are factories at every few miles, and where the people have so much money that the surpluses of the country banks would make old Croesus look sick. It is a land of energy and industry, and right here in the heart of it, out of a force which for ages has been running to waste, has jumped into being one of the greatest electric power plants known to man.

You have heard the old' riddle: "Why

in length. The turbines are connected with dynamos which generate the electricity, and the 200,000 of horses thus made go flying over great copper cables to do their work for man. This, in a nutshell, is what damming the Mississippi means.

And now as to the dam and the works. I have seen something of the great dams of the world. I have tramped through the great locks at Panama, and watched the construction of the mighty dam at Gatun. The locks are of concrete and earth. I have seen the great dam at Assouan, 700 miles above the Mediterranean, which holds back the Nile, and gives Egypt a regular water supply throughout the year. That dam is built of granite, laid in cement. It is only about a third again as long as this

tance between here and the sea; flood time the volume of the Nile is great, if it all could be impounded, the water would fill that lake in a day. The volume of the Mississippi here is far less, at times, being only a bagatelle compared to that of the Nile.

And still the works at Keokuk are more wonderful than those at Assouan, as to the work they are doing in the industrial section. The Assouan dam is an irrigation project. It has added 1,500,000 acres of cultivable land to the Nile Valley and has created a property worth many millions. Keokuk dam is a power plant. It is a factor of working force, and when the plant is completed it will have an even



Keokuk Dam with power plant at right.

Transmission line to St. Louis.

of modern progress, and she is now plugging away doing work like a cart horse. She is already running the street cars, and many of the mills and factories of St. Louis, which city is more than a hundred miles off, and she will soon have the wheels moving over a vast district right here in the very heart of the nation.

Think of dropping a force equal to 200,000 horses, all pulling at once, right out of the skies into the center of one of the busiest populations on earth. That is what has been done by the Keokuk power plant. Talk of the palace of Aladdin and the slaves of the lamp. The Aladdin of the Mississippi Valley is Hugh L. Cooper, the engineer who conceived and built the Keokuk dam, and the slaves of his lamp are the waters of this great river, which for ages and ages will now go on laboring day and night for the nation.

I wish I could impress upon you the nature of the country in which this power has been created. This is the heart of the

can't you dam the Mississippi River?" The answer is: "Why, dam it you can't." Well, that riddle is no good any longer. The Mississippi has been dammed here at the foot of the Des Moines rapids, and I walked today over the great structure of concrete, almost a mile long, which holds back the water and gives a steady flow for the creation of power the year through.

The damming was made possible by the nature of the valley at this point. Here the bluffs that wall the river are closer than at any other point in its entire length, and the configuration of the valley is such that the waters can be held back without overflowing thousands of farms. At the same time they give a fall which in the distance of twelve miles above the dam measures twenty-three feet. It is this fall that gives the power. The waters of the Mississippi come down at times at the rate of over one-half million cubic feet per second, and the dam throws them into mighty turbines, each of which will generate a power equal to a line of two-horse teams twelve miles

dam at Keokuk, which is made of concrete, and its construction is just about the same. Both dams look like great stone viaducts built across the river. Each is a wall through which great sluices are cut allowing the river to flow through or to be held back at will. Each sluice of the Keokuk dam has a spillway, much like the great spillway at Gatun, and this is regulated by a gate which can be raised and lowered to allow the river to go on or be held back as the engineers will. The dams are thus great stone walls pierced by these gates.

In the Assouan dam the water never flows over the top, but through the gates and through a canal at the side. When the gates are closed enough water is held back to form a lake 140 miles long and the amount of water thus held weighs more than 1,000,000,000 tons. At 100 tons to the car it would take nearly 10,000,000 cars to carry that water, and if you loaded it all on one solid train, the cars would form a line reaching more than three times around the earth, or fully one-third of the dis-

000,000. It will then have a power equal to that of 310,000 horses, and the power will soon be ready to put into the market. They have sold 60,000 horse power to St. Louis, and made a contract to furnish it for the period of ninety-nine years, and are now ready to supply the larger other industries of the country.

In addition to the electric power the Keokuk Power Company, in compensation to the United States for the use of the river, has, according to its contract with the government, built a lock canal, and a dry dock for the public. The canal enables boats of all sizes to pass up and down the river, and the dry dock is situated between the canal and the low shore, and the company agrees to furnish dry docks will keep it in operation for a long time. The company also gives up to operate the canal, and the dry dock power plant, so that it is said the government has received benefits for the use of the river equal to 100,000,000 or \$15,000,000.

And now come with me for a walk through the works. I shall ask Dr. G. W. Clegg, of the Keokuk Water Power Company, to go with us and explain some of the details. He is the author of a little book, "Electric Power from the Mississippi," and has studied the ins and outs of the great mass of machinery that goes by the stream. We ride for a mile up the old-fashioned town of Keokuk, beautiful residence shaded by trees, till we come to the river, which extends close to the edge of the town before we go down the long stretch of the dam, the power plant, the great dry dock spread out before us. It does not look a mile long, nor does it right under us covers almost as much as the great building of the Library of Congress at Washington. It is a climb down the hundreds of steps our legs tired in going through the construction that we realize things are so.

Across the river we can see steel towers that carry the lines to St. Louis. The one nearest the river is on the Illinois shore, near the

Suits ready in our men's clothing section.

New Ties, and Shirts, and Collars, and haberdashery of every sort in our furnishing goods section.

New Hats from Duray, Stevens and other good American makers, and

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Good quality outing shirts, cut full size, in regular sizes never sold for less than 75 cents.

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Dress Goods

SOCIETY

[Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

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when the whole
have cost \$2,
I required a half day to send the first
through the great locks at Gatun. This
was put into operation within forty
minutes after it was completed, and
the ship was worked through it in
less than three minutes. The Keokuk lock
is larger than the locks at Gatun. It is not
as large as the Mississippi steamers are
now. The actual dimensions are: Width,
400 feet; lift, 100 feet; height of the inside, 400 feet; lift,
100 feet; width of the outside, 400 feet; height
of the outside, 100 feet; thickness of the concrete walls, 52 feet high and
12 feet in thickness. The dry dock
is a wall from the canal lock
down to the power-house. We pass
this wall and gradually reach a great
wall of concrete, which looks like a
stone wall, far out in the river. It is,
about one-third of the width of the
Missouri shore. The dam extends
from one end of it to the Illinois
shore, which is more than nine-tenths of a
mile long. The power-house is built parallel
with the river. Its foundations are in
the bedrock about twenty-five feet below
the surface of the limestone bottom of the
Mississippi, and the height is that of a sev
enteen-story flat. The building has four
floors, and it has a floor space of something
like twenty acres. The ceilings are exceeding
high on account of the mighty ma
chinery, and on the bottom floor, where the
generators are, I saw a traveling crane
which can lift an entire turbine and carry
it from one end of the power-house to the
other.

We first enter the generating-room. This
is filled with the mighty electric generators.
Each of these is as big as a haystack, and
it rests over and is set in a great well of
concrete and steel, eighteen feet in diameter.
This well contains the mighty turbine
water wheel which is moved by the force of
the Mississippi. The water is admitted to
each turbine by four different openings,
each of which is protected by a screen and
guarded by a gate. The water so strikes
the wheel that it has a spiral motion, and
as the turbine flies around it turns moves
the generator above, producing a continuous
current of electricity equal to 10,000
horse power, or to the force of 10,000
horses all pulling together. When the
works are completed there will be thirty of
these great turbines and their generators
and their aggregate force will be more than
300,000 horse power. Each of these genera
tors creates enough electricity to light an
automobile road around the world, and alto
gether they would keep bright a milky way
from the earth to the moon.

It is hard to conceive the size and deli
cacy of this massive machinery. A single
turbine weighs 130,000 pounds and the
wheel and the machinery above it, all of
which rest on a single bearing, weigh more
than a half-million pounds. Think of bal
ancing 250 tons on a single bearing, and
making it work with the uniformity and ex
actness of a watch and you have some con
ception of this turbine construction.

Moreover, the whole is so carefully regu
lated that the machinery automatically pro
duces just the amount of power required.
Dr. Barr tells me that a few tons of more
or less work at any point along the line will
affect the generators producing it. He says
that whenever a woman stops a street car
in St. Louis the effect of that stoppage is
felt, and the regulation changes here in
this power plant more than 100 miles away.
When the street car stops the speed of these
turbines becomes infinitesimally slower,
and when it starts again they increase.
The general regulation is done by
the water load which is regulated by rais
ing or lowering the gates to the dam, and
automatically by a sensitive governor, which
is connected with machinery so fine that
the turbines are regulated to the exact
amount of their load. This work is the re
sult of experiments which cost altogether
about \$2,000,000 to bring about the present
perfection.

Indeed, a great deal of the machinery
at Keokuk was invented for this power
plant, and the turbines and much of the
other machinery were made after plans
which many engineers said could not work.
They are all either the choice or the invention
of Hugh L. Cooper, the engineer in
chief, and, I might say, the originator and
creator of the plant. It was his master
mind which not only designed the construction,
but invented much of the machinery
for carrying it out.

Mr. Cooper began this work many years
ago. He had already made a good record
as an engineer in connection with electrical
work in Jamaica, with a great power plant
in Brazil and with the completion of the
water-power plant at Niagara. He had in
stalled the turbines at McCall's Ferry, Pa.,
when his attention was called to the possi
bility of damming the Mississippi River at
Keokuk, through data sent out by the Keo
kuk and Hamilton Water Power Company.
To this data was added the statement that
all that was required for the work was a

really big man with a score of million dol
lars behind him.

The data interested Mr. Cooper. He
came here and looked over the ground. He
then had his engineers survey the field and
he himself digested millions of figures
which the War Department had made re
garding this part of the river. He then
came to Keokuk, and after careful investiga
tion decided that the job could be done
if he could get the money.

Then came the rub. It is said that there
is only one thing more conservative than
\$1,000,000, and that is \$2,000,000. But Mr.
Cooper needed, not two millions, but some
thing like twenty millions, and there was
not a dollar in sight. He went to New
York and Philadelphia and Boston, but
money was tight and capital timid. He
kept on the job, being turned down thirty
eight times, and was at last in despair. I
am told he would have given up the work
had it not been that his wife at the
last moment urged him to try once more.
He did try, and succeeded. Altogether
something like \$25,000,000 in stocks and
bonds has been put into the works and the
present owners are from a dozen different
parts of the world. A minor part of the
stock is owned here in Keokuk, a great deal
is owned in Boston and New England, and
some is the property of investors in Can
ada, England, France and Belgium.

Just what the company is stocked at and
what is its bonded indebtedness I do not
know, and there is but little doubt that it
will eventually pay good, fat dividends for
all time to come. It has an enormous
market for its power, and its great trans
mission lines will be feeders to branch lines
carrying this river of electricity into a score
of cities. The lines so far built are to Bur
lington, Iowa, and to St. Louis, and I un
derstand that these, with their feeders, will
probably consume all the horse power avail
able.

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To Mount Shasta.

FORGOTTEN TRIBUTE TO THE MAJESTIC PEAK.

By Edward Kinyon.

As how everything will borrow
the name, and bitterness from sorrow.
I coming comes with softened ray
to close the eye of dying day:
With dew-drops sprinkled on its way,
And the same: a voice is whispering from
the past—

—[Ridge.

As the mountain itself in its win
dow and, like it, singularly beautiful
country about, inspiring, is the poem, "Mount
Shasta" passed over a half century ago
almost forgotten. Few of Califor
nia's millions know that such a
mountain exists in its original form, and
that, built here a half century ago,
it has a guiding influence upon
the life of the State in its infancy.

"Mount Shasta" was a half
century old Indian, whose native name
was "Tsu-quai-a-law-ny," which, being in
digenous, means "Yellow Bird." His father
was a chief, who, in early life, had
been won by a missionary to New Eng
land to be educated. In the school
he fell in love with and married a
white girl, and when he returned
to his people his pale-faced bride accom
panied him. From this union, in the wilder
ness of Georgia, in 1827, the coming poet
was born. At the age of 12 the boy suffered
the loss of his Indian father in the bloody
war which preceded the removal of the
people to reservations west of the
Mississippi River.

John Rollin Ridge was given
a little book which contained the
ministerial history of the country that is
now California, where he took a prom
ise to ride for a mile through the
town of Keokuk, where he took a prom
ise to ride for a mile through the
edge of the Mississippi River. The
long state, the land, the soil, the
plant, the cattle, the sheep, the
long, nor can he find
the white palace of the
almost as much
of the Library of
the lines of "Mount Shasta" follow:

the broad Mount Shasta, where it stands
the long state, the land, the soil, the
plant, the cattle, the sheep, the
long, nor can he find
the white palace of the
almost as much
of the Library of
the lines of "Mount Shasta" follow:

the storms of Heaven may beat in

we can see the
carry the cable to
rest the power to
more than 200

Its tower of pride e'en purer than before.
The wintry showers and white-winged tempests
leave

Their frozen tributes on its brow, and it

Doth make of them an everlasting crown.

Thus doth it, day by day and age by age,

Defy each stroke of time: still rising highest

Unto Heaven.

Aspiring to the eagle's cloudless height,

No human foot has stained its snowy side;

No human breath has dimmed the icy mirror

which

It holds unto the moon and stars and sov'reign sun.

We may not grow familiar with the secrets

Of its hoary top, whereon the Genius

Doth build its glorious throne.

Fair lifted in the boundless blue, he doth

Encircle, with his gaze supreme, the broad

Dominions of the West, which lie beneath

His feet, in pictures of sublime repose

No artist ever drew. He sees the tall

Gigantic hills arise in silence

And peace, and in the long review of distance

Range themselves in order grand. He sees the

sunlight

Play upon the golden streams which through the

valleys

Glide. He hears the music of the great and

solemn sea,

And overlooks the huge old western wall

To view the birthplace of undying Melody.

Itself all light, save when some loftiest cloud

Doth for a while embrace its cold, forbidding

Form, that monarch mountain casts its mighty

shadow down upon the crownless peaks below,

That, like inferior minds to some great

Spirit, stand in strong contrast littleness!

All through the long and summer months of our

Most tranquil year it points its icy shaft

On high to catch the dazzling beams that fall

In showers of splendor round that crystal cone

And roll in floods of far magnificence

Away from that lone, vast Reflector in

The dome of Heaven.

Still watchful of the fertile

Vale and undulating plains below, the grass

Grows greener in its shade, and sweeter bloom

The flowers. Strong purifier! From its snowy

Side the breezes cool are wafted to the "peaceful

Homes of men," who shelter at its feet, and

love

To gaze upon its honored form, aye standing

There the guarantee of health and happiness.

Well might it win communities so blest

To loftier feelings and to nobler thoughts—

To great material symbol of eternal

Things! And well I ween, in after years, how

In the middle of his furrowed track the plowman

In some sultry hour will pause, and wiping

From his brow the dusty sweat, with reverence

Gaze upon that hoary peak. The herdsman

Oft will rein his charger in the plain, and drink

Into his utmost soul the calm sublimity;

And little children, playing on the green, shall

Cease their sport, and, turning to that mountain

Deaf, shall of their mother ask: "Who made it?"

And she shall answer—"God."

And well this Golden State shall thrive, if like

Its own Mount Shasta, Sovereign Law shall lift

Itself in purer atmosphere—so high

That human feeling, human passion at its base

Shall be subdued; e'en pity's tears shall on

Its summit freeze; to warm it e'en the sunlight

Of deep sympathy shall fail;

Its pure administration shall be like

The snow immaculate upon that mountain's brow.

Domestic Legislation.

[Judge:] Winkle: My wife would make

a good Congressman.

Hinkle: Why?

Winkle: She's always introducing bills

into the house!

Among Colleens and Gosoons.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.)

exit of tattered Irish pupils was stormy to a high degree. All had schoolbags slung over one shoulder. These bags became weapons; many and amusing were the battles waged. It was a scene of give and take to remind one of the failed old days at the Donnybrook fair when anybody hit at any head in sight. The girls were less tumultuous but there were some slippings. The children were extremely ragged, one boy had to devote a hand to retaining his clothing on his person.

These children are from miserable homes despoiled by poverty and drink. Later during the same afternoon I gathered a group of them about me in the park adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral. One girl of ten had a single shoe and the other foot bare. Her body was simply crusted with dirt; the baby she held had sore eyes. There were bad scalps among the group. One toddler had pitifully bowed legs. And yet on the whole, all they needed to be fine children was cleaning up. They had good sturdy bodies and bright faces. Some were beautiful in spite of the dirt and all were brave and merry. There was no clamoring for the "sweets" they saw in my hands and their subsequent distribution was attended with all decorum.

Life is too full of serial tales which break off abruptly. The story of Mary, the tramp baby, I shall probably never know beyond its opening chapter. Mary was a blue-eyed, golden-ringleted darling who would have graced a rosewood cradle with down pillows and silken coverlid in a royal nursery. Yet Mary passed the nights with her mother at charity shelter in Dublin, where beds are a penny, and her days in St. Stephen's green where her mother's occupation was begging when the police did not see her, for the law is strictly against that means of livelihood. Mary's mother was a decent appearing body who looked like a young working-man's wife. She couldn't get work with the child, she said, and wouldn't put her in an orphanage to be treated not right perhaps; so she was tending her the best she knew. That was in summer; perhaps the winter chapter wouldn't make one any happier for knowing. It is better to return in thought to those lucky children who toast their bare toes at the peat fires on cottage hearths.

Tongue Twisters.

All of us are occasionally bothered by tongue twisters, but the most amusing instance of such confusion occurred when a

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very reserved and haughty passenger on a steamship, who had gained the ill-will of the other passengers by his exclusiveness, advanced to "declare" his luggage to the customhouse officer. "I desire," said he pompously, "to declare out of my personal belongings two small bugs and a rug." The delight of the crowd and the fall of his pride was intense in proportion to his silly exclusiveness.

It was a Presidential candidate who began his speech from railroad car by saying that he especially enjoyed addressing his fellow-citizens from the "black platform."

It was a trained nurse who offered to minister to a fevered patient with the kindly words: "Wouldn't you be more comfortable if I should cushion your hair?"

The classic mistake of this character is the often-repeated speech of the young clergyman who, repulsed by the somewhat chilly and reserved bride, remarked in his confusion that he thought it was "kustomary to cuss the bride."

A prominent man once said that he could never see the title of a well-known book upon hunting, "Sport With Rod and Gun," without mentally twisting it into the shocking form, "Sport With God and Run."

At a fashionable wedding there was intense curiosity to see the rich costumes of the heiress who was being led to the altar. There was much craning of necks, and at last some of the over-eager rose in their seats in the extreme back of the church and stood upon them in the effort to get a good view.

The clergyman who was in the chancel ready to conduct the service was greatly shocked. With much dignity, but in haste and anger, he addressed the congregation: "In view of the solemnity of this occasion and the sacred character of this edifice, I want you all to sit on the floor and put your feet on the seats." But they knew what he meant, and promptly assumed orderly positions.

Sunday Eggs Pay for School.

[New York Sun:] Church members of Hebron, Neb., have erected a \$13,000 school building with the revenue obtained from Sunday eggs.

Members of the Lutheran Church decided last Easter Sunday to add another building to their private school and the women of the parish agreed to donate the money from eggs laid on Sundays. Thus the school building was paid for before it was dedicated.

9

Received last night in New York that a
Cuban liner rescued the passengers of
a burning Spanish steamer in mid-ocean.

Gov. Pothier of Rhode Island in a speech in Providence yesterday, stated that he feared the low tariff will result in the menace of a commercial "yellow
peril" to the United States.

Hamilton Garland of Chicago said to
night that the proposed building had
been discussed at an executive meet
ing of members of the National Insti
tute of Arts and Letters and the
American Academy of Arts and Lit
erature.

brought before Villa and sentenced to death, after which he was taken to the rear of the barracks and shot.

Staff to Villa, will be named as provi
sional Governor of the state, it was said.

Oriente.

DRCL LINES LOW TARIFF.

Circumstantial Evidence.

By Kenneth Carlyle Beatson.

WHAT NELLIE DID.

CLAUDE PERKINS, the young owner of the only grocery store in Mescal City, Ariz., raised his right foot preparatory to mounting the front steps of Mrs. Green's eating-house; but hearing familiar voices on the vine-covered porch just above, he paused.

"What do you say we go driving this afternoon? I'll get that team of buckskins from Mr. Stevens and we'll go out toward the Point of Rocks."

"Gee! that'll be dandy."

"I want a chance to see you alone, so we can talk without being interrupted every minute or so. I never have that chance here. Somebodys always hanging around within hearing distance. Your mother wouldn't mind having you go, would she?"

"No, ma wouldn't care. She knows how it is about you and me."

The first speaker was a man, and his voice was soft and musical. Claude knew the voice, but he couldn't for the life of him remember the face that went with it. However, the identity of the other speaker was no mystery. He would have recognized Nellie Green's voice over a wireless telephone.

"All right, then," the man continued. "Can you be ready by 2 o'clock?"

When Nellie replied, her voice had a certain inflection that Claude had always fondly believed she reserved for his exclusive audience.

"Oh, I can easy get ready by then, but—honest, do you think you'd better drive right down here openly and get me? People are so used to seeing me going around with Claude, they'd think it awful funny and be sure to talk. I wouldn't care a cent, only that Claude'd hear it, and then he'd suspect something. It'd be kind of hard for me to tell him about it until we get everything settled."

There was a short pause.

"You're right," came the answer. "You couldn't explain to your friend Claude very easily just yet. I understand the circumstances perfectly. We can manage it very simply. I'll tell Mr. Stevens I'm going to drive out to the Point alone to look at some cattle I'm thinking of buying. You walk down to that grove of cottonwoods at Cholla Springs, and I'll drive by there and get you. I've noticed you walk down that way alone quite often, so it will look perfectly natural."

"My! you sure can plan things. I'll be there at 2 sharp. Wouldn't Claude be surprised, though, if he could hear us doing all this planning and scheming and everything!"

The right foot of the young man mentioned, which, you will remember, he had raised with the intention of mounting the steps, settled back to the ground beside its mate. Its owner had decided that he would eat his noonday meal elsewhere than at Mrs. Green's today.

He now recognized the owner of the musical voice as a slim, dark-complexioned young fellow he had seen around town a week before. His name was Butterfield, and he professed to have come to Arizona for his health.

"I can hardly believe that was honest an' truly Nellie I heard talkin'," bitterly thought Claude, as he strode away. "Why, the night before I went to Wickenburg—not more'n five days ago—she sat out on that same porch with me, plannin' how we could get somebody to buy my store at the price I've been holdin' it for, an' buy a little home in Prescott. She kept tellin' me every minute or two how long every day'd seem while I was gone. An' I ain't back but a day till I find she's plannin' to throw me down for this smooth-talkin' stranger. She acted glad enough to see me this mornin' at breakfast, but that was just because she don't want me to suspect till they get all ready to be married."

It occurred to him that before he went further he had better decide on a place to eat his dinner, and he stopped. He had reached a spot a few feet from the railroad tracks, which run directly through the center of Mescal City's main street. He took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, and as he was biting a chunk off one end of it his roving gaze fell on Mrs. Dinkle's little cottage, immediately across the tracks from Mrs. Green's.

Mrs. Dinkle was a toothless, gossipy old woman whom Claude detested, but it struck him that she was the square peg for the square hole in his present predicament.

"She always keeps a boarder or two," he thought. "Maybe I can get her to board me for a while."

At first only a deep silence responded to his knock, but he knew she was home, and persisted. The door was presently drawn open for a space of a few inches, and Mrs. Dinkle's wrinkled face inserted into the space.

"If you've come to collect that bill I owe you, you might's well have saved yourself the trouble of comin'," she snapped at him, giving him no time to state his errand. "Your clerk was up here the other day with it, and I told him I couldn't pay it till the first. I guess you figure you can collect bills where your clerk can't, but I'll let you know I ain't the kind of a person to make excuses for not payin' that ain't so."

She started to slam the door shut, but paused to hear what Claude was about to say.

"I didn't come to collect any bill." He had given up all hope of collecting the bill in question so long ago that even the fact of its existence had slipped his mind. "I come to see if I couldn't get you to take me as a boarder for a month. I've decided to change my eatin'-house."

The sharp old lady eyed him keenly. "Have you and Nellie Green had a split-up?"

"There's never been one hard word between us," Claude truthfully stated. "She don't even know I'm thinkin' of quittin' her mother's place. I've just decided I want to make a change for a while, a month. I'm not sayin' one word about either Nellie Green or her mother."

"H'm. You'd never quit their place without some good reason. How'd you come to want to board with me?"

"Zeke Parsons recommended you. He says you make even better pumpkin pies than the Widow O'Toole; an' you know how dotty he is about the widow. An' he's not the only one that said I'd better come to you for good meals."

Claude had touched the one weak spot of Mrs. Dinkle's vanity. She was homelier than sin itself, and the man who told her otherwise insulted her. She knew that her townspeople considered her a gossipy old crank, and did her best to live up to her reputation. In her cooking, though, she did take pride. Her pies and cakes had taken blue ribbons more than once at the Arizona State Fair.

When she spoke again some of the hardness had melted from her voice.

"Well, I don't know as I can blame you for wantin' to quit Mrs. Green's. I've heard others say that if she'd spend more time readin' a cook book and less readin' about how to look ten years younger she is there'd be less indigestion among her boarders. Silks are awful nice to wear on Sundays, but if you try to wear 'em every day they get to look shabbier than any calico ever made."

"Will you board me, then?"

"Yes, I guess so. I'll charge you \$35 a month, though. I can't afford to cook for as little as some others do. And my terms are pay in advance. I don't cook cheap food and I don't take cheap boarders. Come in and I'll fix you up some dinner."

When Claude was through eating, he did not go back at once to his store. Instead, he lingered a while in Mrs. Dinkle's front yard, puttering about among the plants. Eventually Mrs. Dinkle came out and told him frankly that he needn't think because she had agreed to board him that he could spend his time loafing about her place between mealtimes. Just about then Claude saw something white disappear from one of the windows of the Green house, so he didn't argue with her, but went away satisfied.

Before coming back to Mrs. Dinkle's that evening he went over to Mrs. Green's to pay up his board bill and tell her that he had decided to make a change. There were two front entrances to the Green home, one to the dining-room and one to the parlor. Knocking before entering was required at the parlor door—required of all but Claude—but this formality was not necessary at the dining-room.

Tonight Claude went to the dining-room door and he knocked before entering. A sweet voice bade him enter. He did so, and found Nellie seated on the floor, cutting a dress to match a tissue-paper pattern. She glanced up from her work as he came in.

"My! I didn't think it was you," she exclaimed, smiling at him. "You don't knock most times. Gee! you look cross. You're not mad because you found me looking such a fright, are you, Claude?"

"Not at all," denied Claude. "I've got somethin' to see your mother about. Will you please call her in?"

"Ma's out in the back yard. She'll come in here when she gets through out there. Pull that chair over here and sit down. First, though, you've got to explain how you happened to go up to Mrs. Dinkle's for dinner today. I won't be one bit nice to you till you do."

Claude didn't move to pull the chair closer to her, but remained standing.

"I don't mind explainin' that. I've made arrangements to take all my meals at Mrs. Dinkle's after this, an' I've just come over now to pay your mother what I owe her."

The pair of scissors Nellie had been using clattered to the floor. She stared at Claude for several long minutes, to see whether or not he was joking. His face remained hard and cold under her gaze. She decided that he was in earnest, and promptly bent her head and arms over a nearby chair and commenced sobbing.

Claude felt the hardness begin to melt from within him. He coughed desperately to check his fleeting resolutions. He had never before seen Nellie in tears, and he began to wonder if after all he was not playing more the part of a jealous brute than of a man justly indignant.

"I'll—I'll bet you're—mad at m-me n-now," came from the crying girl, "and—and you won't want any—anything more to do with me—and everything—oh!"

"I—I didn't say anythin' about bein' mad at you, did I?" Claude hedged. "I just said I was gonna board at Mrs. Dinkle's for a while. There's nothin' about that to make you go off into a cryin' spell like this, is there?"

The slender shoulders slowly ceased to surge up and down, and presently Nellie looked up. She was still doubtful, but willing to be convinced.

"But—but Claude, you talked and acted so cross. Just like you didn't care about me any more a bit. Why are you going to board at Mrs. Dinkle's?"

Claude hesitated, trying to think up a good reason why.

"Oh, I'll bet I know!" exclaimed Nellie, a glad light shining through the tear-stained eyelashes. "You're going to board there until she's paid up the bill she owes that way! You told me once about her owing you a bill. Isn't that the reason?"

"Well, that's about the size of it," admitted Claude, vastly relieved. He was beginning to argue with himself that it wasn't such a dreadful thing after all for Nellie to carry on a harmless flirtation with the soft-speaking stranger while he was out of town; and he was certain now that there was nothing serious about it on Nellie's side. She might even have a perfectly good explanation of that conversation on the porch. "I couldn't figure out any other way I could get anythin' out of her on the bill!"

"Oh, I'm so glad that's all there is to it," exclaimed Nellie, smiling up at him. He had now drawn a chair over beside her and seated himself. "My, you scared me for a minute. I don't know what I ever would do if—" She broke off and glanced over Claude's shoulder. "Oh, gee! Claude, is my nose awful red? DO I look a holy fright? I know I do!"

Claude turned about to see what was the cause of all this sudden excitement. A second later he sprang to his feet. The front door was open, and one could easily see out through the screen. Coming up the road toward the boarding-house, his slim shoulders swinging in a jaunty manner, was Butterfield, the soft-voiced stranger.

All Claude's anger returned tenfold. He scarcely heard Butterfield come up the steps and knock, nor Nellie's invitation to enter. She had to repeat her introduction twice before he heard her. One bitter thought was running through his mind. He

had been a fool! He had let Nellie lead him like a piece of soft putty!

"Glad to meet you," greeted Butterfield, extending his hand. As he did so, Claude saw him wink past him at Nellie. This was the last straw.

"Same to you," he said coldly; and he turned to Nellie. "I've got to be home now. Tell your mother that if she'll mail me a bill I'll send her the money."

He turned and stalked out.

"Claude didn't get to sleep quiet last night. When he first crawled into bed he was absolutely certain that no thought of Nellie would ever cause him to worry again. Half an hour later he was not quite so certain. An hour later he realized that he had been wrong. By midnight he was sure that for them both to remain in his City would be impossible.

He arose, lit a candle, and dressed. He stole cautiously out of the house and to his store.

He opened the outer door, unlocked the door after him. After a search in a drawer under one of the shelves he found a pot of labeling ink and a small brush. With these and a roll of wrapping paper in his arms he journeyed to his little office in the rear. Lighting an oil lamp, he went to work.

Presently he arose, daubed a thin line on each of the four corners of the wrapping paper, turned out the light, and went to one of the big front windows and pasted the sheet of paper on the inner one of these. Then he unlatched the window, went out, locked it again, and returned to the window in which he had pasted the paper.

The moonlight streamed over the room, lighting it up with a bluish glow. It showed plainly the sheet of paper on which Claude had pasted it in big, black, fuming letters. "Somebody Owner is Leaving Town, Bid... Will be Sold Today to Higher Bidder. Bidding Starts at Eleven. Good Kins."

The far-away whistle of the train told Claude that it was nearly time to turn in. He walked swiftly home, undressed, and shifted in bed, and went immediately off to sound sleep.

Claude got down to his shop next morning. He got there just in time with a big red sun was peeking over the same tunnel-scared Rich Hill, of the Apaches. "Good morning, Claude," said Zeke Parsons, the grizzled old Indian who was Apaches for him. And Zeke was a good friend.

"Hey, Claude!" he cried. "I came up, what's this foot sign on the window? You never put it there." "I sure did," replied Claude, edily unlocking the door.

"But—you ain't gonna board there, are you?"

"Yep."

Claude went inside and lay down. For a few minutes he lay in perplexity, and then he sign in perplexity, and then he the young store owner held.

"Looky here, Claude," he said. "I've been a party yours always, an' I want back uh this. There's somethin' five thousand for the store for me an' now you're gonna sell it. I'll have Chances are you won't get sand for it this-a-way?"

"I can't tell you any more about the sign does," replied Claude. "I'll sell out and leave town before the summer of Apaches. I'll have the highest bidder. I'll have three times that much for it. Wouldn't you, now?"

"Not by a damn sight," Claude said and went off in a huff because he did not consider him an intimate friend.

The news quickly spread about town. At 9 o'clock three men ran into the store and announced their arrival. They discussed the bidding begun. It had increased to twice the amount of the previous day. The number had increased to twelve. From the Pecos to 11 half of the main and

Suits ready in our men's clothing section.

New Ties, and Shirts, and Collars, and haberdashery of every sort in our furnishing goods section.

New Hats from Dunlop, Stetson, and other good American makers, from France and from Austria, where the hats known come from.

Special 50c

Good quality outing apparel, cut full size, in regular sizes, never sold for less than 75 cents.

Velvet Neckwear
100 dozen new velvet neckties, in 20 different shades; a regular 50-cent value; while they last.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

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SOCIETY

511½ S. Spring Street

[Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

one of the female population of Mescal City field, and the musical element was entirely missing in his voice. "Hey? What does it mean, I say?"

"Claude!" Nellie caught him by the arm. "What have you done and done?"

Recovered from his first surprise, Claude decided to be as firm as stone. He would let no girl make a fool of him more than once, by golly!

"It's easy to see what I've done. Just step outside an' take a look at the sign in the window."

"We know what's on the sign!" flashed Butterfield. "Mrs. O'Toole told us what was on it, and that's what brought us over here in such a hurry."

"Well, then, what's all this fuss about? Do you want to bid for the store?"

"Me bid for the store! Me! Why, the store already belongs to me. I paid Miss Green here \$5000 for it last night. She claimed that you had given her permission to sell it. She made me keep still about it because she wanted to surprise you."

Claude sank weakly back against the cash register, staring blankly from one of them to the other.

"You—you told me the night before you went away, Claude, that I could sell the store if I got a chance. Maybe you was fooling, but I took it serious. And when I got the chance to sell it to Mr. Butterfield, I thought I'd do it all but just the real transferring of the ownership papers without letting you know, and surprise you. We'd planned so much together about selling the store for five thousand and—

moving up to Prescott, that I thought it

was all right. And you couldn't get near me to let me make the first bid. Is that all right with all of you?"

"Sure!" "Yuh know it is, Nellie!" "I like to hear anybody say it ain't all right!" Nellie was evidently a popular person in Mescal City.

"My! you're all awful nice about it," said Nellie. "Well, I open the bidding with an offer of \$5000 for the store."

A dead silence followed. Three or four in that crowd had come prepared to bid as high as thirty-five hundred; none higher than that.

"I knew this wasn't gonna be on the square!" grunted a disgruntled voice. "It's a put-up job. She oughta be made to show the money."

Nellie's eyes flashed. She displayed a little slip of paper.

"Here's the money. Any of you that want to come up and look at it can."

Big Bob Burnett, the best rough-and-tumble fighter in town, came to her aid.

"Anybody that says Nellie's bid ain't right's got to say it to me," he declared. "You fellers figgered on gettin' somethin' dirt-cheap, an' you're just sore 'cause you got fooled."

There was another dead silence. In the midst of it Claude gripped Butterfield's arm.

"Ain't she a wonder?" he gasped. "Ain't she, though?"

"She's all of that and more," replied the other, and his voice was normally soft and musical again.

Off the Reservation. By L. Worthington Green.

AN INDIAN RAID.

Pope and Crawford were sitting cross-legged by the camp fire and paying close attention to an appetizing supper of chili, baking powder biscuits and beans simultaneously they paused.

A rhythmic beat came faintly from the Pecos, the pounding of a horse racing fast.

"I'm sure in a hurry," said Crawford. "He knows that road better than I do running like that in the dark."

It had become rapidly more distinct as presently a rider drew up within the light of the firelight. He jumped from his horse, loosened the saddle-girths and tilted the saddle back a little. Then turned to the men.

"Get that fire," he ordered. "I jumped to the blaze, which he scattered with a kick, and tramped the embers still, off to the east.

He found his old stage driver. He was in a great

state of excitement.

"What?" he queried.

"I replied the other, "bunch of Mes-

quaches are off the reservation."

"Which way did they go out?" asked Pope.

"They went down the Ruidoso and struck south below Lincoln. They wiped out two families up there, and stole stock. Then they left the Hondo and probably strike the Pecos somewhere down."

"You'd better get to Roswell."

"We try that we're likely to run right into them."

"There's no shelter here. There's an

outpost in the bluff where you might

find it, but you never could find it. It would take too long for me to show

you the way to the Jacksons below.

"I have a lot of kids, and I'd hate

to be killed. A troop of soldiers

wants to know who's comin' in."

"I'm somethin' worried about

being held up, and I don't know what to do about it."

"I'm honest and I'm a good

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wants to know who's comin' in."

"I'm somethin' worried about

being held up, and I don't know what to do about it."

"I'm honest and I'm a good

bachelor at heart."

"There's no shelter here. There's an

outpost in the bluff where you might

find it, but you never could find it. It would take too long for me to show

you the way to the Jacksons below.

"I have a lot of kids, and I'd hate

to be killed.

Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

Los Angeles Times

A Tour of Two Coasts and a Canal.

By Frederick Roland Miner.

BY THE NEW ROUTE.

THE greatest achievement of modern times, and one of the greatest of all times, the Panama Canal, having about reached completion, the people of California, as well as those of the rest of the West, and of the east coast, may soon indulge in one of the most unique, interesting and pleasurable journeys that may be taken anywhere.

Three thousand and a quarter miles along the west coast, this journey takes one; half a hundred miles across an isthmus; nine miles through a mountain range, during which the ship attains an elevation not far from a hundred feet above the sea; and nearly 2000 miles along the east coast, and all with no change from the quarters one establishes aboard the ship at the beginning of the trip. One should care for the sea and be a good sailor to enjoy this journey to the full; however, for though such derive much of pleasure from the sea, the reverse would be the feeling of those who do not appreciate the ocean, but suffer from it. To the former the sea in its infinite variety is a source of great interest and pleasure, always present, never ending.

One who desires the added pleasure and knowledge that short visits to the coast towns and little journeys into the interior afford, should take a steamer that stops at ports to the south.

Sailing down the west coast the ship keeps comparatively close to the shore for much of the way, thus affording a panoramic view of the great mountain ranges, of scattered villages, ranches, and plantations, of prehistoric ruins, of volcanoes, tropical jungles and many another place of interest. All these one views from the embracing comfort of a steamer chair. Nearly at all times are portions of the great mountain range that extends from Alaska to the southern extremity of South America, in sight from the decks of the west-coast steamer.

The citizens of the United States—with a very few exceptions—know less about our sister republics to the south of us than they do of lands across the sea, or on the opposite side of the world. They have been less visited by them, and they have been less written about, therefore in that direction lies an almost virgin field for our people to invade, explore and become acquainted with.

The Pacific Ocean along the genial shores of California, and to the south of these, seldom belies its name, and a voyage shorn of unpleasant roughness may be expected on the big steamers that sail the coast. If one desires quiet and rest alone, he may take an express steamer that makes no stops between California and the isthmus. This will give him some 3500 miles of ocean travel, and the peace and the vastness of the sea will give him the rest and quiet that he seeks, and convalescence, if he be in need of that. But if that and time be no object, and strange sights, amusement and possible adventure are desired, then a boat that tarries by the way is the one he should take. Such there are, especially numerous during the coffee season, when steamers stop at many ports to take on thousands of sacks of this popular bean, and at that period lie longer in port. Nor are the sights and objects of interest confined to the land, or to the sea. At night as we travel south, stars and constellations new to us are seen in the heavens; perhaps the most interesting of the latter is the Southern Cross. This constellation is composed of four stars in the form of a cross—as its name would indicate—and is one of the brightest in the heavens. If one is favored by moonlight nights, so much more is added to one's enjoyment, especially if in the right company. A balmy moonlight night on a placid southern sea, is a thing to be enjoyed but not described.

On this particular ocean journey to the south, we sail along the coast of Lower California after leaving our own shores, and pass very close to the islands of Magdalena and Santa Margarita, which create the splendid Bay of Magdalena, used in recent years principally for purposes of target practice by our warships. We round Cape San Lucas at the extremity of the peninsula, and soon lose sight of land as we cross the 150 miles of the Gulf of California. Here the water is very deep

and of a dark greenish-blue color. Flying fish, porpoises, sea turtles and other marine creatures are seen in numbers about us.

The stops of the various steamers differ, but on the trip described in this account the first port of call was Mazatlan, Mexico, 1050 miles from San Francisco. The shore here is tropical in appearance, the vegetation very dense, and many bananas and coconut palms are seen. Hills rise gradually from the shore, backed by mountains in which are volcanic peaks, from one of which a faint wisp of smoke is rising. The ship anchors quite a way out in the harbor. The town of Mazatlan is situated on a peninsula, from which rise two high hills, on one of which, above almost perpendicular cliffs, is a lighthouse. There are several hill islands near by. The mountains rise high back of the city, whose location is excellent and beautiful. There are many lakes and rivers in this country. Lake Izabel is the largest of these lakes, fifty-eight by twelve miles being its size. The forests are extensive; in fact, the name "Guatemala" is derived from the Indian word "Quanhtemallan," which signifies "land covered with trees." As much coffee is taken on shipboard during the coffee season at San Jose, we had a stay of several days and improved the opportunity to visit the capital, Guatemala City, which is seventy-five miles from the coast. The scenery along the railroad is very fine. High mountain ranges were always in sight; behind us lay the blue ocean, and the road passed and crossed several charming lakes. Lake Amatitlan particularly beautiful, a large lake, 4000 feet above the sea. Banana plantations and coconut groves were passed, and at the stations native women, with baskets on head, sold a variety of odd fruit, dried fish, bread, etc. Native washerwomen boiling clothes in hot springs along the lake shores, and men spearing fish in the streams, add a picturesque touch and interest.

The port of Colima is Manzanillo, and after a short sail we arrive there. The harbor is small, and surrounded on three sides by high hills which drop abruptly to the water's edge. We pass a signal station set on a hill, and rounding a point, the town comes into view. Close to the shore the anchor is dropped in deep phosphorescent water in which many jellyfish float, at night appearing like great stars. Manzanillo has about the same number of inhabitants as Mazatlan. Colima is seventy miles inland from this port, and the two towns are connected by a railway. The next stop is at Acapulco, which has an exception in the way of a harbor, in that it has a good one. In fact, it is so well protected that one unfamiliar with the coast might very easily sail by it. From the entrance of the channel—which is narrow and crooked, and lies between high cliffs—opens up gradually as the ship proceeds. The harbor is small and inclosed by green hills and high mountains. The water of the bay is very clear, and fish can be observed swimming close to the bottom. The water being calm here, many bumbot women come alongside the ship in their well-loaded crafts. They have many things to sell, including cigars, pottery, mats, skins, shells, fruit, birds, etc. The fruit is extremely cheap, especially bananas, and gorgeous parrots, that can talk and swear in several languages, may be had for a few dollars in Mexican money. There are about 6000 people living in Acapulco.

Skirting the coast, we arrive at Salina Cruz, on the Gulf of Tehuantepec. Here the government has spent millions of dollars for breakwaters, in an attempt to make a safe harbor. The next port of call is San Benito, the present terminus of the Pan-American Railway on the Mexican border. The surf is heavy here and the anchorage is far out. To land through the surf is somewhat perilous. The small boats are hauled ashore by ropes. Volcanic mountains rise high back of the port, and thus they extend to Panama. Individual volcanoes may be picked out along the range as the ship passes down the coast. One of these is Tacana, which rises 13,800 feet above the sea. Another, Tajumalo, a little higher than Tacana, is the highest of the volcanoes. Beyond these two rise Atitlan and Santa Maria, and still farther away are

seen Agua and Fuego. Ocos we found to be a busy port, more business being transacted there than at San Jose, which is the terminus of the Guatemala Central Railway. Champerico is a bad place to remain long at anchor, as the ground swell is great and the roll of the ship is tremendous. Because of this swell passengers were lowered to shore boats, or to lighters, in a barrel chair, and hoisted to the wharf in a cage-like affair. This method of landing is used much along the coast where good harbors are lacking.

San Jose de Guatemala is the port of Guatemala City. As this is an open port, the same method of arriving on the wharf as used in Champerico and other places is made use of here. Near the coast the vegetation and forests are thick. Wild palms and bananas grow profusely. There are many lakes and rivers in this country. Lake Izabel is the largest of these lakes, fifty-eight by twelve miles being its size. The forests are extensive; in fact, the name "Guatemala" is derived from the Indian word "Quanhtemallan," which signifies "land covered with trees." As much coffee is taken on shipboard during the coffee season at San Jose, we had a stay of several days and improved the opportunity to visit the capital, Guatemala City, which is seventy-five miles from the coast. The scenery along the railroad is very fine. High mountain ranges were always in sight; behind us lay the blue ocean, and the road passed and crossed several charming lakes. Lake Amatitlan particularly beautiful, a large lake, 4000 feet above the sea. Banana plantations and coconut groves were passed, and at the stations native women, with baskets on head, sold a variety of odd fruit, dried fish, bread, etc. Native washerwomen boiling clothes in hot springs along the lake shores, and men spearing fish in the streams, add a picturesque touch and interest.

Guatemala City lies on a level plateau, 5000 feet above the sea, and is surrounded on all sides by mountains. It is the largest city in Central America, and is very healthful, owing to its location. There are many fine avenues, parks, and public buildings in the city. Along the public drive—the Paseo del Reforma—stretch two rows of trees, with marble statues of statesmen of Guatemala between. Many of the public buildings are of interest, especially the National Museum, the Palace of the Government, the Presidency, the Legislative Power, the Judicial Power, the art schools, Conservatory of Music, the Cathedral and many fine churches. Marble and bronze statues adorn the plazas and parks. Among these we see a statue of Columbus. Many citizens of the United States belong to the American Club, which has several hundred members. Two interesting places to see are the great public market and the Hippodrome during the races.

Throughout Central America there have been many discoveries of great archaeological interest, and anyone interested in that subject will find there a great field for investigation and research; what has already been done is scarcely a beginning. Prehistoric ruins and the effects of earthquakes are found abundantly in many places. Some of these ruins are of great buildings differing from any known elsewhere, and prove that a high degree of culture was attained in "pre-Columbian days" by several native peoples differing greatly from one another in speech and racial affinities."

A short ride from Guatemala City lies the old capital, La Antigua, which is an extremely interesting place to visit. It is perhaps a tenth the size of the present capital. It is an old historic place with but little that is modern about it, and lies along two rivers, the Pensativo and the Porta, which flow through a fertile valley covered with coffee and sugar plantations. The scenery is rugged and impressive. A number of volcanoes are near by, one, Acatenango, attaining an altitude of over 13,000 feet; the triple crater of Fuego (fire) is but a few hundred feet lower, and Agua (water) some 500 feet lower than Fuego. This whole region gives much evidence of the great destructiveness of earthquakes and volcanoes in the past. At the foot of Agua, the first capital of Guatemala was built in 1527. This town was destroyed fourteen

years later. The present site of the city, La Antigua, a few miles away from Earthquakes in 1717 destroyed it. Rebuilt, it was again ruined in 1773, year later the capital was moved to the present site of Guatemala City. Times, too, have seen much destruction. Santa Maria as late as 1854 was killed by an earthquake, and destroyed the city of Guatemala.

A very old church and the Convent of the monastery, built in the 16th century and said to be the oldest in Central America, crowns the Cerro del Corazon in the northern part of the city. This is an interesting place, especially at the time of day and night when it is visited. It is a Sunday school. The golden glow of the setting sun illuminates the mountains that surround the city, the full moon above the city, the numerous churches, the city flushed out in the fading light, their call to service.

Guatemala City has more than 1,000,000 population, and is modern and possessing modern streets, telephone and electric systems, etc.

Returning to San Jose we turn inland and board ship and head south for Salvador. On the way from San Jose to Salvador we pass from the volcano Ixate on the right to the volcano Ixim on the left. Salvador is the second largest city in Central America, but little larger than the first. Acajutla has much the same character as others of the smaller towns important in the amount of shipping and because of its proximity with all outside points, is the chief town in the Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, eighty miles from its port of entry, the Bay of Fonseca. An oil line runs between the two ports.

Leaving Salvador we pass from the harbor of Amapala to the harbor of Corinto, in Nicaragua, where we stop. From Corinto we proceed across the Gulf of Fonseca to Managua, the capital, situated on a lake of the same name. Sailing on down the coast for a considerable distance we pass from the water in rounding Cape San Juan to proceed across the Gulf of Nicoya to Punta Arenas in Costa Rica. The bay almost entirely is surrounded by mountains, on which are the greatest fires, which burn up magnificently, it being night in the bay. San Jose is the second largest city in Costa Rica, and lies but a short distance from the old capital, Cartago, which is said to be the oldest city in Central America. The object at the capital is the National Museum, which is said to be the best in Central America. The town at the time it was built having but 20,000 inhabitants, the achievement remarkable.

As the growing of coffee is the chief source of income of Central America, the coffee belt extends from southern Mexico to the banana belt running along the Pacific. Bananas require the warm climate in the lowlands near the sea, where they are raised extensively. 600,000 bunches are raised in Central America each year, and about half of them are shipped to the United States, most of which is consumed in Guatemala. The coffee is grown at a higher altitude than banana cultivation. It grows at 5000 or 6000 feet above the sea, the greatest crop at 6000 feet, though the best quality is at 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea. The most valuable crop is coffee, and was first introduced by an English priest, who brought it from Arabia. More than 1,000,000 bushels are raised annually in Central America, the possible exception being this coffee is the best in the world. The United States drink much more coffee than Central America ever does, and to Germany.

The seasons with regard to coffee are lack of it in Central America, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

Suits ready in our men's clothing section.

Special 50c

Good quality eating apparel, cut full size, in regular sizes, never sold for less than 75 cents.

Velvet Neckwear

100 dozen new velvet neckties, in various colors, a regular Mount velvet, while they last.

25c

Open Till 10 p.m.
Saturdays

[Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

Scenes on the Panama Route to New York.



Cathedral, Guatemala.



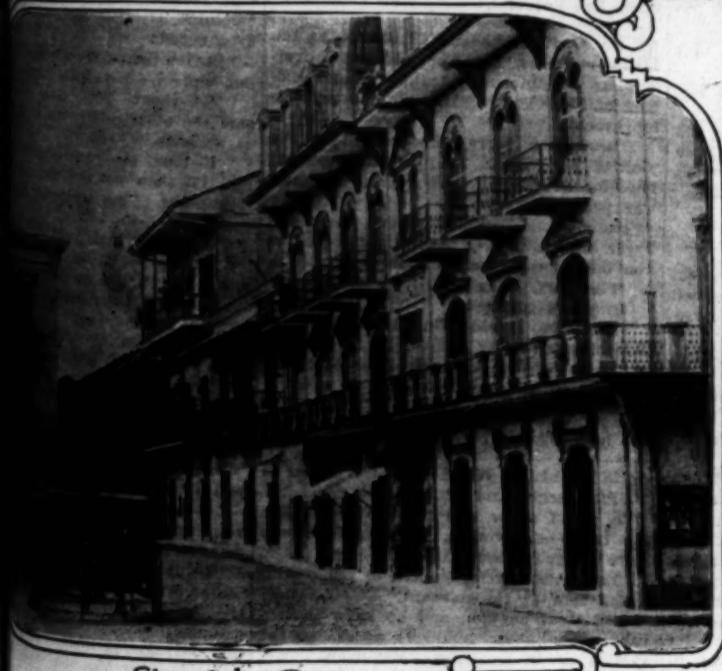
De Lesseps house.



Carmel Cathedral.



View of Mazatlan.



Street in Panama.



Cathedral, Panama.

arrived this night in New York, that a
Cuban liner rescued the passengers of
a burning Spanish steamer in mid-ocean.
Gov. Pothier of Rhode Island in a
speech in Providence yesterday stated
that he feared the low tariff will result
in the menace of a commercial "yellow
peril" to the United States.

WASHINGTON. A meeting of State

Hannibal Garland of Chicago said to-night that the proposed building had been discussed at an executive meeting of members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Literature.

It is improbable that women will

bring before Villa and sentenced to death, after which he was taken to the rear of the barracks and shot.

was named provisional Governor of the State, it

Oriente.

DECLARAS LOW TARIFF.

Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

Los Angeles Times

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources.

What Pat Needed.

THE conversation turned to Pat in a Washington club some time since when Congressman Henry A. Cooper of Wisconsin was reminded of how an esteemed citizen of that State got tangled up in a recent railroad wreck.

When the smoke had cleared away and the wreck, which wasn't a very serious affair, was pulled apart, Pat's friends found him sitting beside the track holding his head in one hand and his leg in the other, said members, of course, not being detached.

"How are you feeling, Pat?" asked one of the party, stooping to assist the wounded man. "Are you badly hurt?"

"Shure, an' that Ol' am," answered Pat, whose worst injury was a bunch of bumps. "Ol' fale as if a road roller an' a bloomin' mule had stepped on me durin' a foight."

"Never mind, old fellow," sympathetically returned the other. "It's not so bad as it might have been, and you will get damages."

"Damages!" exclaimed Pat. "Begorra, an' Ol've had enough av them. It's repairs thot Ol'm after now."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

The Greeting of Democracy.

THE story that the Kaiser loves most to tell his intimates, declares William Armstrong in the Woman's Magazine, concerns the visit of his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to America.

The incident happened just as the Prince was landing at New York. Beside him on deck stood Admiral von Tirpitz. On the dock was a dense crowd. From its midst a stentorian voice called: "Henry! Henry!"

The Prince did not understand that the hall was meant for him until the admiral, smiling broadly, said: "Your Royal Highness, I think someone wants to speak to you."

Then Prince Henry looked over toward the human megaphone, who still continued to bawl out his name. Seeing that he had caught the royal gaze, the owner of the voice shouted: "How's Bill?"

The Other Kind.

ACAPTAIN of one of the ocean liners was showing a young lady friend of his over the ship during one of his eastward trips. As they passed through the steerage, he called his fair companion's attention to a big, husky Irish emigrant, who was putting away with a knife, fork, and spoon a bountiful supply of corned beef and cabbage, combined with other articles of diet. The captain eyed him for a moment, then, addressing the young lady, said:

"Just look at the enormous amount of food that fellow is consuming."

"I suppose, captain," said the fair young girl, with a beaming smile, "he is what you sailors call a stowaway."—[Lippincott's.]

What a Great Blessing.

LAURENCE D'ORSAY, the actor, recalled an incident that happened in one of the western States. Some time since a certain rural preacher who was more or less unsophisticated, was invited to a dinner given by an esteemed citizen at his handsome country home.

During the dinner a milk punch was quietly placed at the plate of each guest, and the good dominie, like the others, quaffed the delicious beverage with evident pleasure.

"I feel, brother," impressively remarked the dominie as he set his drained glass upon the table, "that I should congratulate you on the great blessing that is yours."

"I don't quite get you, Mr. Jones," responded the host, wonderingly. "To what are you particularly referring?"

"To that milk, brother," was the earnest response of the pastor. "You should daily give thanks for having such a splendid cow."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.]

Up to Date.

"**W**HAT are you giving your cows now in the way of galactagogues?" asked the Irvington professor of the milkman.

"Oh," said the milkman, who has just

been graduated from Purdue and is not to be stumped by any Butler College pedagogue, "their sustenance is wholly of vegetable origin; rich in chlorophyll and opulent in butyrateous qualities."

"A pint, if you please," said the professor.

"Git up," said the milkman.—[Indianapolis News.]

Dire Distress.

EXCUSE me, Wombat," said the well-dressed one, "but personal friendship prompts me to speak."

"What is it, old chap?"

"I fear that, unless you improve your personal appearance, you may lose your job."

"I hope not."

"You need a new hat."

"Um."

"You need a new suit."

"Um."

"You need shoes. Man alive, your feet are on the ground!"

"Quite right," admitted Wombat, with a sigh.

"Then take this week's salary and spruce up."

"Can't squander any money on myself, old man. My wife is worse off than I am."

"Dear me! How is that?"

"She needs a new feather in her hat."—[Judge.]

Held to What He Had.

THERE is a young physician who has never been able to smoke a cigar. "Just one poisons me," says the youthful doctor.

Recently the doctor was invited to a large dinner party. When the women had left the table cigars were accepted by all the men except the physician. Seeing his friend refuse the cigar, the host in astonishment exclaimed:

"What! not smoking? Why, my dear fellow, you lose half your dinner!"

"Yes, I know I do," meekly replied the doctor, "but if I smoked one I should lose the whole of it!"—[Boston Globe.]

Title to Be Defended.

WHAT are you going to call the new baby?"

"Reginald Claude," replied Mr. Bliggins.

"Isn't 'Reginald Claude' a rather affected name?"

"Yea. I want him to grow up to be a fighter and I fancy that 'Reginald Claude' will start something every time he goes to a new school."—[London Opinion.]

Must Be Simple.

NA REGISTRATION booth in San Francisco an old negro woman had just finished registering for the first time.

"Am you shore," she asked the clerk, "dat I've done all I has to do?"

"Quite sure," replied the clerk, "you see, it's very simple."

"I'd ought to knowed it," said the old woman. "If those fool men folks been doing it all dese years, I might a knowed it was a powerful simple process."—[Life.]

Kentucky Chivalry.

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, Mayor-elect of New York, condemning a professional politician, said to a San Francisco correspondent:

"This fellow says he labors for his country's good. He can't point out any good that he has done for his country, but he can show on his own account a town house and a country house, ten automobiles and a yacht.

"His country's good! Why, the fellow reminds me of the chivalrous Kentuckian.

"A chivalrous Kentuckian, a pale, slim figure in black broadcloth and black sombrero, burst into the smoker of an express train and cried in an agonized tenor voice:

"Any gentleman here got a whisky gask? A lady up forward has had her arm cut off by a broken signal."

"Twirling his long, silky goatee, he looked about him anxiously. The response, the train being a southern one,

was instantaneous. Some thirty or forty quart flasks were extended.

The Kentuckian seized the nearest flask, uncorked it, and took a long, long drink.

"Ah, thanks," he said. "I feel better now. Seeing a lady get her arm cut off always did upset me."

Heard in the "Zone."

APROPOS of President Wilson's linking a dressmaker, was asked by a New York reporter if he thought woman's present mode of dress made for morality:

"President Wilson told a Panama Canal story the other day. He said that two men were watching one of the great Culebra dredges that lifted from the bottom of the water, every five seconds or so, an enormous iron bucket filled with mud.

"I understand," said the first man, "that they pay good on this government work. How'd you like to be workin', cully, on that there dredge?"

"Fine," said the other man. "Fine. But, he added, 'I'd hate to be one of them fellers under the water that's fillin' them big iron buckets.'"

The Slash.

PAUL POIRET, the famous French dressmaker, was asked by a New York reporter if he thought woman's present mode of dress made for morality.

"I do not deal in morality," M. Poiret replied. "I deal in beauty."

Then, apropos of the slashed skirt, he told a story.

"A young lady in a white dinner gown," he said, "stood under a blazing electric lamp, and, swinging round before her fiancee, she asked:

"How does my new dress show up?"

"Up almost to the knee," the young man replied. "Those white silk stockings with gold clocks are beautiful."

A Vain Accomplishment.

PRESIDENT HADLEY of Yale, at a tea in New Haven, said, apropos of certain impractical and useless studies:

"These studies remind me of the stammerer who went to a specialist and, after a course of twenty lessons, learned to say without a trace of a stammer: 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?'"

"A friend congratulated the stammerer on his splendid achievement.

"'Yes,' he admitted dubiously, 'all very f-f-fine; but it's such a d-d-deuced hard remark, you know, to w-work into an ordinary c-c-conversation.'"

Surely But Peaceful.

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT, discussing the impoliteness, the free and easy, overfamiliar impoliteness of the customs officers of New York, said at the suffrage luncheons:

"These men carry impoliteness to the pink of perfection. They are as perfectly impolite as an old Scot I used to know was perfectly surly."

"Saunders, a Highland keeper, made sureness almost an art. A gentleman said to him one glorious autumn morning:

"'Fine day, Saunders.'

"Saunders grunted.

"Saunders, I said 'Fine day,'" the gentleman persisted.

"'Verra weel, verra weel,' said Saunders. 'I dinna want tae argue.'"

The New Dances.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL, at a dinner in Pittsburgh, said of the new dances:

"A girl I know told me she didn't like the tango—she found that in it she was more danced against than dancing.

"This same girl attempted to tango with a fat man at the dancant. The fat man was a great bungler, and he knew it. He gasped, as they hobbled about to the strains of 'Every Little Movement':

"'It's awfully kind of you to dance with me—me, the worst dancer in the room!'

"Then he trod on her foot for the time, and the girl replied:

"'Oh, how can you say we hardly seem to touch the floor?'

The Wrong Manner.

CONRAD JEFF DAVIS, president of the American Road Congress in Denver, said:

"We itinerant workers above the 'hoboes.' But they who apply for work to us are as odiously familiar as the deaf man in our party.

"A deaf man, just as the other on at a dinner party, said to the host,

"'What's that you say?' louder, louder, louder. You know my host, smiling sheepishly, replied,

"But the deaf man frowned his brows.

"'Come, come,' he said. 'Never talk down into your ears.'

"Again the guests restrained their host, smiling sheepishly, and began afresh in a slightly louder voice.

"The guests restrained their host, smiling sheepishly, and began a third time, again slowly and distinctly.

"I hear you now," the deaf man interrupted, "but I can't make out what you say. Better give it up, old fellow."

"Hang you!" roared the host, his patience at last exhausted. "You are like the young man who said to his mother, 'I am a young baronet, at a distance beside a young countess who is particularly white and beautiful.'

"I was vaccinated yesterday," he said during the course of his speech, "and Russian cigarettes the night before."

"'Vaccinated, oh?' said the host, screwing in his monocle, and looking at his fresh round arms and hands.

"'Where were you vaccinated?' he asked.

"'In London,' said the host, with a cold little laugh."

Tit for Tat.

ACASE of tit for tat in a come-tax dispute. "I am a postoffice employee."

"A man bought of me a cent stamp, then turned around and employee, laying a permanent cooed:

"'A few stamped envelopes, sir? We have all sorts of stamps.'

"'No, thank you,' said the other coldly, and he said of surprise.

"'If then, sir, you'll do me a favor, I'll show you our collection of lock boxes. They come in all sizes, sir.'

"'Great! I'll do that,' said the man.

"'May I have a minute?' said the man.

"'Next morning, sir, I'll show you the collection.'

"'Very elegant assortment,' said the man.

"'No, certainly not.'

"'Post cards, sir? Why, we have a great many.'

"'Aw, no! What's the use of them?' said the man.

"'With this resort to the Fair, sir, we have got rid of the bulk of our stock.'

"'The postmaster, sir, just then, took the

"'Who was that man?' asked the man.

"'You insult him for me,' said the man.

"'I didn't insult him, sir,' said the man.

"'You see, he's a shyster, and makes a living by it.'

Suits ready in our men's clothing section.

Special **JDC**

Good quality cutting flannel, cut full size, in regular sizes, never sold for less than 75 cents.

Velvet Neckwear
100 dozen new velvet neckties, in 20 different styles; a regular velvet valise; while they last, some choices.

25c

Open Till 10 p.m.
Saturdays

Men, Women and Affairs in the Kaleidoscope.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

A Dream.

There was tramping of feet as a throng went by—jostling forth through the fret of the world;

there were laughter and groans, there were sighs and sighs—

It had like a cyclone was backward visited.

There were wailing and curses, and thefts and blows,

there were lips in the nibbling feet; there were lips in the new mothers that staggered in an instant three,

that was blighted by leprosy.

I seemed to be dreaming, I woke and

now that arose from the pit of pain;

the hands of Love there was much to do

other not into their own again.

Knock at the Door.

Emerson was right when he said,

“He who is for me will knock at my door, he who is not may be about sure of it when the collector or the postman arrives with his bill.”

Meanwhile, you know that someone is laying for your coin, and

is going to get it. And—dear me!

People are likely to knock at the door during the day. I wonder if they are

of me. They must be—although

it is a very negative way. It is not easy to trace the subtle, faint connection, of course one may understand how

the baker is “for” one. And I remember these when one is inclined to run amuck, and go careening

among the clouds. Just make a knock at your door, and mention to the baker to these careerers,

you will see them come down like shot

though diagnosed that you could

say such vulgar personages, especially

white and beautiful.

“I was vaccinated yesterday,” he said

during the course of烟

Russian cigarettes that you

“vaccinated, eh?” said the boy

in his monocle, he stared a fresh round arms intently. You

“I: Where were you vaccinated?”

“In London,” said the common

little laugh.”

for Tat.

CASE of tit for tat,” said Detective Cordell Hull, a proponent of the tax dispute. “It reminds me of an office employee.

A man bought of this employee

stamps, then turned to his em-

ployee, laying a persuasive hand

on his shoulder, cooed:

“A few stamped envelopes sir? We have all shapes and sizes.”

“No, thank you, none this morning,” said the other coldly, and he gave him a surprise.

“If then, sir, you’ll step right in, I’ll show you our choice office boxes. They come very clean, dear, and—”

“No, no, thank you.”

“Maybe you’d like a money

morning. Foreign or domestic, we have every elegant assortment.”

“No, certainly not.”

“Post cards, sir? We’ve got a

lot. Very latest full page

“Aw, no! What’s that?”

“This resort to the

iron jerked his arm loose and

tired.

“The postmaster,” who happened

at then, took the employee

“Who was that man? Did we

insult him for?” the man

“I didn’t insult him,” said the boy.

“You see, he’s a boxer and

he shaves me he tries to

sing, shampoo, massage, bath

and dear knows what. I thought

he tables on him and we had

“Bohemian” place in China-

town.

I must have been impressed, somehow,

with the idea that the manner in which

had spent this first morning was the proper

way to spend all of my mornings in San

Francisco because, for no apparent reason,

I went through this same routine every

morning of the entire month I was in the

city. Every morning when I had reached

the foot of the stairs and glanced at the

clock it was exactly seven minutes to eight.

To me the strange part of it all was that I

could not in any way account for the forma-

tion of such a peculiar habit. I simply did

those things as if I had been a machine

which had been wound up and was com-

pletely un wound itself. I do not remember

what I did or where I went during a single

afternoon or night, but I know exactly what

I did every morning.

Not that I did not enjoy those morning

walks. Especially did I enjoy the view from

the hilltop. It was good to look out over

that wonderful city, over which still hov-

ered the white wings of dawn, but it was

better still to gaze out over the blue waters,

to watch the snow-flecked trails of depart-

ing ships and to listen to the voices of those

monstrous birds of the deep as they came

gliding into port. It was a fine place to sit

and dream. I have sat there on the tumbled

ruins of that old building at sunrise and at

sunset and gazed across the blue sea to

beautiful Oakland, at her domes and towers

there is every variety of both of these. The other day I heard a knock at my door that sounded good. It had an atmospheric echo unlike the usual run. And when the knock-er entered, we sat down and commenced to talk as if we had dropped a thread of conversation but yesterday, although we had never met before. I am not at all sure that we shook hands. As the conversation progressed, I began to realize that we were talking about things that one scarcely mentions in ordinary conversation. They concerned that mysterious and ordinarily unmentionable thing we call the soul—its relation to our everyday life, its esoteric span between us and what a good many people choose to term the unknowable—designation that must make the gods laugh since so much of it lies like an open book all about us. I listened to myself, and it was like someone else talking. I did not know that I had ever consciously thought some of these thoughts. They seemed to flash out as an inspiration. My listener seemed to be in a similar mood. I could not for my life repeat what I said—and perhaps he could not recall my words. But when he arose to go, his face was illuminated, and he said: “I want to love and serve the people of the world. I want to help them to better ways, to fuller understanding and life. And I ask nothing in return. I want to give—give—give!” And the hands that he held out were beautiful with the rugged traces of physical toil.

Don't believe that it is any evidence of comradeship for you to try to monopolize the time and affections of your friend, and either grieve over or resent his having other friendships. Never forget that you cannot take the place of any other, nor can another take your place. And any comradeship is enriched and broadened by what is brought to it from other sources.

Don't believe that you can be a comrade, and still lay the shortcomings of your comrade bare before others, in a “friendly” discussion of him. Don't believe, either, that you are worthy of the name of comrade if, believing in your comrade, you allow evil to be spoken of him in your presence. Don't be surprised to find yourself comradeless when you have lived an absolutely selfish life.

Don't neglect the many little kindnesses and services that one finds it possible to do for others in the daily rounds of activity. It is a habit which, once cultivated, consumes very little extra time. Don't, when your comrade comes to you with a tale of woe, try to contrive a worse one yourself.

Don't carry any expression about on your face but one of smiles and well-being. Stand by your friend in trouble. And when he stands by you in difficulty, repay his kindness at the first opportunity.

Don't break your word, don't betray a confidence. To have a comrade, you must learn to be one.

Just Like a Woman.

I should like to have a dollar for every time I have heard a man say, with an air of lordly superiority, “Just like a woman.” This phrase is first cousin to an epithet that men love to fling contemptuously at womankind—“chicken-headed.” Of course when he says “just like a woman” he does not mean anything complimentary—certainly not. Any woman knows better than to believe that he does. In fact, she either withers, looks foolish, or bristles with indignation when a man so qualifies anything she may have been doing. But why should she? And why should the fact that she does any particular thing “just like a woman” imply contumely? Being a woman, why shouldn't she take it as a compliment to be told that her doing is “just like a

woman?” What should it be like? Just like a man? Well, of course, there are female authoresses who try to write like a man, who—in common with many stage ladies when arrayed in male attire—make a miserable failure of it. Bebe Blossom tilts her hat on the back of her head, thrusts her hands in her pockets, and lengthens her strides. But she cannot help wagging her little body from side to side in a most feminine way. And, anyway, the modern young man does not go about with his hat on the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets.

Similarly, the authoress makes her man smoke constantly, spit, lean carelessly over the bar, scratch a match on his trousers, put his feet on the mantelpiece, and do numerous other things that she considers “just like a man.” She is a mere infant when she tries to handle the conversation of men when they are alone together. She either makes it a thousand times worse than it is, or a thousand times better. How can she get the true essence of it when her very presence would preclude the possibility of the men being alone together?

And do you know, girls, that at the very time a man is attempting to throw a contemptuous inflection into the phrase “just like a woman,” he wouldn't have you any other way? He delights in you because you do act “just like a woman.” He loves to have you jump on the table when he yells “mouse.” He wants you to scream and cling to him when you take a trip on the gravity railway. He likes to have you bruise your fingers a little when you try to drive a nail, and come to him appealingly for help. How could he strut and show his superiority if you did things just like a man? It would never do. So, girls, if you really are able to do things just like a man, for goodness sake, don't let him find it out. If you do, maybe he'll allow you to earn the money for the family.

If you are at all vindictive, you will have plenty of opportunity to fling the phrase back at him, substituting “man” for woman, when you send him shopping for you. But don't do it—take my advice. It only makes the domestic snarl worse, and vindictiveness does not add to your charm. A better way to get revenge is to prepare for him some dish of which he is extra fond, and when you place it on the table for him, put your pretty arms about his neck, and take a fawn-like peep into his face, asking, “Is that just like a woman?” And when catastrophe overtakes him, and your feminine intuitions have shown him the way out of the difficulty, and saved the day, ask the question, and see what he will say.

[Judge.] “Your teeth are in pretty bad condition,” said the dentist.

“They must be,” sighed the patient.

“You look so happy.”

as they rose, shining through the mist across the bay. I have watched the proud boats leaving the ferry, carrying hundreds of happy passengers. I always imagined that these boats returned empty to the ferry, to take on another throng of joyous passengers. I liked to think that these men and women, when they disembarked on the farther shore, chose for themselves lovely homes, and that they were allowed to remain in these homes indefinitely without even having to pay taxes. In brief, to me Oakland was the City Ideal, and I liked to think of it as the City of Zion of which so many glorious things are spoken.

I never went to Oakland. I often wished to go, and yet I was half afraid to visit a place which, from afar, I imagined to be so fair. I am rather glad that I did not go, for why should one ever allow the claws of cold Reality to tear the fancy fabric of his dream?

Not for one minute do I deny the innate selfishness of the dreamer. I sometimes wonder if even the world's “great” dreamers are really indispensable. Perhaps they are necessary to the progress of the world, and yet, looking back over the centuries, do we not find that the very greatest dreamers are not great dreamers alone but also great doers? At any rate, it seems to me that it is time to call a halt on those who, by speech and pen, brush and chisel, seek to emphasize the worth of him who dreams

at the expense of him who acts. Why so much reverence for the dreamer? At best his dream is his own. Little does he care for the world's opinion of him. He will even smile at you in a superior manner if you fail to understand his enthusiasm in life—which often is only a desire to be carried skyward on floral beds rather than the outgrowth of a worthy purpose to help those who are struggling in the slime.

Moreover, even though the purpose of the dreamer be worthy, is not the realization of the dream the very reason and excuse for its conception in the heart? Is not the fulfillment of the idea the very flower of its existence? Is the gold, hidden deep in the earth, of less value than the gold-blossom which points the prospector to the precious dust? Is it not as wonderful to build a house as to write an epic, and is not he who builds the house as worthy of praise as he who designs it? I think so.

And I submit that, whereas he who dreams is seldom a man of action, does not understand the forms and practical things of life, although he who acts is always more or less the dreamer, there will be more charity in the world when people are willing to recognize the equality of constructive genius—whether he who builds be the composer of an opera or the builder of the theater in which it is produced; whether he be the founder of a religion or the erector of a temple.

In Pictures
MUSICAL RECORDS
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Hannibal Garland of Chicago said tonight that the proposed building had been discussed at an executive meeting of members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Literature.

WASHINGTON. A meeting of State officials in Washington yesterday condemned the pure food law as inadequate and unnecessary, the measure

brought before Villis and sentenced to death, after which he was taken to the rear of the barracks and shot.

The Governor of the state, R.

Orson.

DECLares LOW TARIFF
INCREASES YELLOW PERIL

The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauton.

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Bulb Season.

VARIETIES THAT ARE ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE.

WE ARE now in the midst of the fall bulb-planting season and all this class should be put into the soil as soon as possible. There are so many good sorts of bulbs in the market that it is a difficult task to prescribe for a public of varying tastes, for what one likes many others do not care for. Here is a list the writer has just planted in his own garden and reflects no taste or preference aside from his own: 100 each of Blushing Bride gladiolus; Peach Blossom gladiolus; Purity freesia; Emperor Narcissus; Poeticus Ornatus Narcissus; Golden Spur Narcissus; four Spanish Iris; British Queen (white) Formosa (blue); Thunderbolt (bronze) Canna (yellow); and two dozen Iris Susiana. This makes 1024 bulbs, which retail for \$31.50 in all first-class stocks in the local stores. It appeals to the writer as a good selection, from which a pleasing variety of high-grade flowers may be had. A few other sorts could be added that would greatly increase the variety, such as ranunculus, anemones, tulips, hyacinths, etc.

The gladioli noted are dwarf, early-flowering sorts of dainty appearance and delicate coloring. They are in a quite different class from either the giant-flowering type or the primulinus hybrids that the writer breeds, and are a class not desirable for mixing with the fine summer-flowering strains. Therefore the writer breeds them not, but for early cut flowers they have no superiors and few equals. The "Purity" freesia is, as its name implies, a pure white variety with the yellow blotches so marked in the common sort. No doubt the pure white will finally entirely supplant the older and inferior one so popular in every garden for long years past. The three narcissi on the list differ in color, form and flowering season. The four Spanish Iris were chosen for the greatest range of color in but four varieties. The Iris Susiana is admired for both beauty and oddity, also for size of flowers.

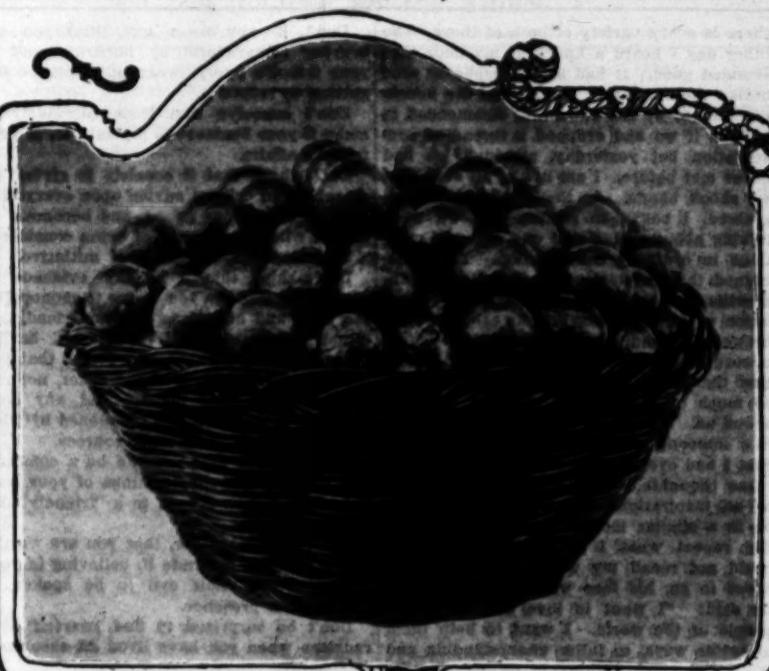
The writer does not like the stiff, colored "gun-sabers" or thyrses of blossoms on the hyacinths unless planted thickly in rows of formal designs. Roman hyacinths are better for garden use or cut flowers. Anemones and ranunculus are prime favorites with many and are worthy of a place in any garden; as are the Gesneriana class of tulips. For spectacular effect the giant-flowered hippeastrums (usually called amaryllis) are each year growing in popular favor, though the best sorts are quite costly. Before getting too far from the name of anemone a strong wish wells up that more Japanese anemones be used, both in pinks and in whites. For full or half shade we grow no flowering plants that stand higher in the estimation of the writer. There is a wild flower charm about these lovely plants that strongly recalls the "wind-flowers," "hair-bells" (also spelled hare-bells) and "anemones," common in very early spring in all prairie States and stretches of country. All classes of iris are also splendid plants for the California garden of bulbous plants.

Cooperias, Amaryllids.

SOME score or so of years ago the writer received from along the border between Texas and Mexico a lot of the bulbs of Cooperia pedunculata, a member of the Amaryllis family. The flowers were in size and form quite similar to those of the Belladonna Lily (Amaryllis belladonna), but were white in color with a shading toward green that was not pleasing. Nevertheless they flowered freely and were considered sufficiently attractive to be worthy of a place in the average garden. Why they are for sale so close to their native home as is Los Angeles is not easy of explanation for we grow many inferior flowers the bulbs of which are foreign importations.

The Queensland Nut.

WE HAVE frequently recommended the use of the Queensland Nut (Macadamia ternifolia) for ornamentation of parks and gardens. To the writer it appeals very strongly as an exceptionally handsome tree



THE QUEENSLAND NUT.

of sterling qualities. It is hardy wherever the citrus trees are; its leaves are thick, heavy, glossy, somewhat prickly, as are those of some of the eastern oaks with handsome foliage. The nuts are of exceptional quality and would seem to be safe from almost any enemy but man, for for hardness of shell they surpass even the new nut from the Philippines now in the local market. In the several places the writer has seen this tree growing it has always given abundant satisfaction as an ornamental, though it also bears nuts in Southern California.

Bougainvillea Cuttings.

TO TWO persons who have asked how to grow bougainvilleas from cuttings we would extend Punch's advice on marrying: "Don't." Better leave the job for someone who has the proper facilities and equipment and knows how. The writer has grown them indoors and outdoors, from hardwood and from tender wood. The best success was attained by the use of wood from forced plants, taken with a heel of the old wood and put upon 85 degrees bottom heat, using cuttings about three inches long, in pure



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area where those in the immediate neighborhood may find rest and recreation. Their neighbors, parks and overgrown strangers as in Central Square, are numerous that any resident of the neighborhood should be well advised to reach one by a brisk walk of five or six miles. We need breathing space and we deserve them very much.

Ancient Corn.

IT IS said that a dozen years ago while exploring Indian mounds in the neighborhood, Dr. S. F. A. Pickering of Los Angeles discovered in an earthen vessel a small quantity of Indian corn, supposed to be at least two centuries old. Planting and curing quite a stock of corn, and of this a superior quality and superior to any known from any sorts then known. It is said to be very warm, sweet and juicy, and to be a great delicacy. The ancient corn is still to be found in the same spot where it was sown, and is still growing.



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Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

Los Angeles *Illustrated*

Physiological and Psychological

By Edward B. Warman, A.M.

Motto:
"On stepping-stones of their dead selves
Men rise to higher things."

Psychometry.

ABOUT the only phase of spiritism that I have not touched upon is that which is known as "psychometry," and this, if properly classified, should not come under this heading. But, I do not know a psychometrist who is not a spiritualist, or, at least, spiritually inclined. Why is this? Because all things dark, all things hidden, all things mysterious are supposed to be beyond the ken of mortals, in consequence of which credit is given to some unknown departed spirit (disembodied) instead of giving credit where credit is due—to one's own spirit (embodied) which has not yet taken its departure from its tenement of clay, but is in full possession of all knowledge necessary to that individual's welfare.

What is psychometry? The Webster's New International Dictionary defines it as "The art of measuring the duration of mental processes, or of determining the time relations of mental phenomena." Clear as mud, isn't it?

How much more comprehensive the definition given by the late Prof. Denton—one of the world's greatest geologists. He claimed that psychometry is "The Souls of Things." This is more in accord with the etymology of the word—*pysche*, the soul; meter, measure. It is the supposed power of the human mind to discern the history of inanimate objects by clairvoyance. However, it is not always used in giving the history of an object nor is it necessarily clairvoyantly ascertained. It is generally a delineation of character as usually employed.

Give to a psychometrist a ring or handkerchief or letter or any article of personal property and she (or he) will give you a very accurate description of the person to whom it belongs and, in addition to this will give his or her chief characteristics.

I handed a letter to a psychometrist some years ago who, merely holding it in her hand, unopened, not even seeing the character of the handwriting, gave a very complete and satisfactory description of the writer. The question is, did she obtain the knowledge clairvoyantly or telepathically? In this case and, I am inclined to think, in all similar cases, the knowledge is in the mind of the individual seeking the information or, rather, looking for confirmation; therefore, telepathy is the solution to the problem.

Give an expert psychometrist a piece of ore and he will not delineate the character of the one who gave it to him, nor will he connect it with the owner, but will give a description of the mine whence it came (this may be telepathically received) and, in all probability, will go into the minutest details as regards the direction of the veins, the character of the ore, the possibilities and probabilities, etc. (this, too, may be telepathically received from one who has the knowledge—or thinks he has.) The clairvoyance, if any, would be in the event of no one knowing, objectively, anything of the mine; for we know with a certainty that the subjective mind has the power to perceive that which is not within range of the objective vision. If all psychometrists were reliable—but alas!

The subject is an interesting one, and would be of greater value were it not for the tendency of the psychometrist to merely give back to the inquirer the information he holds—or his surmises. If we could only be assured that it is a case of independent clairvoyance, we could bank on it every time. But while the field of clairvoyance is gradually curtailed, that of telepathy is correspondingly enlarged. It should be remembered that telepathy is the communion of subjective minds, and that the subjective mind is endowed with transcendent powers in certain directions, while it is hedged about with limitations in others. It is constantly reappearing in every phase of psychic phenomena, and constitutes a factor in every manifestation of intelligent power involving the perception of that which is beyond the reach of the senses.

Spiritism Concluded.

IN THESE nine articles, inclusive of the present one, I have endeavored to cover the

entire field of this wonderfully interesting and far-reaching subject; to cover it in a comparatively condensed yet comprehensive form; to cover it truthfully, conscientiously, and with unbiased judgment; to cover it in such a way as to not antagonize nor wound any intelligent believer, but simply to give the results of my thirty-nine years of careful and painstaking investigations.

If I have brought light to one misguided soul in search of the key that unlocks this mysterious chamber and have brought solace with that light, I shall, indeed, feel that my efforts have not been in vain.

If, however, on the other hand, I have taken away the solace and comfort that come to those who believe in spirit-return, I should indeed be greatly pained if they could not find greater solace in the thought that our loved ones are waiting until all of our lessons shall have been learned here in this kindergarten of God, when we, too, will go thence and be reunited with them forevermore. Let us, then, not grow impatient, nor wish them back in this environment, but let us "bide a'wee and diana weary." In the words of Marcus Aurelius:

"Let each speech and act and purpose be framed as if this moment thou mightest take leave of this life." When we can so live, each day's journey will round out with its added blessings, and when, at last, we reach the sunset of our lives there will be no regrets of the past, as we look forward to the happy reunion.

In the following couplet, so apropos, I would especially impress upon your minds and hearts the last two lines of the second stanza:

"The sun has passed beyond the hill,
But light still lingers in the sky,
And all the chords of being thrill
Beneath the glory from on high."

"So when our lives shall pass from sight
And move no more in earthly view,
Our sunset sky will glow with light,
If we were strong and brave and true."

Good Condensed Information.

THIS BEAUTY-BOOK OF ROXANA RION. Cloth, 150 pages, \$1. The Elizabeth Towne Co., Holyoke, Mass.

THAT'S a mighty good little book"—that's what I said to my wife when I had finished reading for review "The Beauty Book of Roxana Rion." Roxana's head is level. She gets at the meat in the coconut without wasting any time in cracking the shell; in other words, she gets to the subject matter without too much preliminary, and the yeast of truth leavens the entire mass. Every page contains condensed valuable information, theory being but little touched upon but practice strongly emphasized.

Here are a few of the nuggets: "A good, clean, strong, healthy body is the only foundation for real beauty, and the first work of the beauty seeker is to bring about such a physical condition if she has it not already."

You will observe she says "she;" but is it not just as applicable to the sterner sex? Here's another: "You may at first experience a feeling akin to disappointment when I tell you that the beauty-building process begins with the removal of that most common complaint known as constipation; and that the first building work on the new foundations is that of restoring to the bowels a natural, healthy, normal method of activity."

This shows the necessity of inward cleanliness first, last, always. And here is a good one. I like it because you will all recognise it as a la Warman: "It is well to acquire the habit of taking a drink of fresh water first thing in the morning. Form the habit, and thereafter you will enjoy the morning 'washing-out' of the stomach. A drink of water just before retiring is also a good habit to form, for it 'works while you sleep.'"

As regards diet, as related to beauty, here it is in a nutshell: "Any diet that is conducive to general health is adapted to beauty culture; any diet that adversely affects the general health is unfit for the beauty seeker. Any food that disagrees with one will adversely affect the complexion, and should be cut out of one's dietary."

This is not a mere assertion, but is followed with wholesome suggestions on eat-

ing and drinking. I can heartily endorse them in the main, but I have my own ideas concerning hot bread, tea and coffee—especially coffee. There is no need of any tonic effect in either of these intellectual beverages and will not be when they are properly made.

Here's another that the writer has frequently touched upon: "Sleep like a child. The secret of the natural sleep of the child, which the adult so often envies, may be summed up in one word—relaxation."

The author is here speaking of physical relaxation, but she does not stop at that, but very appropriately remarks that "the practice of physical relaxation will help you to relax mentally. Mental relaxation, or 'letting go' means that one deliberately refuses to 'think about things,' and simply lets his mind 'loaf, and invite the soul.' This condition is well worth striving for. My advice on this line has always been that when you go to bed you should shut your peepers, shut your mouth, lock up your think box and put the key under your pillow and do not 'touch it till morning; then 'let go,' don't hold the bed up, but let it hold you up."

The book is well worthy not only a careful perusal, but the putting into practice many of its precepts. The chapters on "Anti-Fat and Anti-Lean," "Common-sense Methods of Fat Reduction," "Flesh-reducing Exercises," "Flesh-developing Exercises;" these will especially interest the two classes of which there are many numbers.

Roxana's closing chapter is a fitting climax to the subjects so well treated—"Thought and Beauty;" for herein we have the combination of the psychological and physiological.

Energy Creation.

VIM CULTURE. Theodore Sheldon. 22 pages, paper cover, 25 cents. The Elizabeth Towne Co., Holyoke, Mass.

AFEW quotations from this brochure indicate that some "vim" has been breathed into its pages. "Man can find the secret of vim, vigor and virility by going back to nature, the source of all strength. This milk of vitality flows to man through the air he breathes, the food he eats, and the water he drinks."

"You must use the mental exercise in connection with the physical, if you wish to give the system a fair chance, and are desirous of obtaining the best possible results."

"Before one can hope to be virile, he must have a well-nourished system—a normal natural body. This he can have only if he partakes of sufficient food of the right kind. But more than the eating of the food is required—he must assimilate it."

Under the "breathing exercise" he speaks of "exhaling slowly, naturally and fully, until the lungs are completely emptied." It would have been better had he inserted the word apparently, as the lungs cannot be completely emptied. There is always residual air present as well as complementary air. As for myself, I do not believe in "breathing exercises," but in exercise that will compel deep breathing, such as vigorous walking or walking uphill. The lungs and heart will take care of themselves, if left to themselves, very much better than you can regulate them—but you must insist upon keeping the mouth shut.

The author's ideas on "Transmutation of Sex Energy" are, of themselves, worth many times the price of the booklet. The thoughts are exceptionally well expressed, are clear, clean, sane and true in every respect; for it is an indisputable fact that the sex energy of man and woman may be transmuted into physical or mental work, attainment or achievement. The lives of the world's greatest brain workers give proof that they make use of this great power of nature, this inflow of wonderful energy.

Why Kill the Roosters?

THE decree has gone forth in Ohio that after June, 1914, the date fixed by the State Dairy and Food Department, all surplus roosters must go to their death. Why? Because the early morning slumbers are interfered with. Whose early morning slumbers? Those people, as a rule, who go to bed in the wee sma' hours. Those who go to bed with the chickens usually get up with the chickens—they are not disturbed. There must be something wrong with a per-

son who cannot command himself to sleep when awoken by the crowing of the cock." To myself it would enjoy it (when I hear it) much less in crowded; now near, now far, the echo is an echo of the former.

Anyone in normal health should be disturbed by noises of any kind, the street cars turning a "hoon, hoon, hoon" of the wheels just as soon as you let anything out of your control. Forget it. Come to bear it.

If one is ill—that is a different story. Tell your neighbor to keep his roost outside the coop until the crowing time, and if he will put a board in the door, so that the rooster can't get at his neck, then Mr. Rooster can't be in a position to be a pest.

Decolets—and Then Some.

WHATEVER else may be the prevailing styles of dress may be vi- is a hygienic side. I am sure upper portions. From a health perspective the "peek-a-boo" blouse and dresses are preferable to the high and collars and otherwise tight throat. Leading physicians women who are victims of the higher longevity rate and a lower mortality rate than men. The exposure of the body entailed by today's bounds of decency makes me say "If fashion exposure really kills, says a noted physician, then women suffer more than men, in particular the diseases which begin with a fact, women suffer more than men, until they are old and infirm.

It is on the same principle who always wears a hat when doors, fearing to expose the cold air, is always "catching a cold" (a cold always settles in a place.) But a man who doors in any weather, when he comes accustomed to it and in consequence of which he catches cold and the cold never seems to disappear.

"Nature Cures; Not the Drugs."

THERE is something very when a comparative proprietor of a large drugstore, who always wears a hat when doors, fearing to expose the cold air, is always "catching a cold" (a cold always settles in a place.) But a man who doors in any weather, when he comes accustomed to it and in consequence of which he catches cold and the cold never seems to disappear.

A leading druggist once in regard to himself said, "I asked him why he didn't sell to others. He said, 'too much sense. I sell to mand it. I'm not in the business for my health."

He was well aware the con-

did not remedy, did not cure,

the nerves of the contempor-

ary relief but not more.

When will people learn

one way to entirely free our

physical ailments, and the

drug route.

The Last Earthly Voyage.

WHEN Mayor Gwynne

journey across the ocean to com-

mand his forces on a

Manas

before this occurred a friend

greeted with a friendly

Mayo, but when he

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This Human Body of Ours.

Curious Things About It and How We Abuse It.

Timely Hygienics.

command himself and wakened by the "old myself it is music, dear it until the last year, now far, the latter former. Small health should be of any kind—turning a corner, the "kick" of the automobile. You let anything get admission that you have forgotten it. Command it, and soon you will often baffle physical science. That is a different story. Such diseases are often the result of some physical derangement which medication or surgery can correct. But sometimes such diseases are not to be so corrected.

Mr. Rooster can't be suffering with appendicitis. His test was undoubtedly affected.

Then Some.

It may be said that styles of dress today are not the same as side. I am speaking of women.

From a health view "too" blouses and dresses are given for this view of the matter.

Otherwise mopping physicians cover the hands of these physicians, and are victims of fashion.

It is an immediate operation. Not

men. The exposure of

entailed by fashion (which

exposure really caused

the physician, "then women

than men, in particular

which begin with a cold

women suffer less than men.

Atarrh, inflammation of

option."

The same principle that

wears a hat when staying

to expose himself always "catching cold"

and always settles in

a man who can stay

in the region of the appendix

weather, without a shiver of "catching cold"—

stomach to it and hardness

of which he never

was subjected to vigorous

breathing, during which the

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to expose himself always "catching cold"

and always settles in

a man who can stay

in the region of the appendix

weather, without a shiver of "catching cold"—

[Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

Products of the Poets and Humorists.

GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

Tree-Brothers.

My brother, you who taught the birds
were poor in pence but rich in
means of a high per-
sonal cross.
have been introduced
periment last year, we
two of London's most
engines, coupled to
God's gospel to the drowsy
to throw water from
the top of the dome;
to be of any use in our
the worshipful, dim wood.
have now been laid
as though in pocket) poor in
ight, with outlets at
from these the frus-
the lowliest brother preach,
the necessity arise, he
uppled to the other
to they preach God's will to

George at Home.
home life and tastes
in the Liverpool Daily
of "From a Club Where
life he is the simplest
beneficite.
English gentlemen. He
of men, the kindest of
stanzas repeat;
ays happy in the
The King is the best friend
ext to his children, the
griculture, but he has
e for this.
tly is a most asten-
the brotherhood, with glad accord,
champagne, but as a rule
white wine or whisky
mineral water. The
d English cheese both
e is dining quietly. He
ewhatever mild cigar, and a
him to consume a damp
thought devoured with zest,
very little leisure for a book of interest
at he devotes to smoking post or cable.

A bundle of Old Newspapers.
He is dining quietly. He
ewhatever mild cigar, and a
him to consume a damp
thought devoured with zest,
very little leisure for a book of interest
at he devotes to smoking post or cable.
n, but when he takes up
a novel, but a volume
exploration, and he is
the reports of the Geog-
graphical Society.

CHUPTURE
Misplaced Wom-
an, or TRUSSE-
Comb Supporting Re-

those brother men
they're some invention.
their company, but when
their very brains, ah! then
to abstention.

other's cast aside,
grim press.
drain to hide,
know, whate'er betide,
at least, his impress.
Huxleywood in New York Sun.

designed and manufactured
all needs of your particular con-
fort. Convenient, uncom-
fortable qualities, no better
than I make, can be made
the oldest ORGANIC
VEST. Established 1857. And
HumanAID Clothing or Hosiery
Company. Since it embraces all
modes of drapery, merino
and Healing, ever discovered
the new.

of the English Sparrow.

you will get here for you
will get here for you

NaturAID Pellets
DEUTSCHER NATURE AID
Antitoxins. Theurer Bals., and
Fever Bals., and

FRANK LAMB WILLIAMS
NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Office Limited to Eye and Nose
Suite 422 and 423 Exchange
3rd and Hill Sts., C. O.

240 Bradbury Bldg.

R. M. M. RICHARDSON,
Ear, Nose and Throat
321 S. Hill St., Room 1000.

OPEN AIR HEALTH

K DIET AND FAIR

and Orange Diets in Cases
in its own vineyard, the
and dampness of the Coast
and of competent physicians
a nurse. No compensation
VINA, R. F. D., No. 1, San Fran-
cisco. When writing state name
in. When writing state name

CANCER
Treated by New French
no cancer patient, no
Especially suitable in
throat, liver, kidneys, etc.
on cancerous growths
by analysis of the entire
114 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

and cats and horses
one for me,
much smaller
my dog or cat

I seem they ought
not ask attention,

you tell what—

the spunk I've got.

an hour me crying
tear, food or care;

not them anywhere.

hot and saucy,

of things a-plenty.

you, you bet.

the English sparrow,

some people think

of a nuisance,

when I consider

I am not admired

and cats and horses

me almost tired.

A Boy's First Love.

Like satin was its coat; and in its eye
A fire flashed—then melted soft and mild
When on the pasture bars there perching
high
It saw its owner, but a freckled child.
A sturdy little barefoot prince with lips
Pursed in a whistle calls him to the trot.
His hoofs, they spurn the grasses with swift
clips;
The prize, an apple, lures him to the spot.

What is his pedigree, this blithesome steed,
And will he be a racer and a king
To win rich prizes in the burst of speed?
No matter; to the boy he is a thing
Of beauty, and of love, and pure delight,
More treasured than a diamond—and rare
As e'en the brightest of the orbs of night:
A boy's horse entered at the county fair.

How ev'ry pulse within this boyish breast
Leaps with a rapture only boys may
know,
How his keen eyes take in, from tossing
crest
Of foretop to the glistening hoofs below,
Each point of perfect grace! He knows
them all
From A to Z; he studies them by day;
He dreams of them—and dreams the prize
may fall
To him, the owner of the iron gray.

About the satin neck he winds his arms
And twines his fingers in the silken mane.
He stands away and eyes the beauty's
charms;
Such boyish love, it cannot be in vain.
This creature is his own, his very own;
From birth he nurtured it with warmest
care,
He smooths its neck; its whinny bears the
tone
Of victory for the coming county fair.

Alone, apart, it tops them each and all,
This satin-coated iron gray whose eyes
Turn to its owner when it hears his call—
Then trots to him, the winner of the prize.
Down through the purpling shadows home-
ward bound
It canters through the star dust with a
joy
That's at its best where only youth is
found—
This iron gray, the first love of a boy.
—[Horace Seymour Keller, in New York Sun.

The Flowing Bowl of Five O'Clock.
When beauty presides at this rite,
And pours out the fragrant Bohea,
This suppliant won't you invite
To join in your five o'clock tea?
Though sugar and cream can excite
Some envy and malice, maybe,
And cynics cry out with delight,
"So this is your five o'clock tea!"
Still I'll be in my element quite,
While you prattle in garrulous glee,
If I know all you say must be right,
If you say it at five o'clock tea.
So ask me—I think that you might—
Just give me a chance to agree
That there's not the proverbial "fight,"
As I'm told at your five o'clock tea.
—[La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun.

A Charmer.

Of all attractive girls there's one
I often see and many know.
She lures in earnest mood or fun,
In silk or lawn or calico.

Her spell to some unique may seem,
Of lovers she has had a score,
And on each fond one she would beam
As though but him she could adore.

Her life the moralists might ban,
If idle rumor had its way;
But her admirers never can
Quite free themselves from her odd sway.

I've seen her with a sailor "spoon"
And to a soldier's love respond;
In daylight or beneath the moon
She's ever of some fellow fond.

She has been married many times,

To king and peasant, prince and churl,

And still may long for wedding chimes—

This charming motion-picture girl.

—[Judge.]

[479]

HUMOR.

[Washington Star:] "Your office
doesn't seem to be doing a great deal of
work."

"No. I'm trying to be as quiet and ob-
scure as possible, so that nobody will ask
me to resign."

[Washington Star:] "I sentence you to
two years in prison," said the judge, se-
verely.
"Well, judge," replied Plodding Pete, "I
know you are doing this to humiliate me.
But, I want to remind you that some very
wealthy and some very talented people
have been going to prison lately."

[Blanco y Negro:] "And how do you get
on with your new lanlady?"

"Badly, old boy! Yesterday we had
some words, and if she does not change her
position, I shall have to leave tonight."

"What did she say to you?"
"That if I did not pay today she would put
me on the street."

[Judge:] "You seem to be very inti-
mate with the Digbys. I didn't know you
had met them."

"I haven't met them. I patronize their
dressmaker."

[Judge:] Mr. Fuss (furiously:) It's
mighty strange you can't look after things
a little better! Here I want to shave, and
there isn't a drop of hot water here.

Mrs. Fuss (icily:) It is strange! Why,
that's the one thing I've never been out of
since I married you!

There are few objects more forlorn
Than poets in this world of shade;
We cannot help their being born,
But you may bet they're never made!
—[M. E. B., in New York Sun.]

Momentous.

Through boundless space the world whirls
on and on.
Within an hour we pass a thousand miles;
But such small things our minds dwell not
upon,
Though much they pore upon the latest
styles.

F. R. MINER.

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

(From The Times of November 11, 1913.)
THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., south-
west; velocity, 7 miles. Thermometer,
highest, 78 deg.; lowest, 58 deg. Forecast:
Cloudy, light west wind.

For PURE Drinking Water

Read the Editor's Comment.
"I am using a Los Angeles
Product (National Germ-Proof
Percolator) and find it in SEV-
ERAL RESPECTS SUPERIOR
TO ANY FILTER I have
so far come across. It not only
PURIFIES THE WATER, but
keeps the water delightfully
cool." HARRY BROOK,
Editor Care of the Body.

The Percolator and Regular 30
days' attention.... **50¢** MONTH
NATIONAL PERCOLATOR CO.
(Incorporated)
19175 194 W. 21st St.
Main 1979 Los Angeles.
(You will surely get the ORIGINAL by mentioning
this ad.) SEE US FOR TERRITORY.

Brainy Foods vs. Stimulants

"I was going to perdition through eating wrong
foods, which produced morbid cravings of all kinds.
I used to begin my day by taking stimulants to
get through my responsible work, and end it with
narcotics. All will power gone. Since taking
brainy foods, I feel satisfied and happy. I am
able to control my body and mind." Brainy foods
contain green vegetables, fruits, etc., when
correctly combined and proportioned, produce a
feeling of physical and mental well-being with in-
definable will power.

Deficiency or excess of certain foods causes dif-
ferent diseases. Correct combinations and quanti-
ties cure. Causes of the various diseases are
specified in "New Brainy Diet," sent for 10 cents.
D. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 74 L, Wash-
ington D. C.

Candies



Hygienic

Absolutely fresh. Made one by one in my kitchen
of the purest, best and most wholesome materials.
No artificial color or flavor. Chocolate creams
35¢ and 45¢ per box. Stuffed Golden Dates, 25¢
and 45¢ per box. By mail postpaid on receipt of
price. Anna A. Scheinkin

221 West 26th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
Phone 23625. Mail Orders & Specialty.

IT'S WORTH KNOWING

that many people who suffer
all the time from gas in the
stomach and bowels have no
real indignation. It's the
nervous irritability of the
stomach that produces the gas. Baumann's
Gas Tablets are especially prepared to act on
your stomach nerves and relieve and cure cases
where ordinary dyspepsia remedies are of no
avail. Get a 50¢ bottle in a yellow box from
your druggist and see for yourself how quickly
gas and bloat will disappear. Mailed for 50¢
(stamps or M. O.) direct by J. Baumann Co.,
222 Sutter St., San Francisco.—[Advertisement.]

ASTHMA

Cared Before You Pay
I want to care every sufferer of this dreadful
disease. I have such confidence in my newly dis-
covered care for Asthma I will send a large \$1.00
bottle by express to any sufferer writing for it.
When you are completely cured send me the dol-
lar for the bottle. Otherwise no cost. Address
D. J. LANE, 222 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kas.

SPINAL IRRITATION.

That's what causes—Pain or distress in back
part of head; pulling of cords in the neck; trouble
with eyes; pain between shoulders or in other parts
of spine; or burning, aching, tenderness or soreness;
loss of control or power over arms, body;
aching, stiffness or soreness of shoulder, neck, back,
etc. This disease is very easily cured by right
methods. Our elegant, illustrated booklet tells
how. Price 10 cents. O. S. PUBLISHING CO.,
Pacific Hotel, 722 S. Main St., Room 102.

Rheumatism

successfully treated by
the famous Dr. Weil
Mitchell's System of
Massage and Electro Therapy. Graduate Massa-
geur, Massagist and Nurse in attendance. We will
also be pleased to send operators of either sex
to your homes.

CALIFORNIA HEALTH INSTITUTE
51900 1223 West Eighth Street.

23

received last night in New York that a
Cunard liner rescued the passengers of a
burning Spanish steamer in midocean.

Gov. Poirier of Rhode Island in a
speech in Providence yesterday stated
that he feared the low tariff will result
in the increase of a commercial "yellow
peril" to the United States.

WASHINGTON. A meeting of State
officials in Washington yesterday con-

cluded with the announcement that Hamlin Garland of Chicago said to
night that the proposed building had
been discussed at an executive meet-
ing of members of the National In-
stitute of Arts and Letters and the
American Academy of Arts and Lit-
erature.

It is improbable that women will
have any place in the proposed

mances before Villa and sentenced staff to Villa, will be named as
victims. Governor of the State, it
was brought before Villa and shot. was said.

Orient.

DECLARAS LOW TARIFF

Saturday, November 15, 1913.]

Los Angeles

ROUGH HOUSE
Chocolates

Centers of California fruits and nuts; rich, thick chocolate coating made in the "Bishop Chocolate Shop." Packed all soft, all hard, or assorted centers. Wherever good confections are sold.

Bishop & Company
Los Angeles



The two-in-one Cracker

The producing of a cracker over which everyone invariably enthuses is no small achievement.

The perfection of BIS-BIS crackers is the result of using best materials, of careful mixing, of perfect baking, of sanitary packing—of true quality—freshness—shape. Such qualities always appeal to every cracker buyer.



Connoisseurs

NEWMARKS
PURE
HIGH GRADE
COFFEE

NEWMARK BROTHERS LOS ANGELES

Rich,
Aromatic,
Delicious
and it
never varies

24

Soon ready in our main catalog section.

Now Tie, and Shirts, and Collars, and hosiery of every sort in our furnishing goods section.

New Hats from Denim, Satin, and other good American makers, from France and from Austria.

Special 50c

Good quality cutting glass, cut full size, in regular sizes, never sold for less than 75 cents.

Velvet Neckwear

100 pieces new velvet neckties in hand-woven silk and satin shades; a regular Mount

Open Till 10 p.m.
Saturdays

In Full
MUSICALE

BY GENE

SOCIETY

SO